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EARLY LETTERS

OF

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

EARLY LETTERS

OF

ROBERT SCHUMANN,

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED BY HIS WIFE,

TRANSLATED BY

MAY HERBERT.

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PREFACE.

THESE letters will be welcome to very many. The admirers of Schumann now number thousands in England, and the feeling towards him is a personal one—love of a friend, not admiration of a composer. It was not so always; but we have gained by the experience of thirty years. Everyone who loves him will be glad to see what manner of youth he was; how the character which we know in his music was built up; the difficulties he had, and how he subdued them; his strong love to his mother and family, and how irresistibly he was drawn against all obstacles to the art in which he became so great a master.

The disclosures respecting his early compositions are hardly less interesting. The information on the origin of the early piano pieces, the first still-unpublished Symphony, the Songs—which seem to have sprung up, as it were, in a night—and all the rest, will be greedily welcomed by those who delight in this interesting branch of history.

Lastly, everyone will be glad of the glimpses given of the early years of the distinguished lady who shares Schumann's name, who has had so much to do with the appreciation of her husband in this country, and who is happily still alive, and still able to gratify the world as no one else can by her unrivalled classical powers.

GEORGE GROVE.

October 14th, 1887.

MADAME SCHUMANN'S PREFACE TO THE GERMAN EDITION.

MY object in publishing the following letters was that those who love and honour Schumann as an artist might also learn to know him as a man.

Unfortunately the world knows more of his peculiarities than of his character, since he was intimate with but very few, though to those dearest to him, he opened his heart without reserve. These letters therefore form a beautiful memorial, revealing all the treasures of an ideal youthful nature, strong and energetic, and filled with the highest aims and aspirations.

Though they will not be without interest, even to those who have no sympathy with the musician, all who have learned to love Schumann's works will be delighted to find the close correspondence between artist and man, and the wonderful manner in which his compositions reflect his thoughtful mind and high intellect.

As an entire collection of Schumann's letters could not but be imperfect at present, I have restricted myself to those of his youth.[1] They enable us to follow the entire development of his character, and give a complete picture of the short period between his 18th and his 30th year.

A few necessary omissions are indicated by . . . . and in the case of an illegible word or doubtful sentence I have put my own interpretation in brackets [ ]. The letters marked "from Schumann's letter-book," were only accessible to me in that form, and I do not know whether they were ever sent, or whether the same words were used. A few explanatory notes have been added when necessary, but on the whole the reader is supposed to be familiar with Robert Schumann's life.

CLARA SCHUMANN.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine, October, 1885.

[1] A second volume (1828-1854) edited by F. G. Jansen has since been published.—TR.

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SCHUMANN'S EARLY LETTERS.

To Flechsig at Leipsic.[1]

Zwickau, July, 1827.

JUST now I was lying dreaming on my ottoman. The sweet springs of bygone years hovered round my weeping eyes, and the vanished faces of my dear ones came back smiling to me in dreams; and as I woke I had tears in my eyes, and your letter in my hand. All those joyful hours, which I [spent] with you, my old friend, came thronging before my soul, and with a saddened spirit I went forth to be with Nature, and I read your letter, read it ten times over; while a last kiss from glowing lips was touching the sweetly fading green of the wooded heights; golden cloudlets floated in the pure æther, and——

Forgive me that the rest of the sentence does not follow. I was about to add to this touching picture of my miserable self a moving description of the

[1] A schoolfellow of Schumann's.

Present, that tiresome ape of the Past, when there came a prosaic message from Schlegel, the Postmaster, asking me to play the piano with him. The rest I will tell you by and by, after a bottle of champagne at Swiss Sepp's! The blessed vacation keeps drawing nearer, and I really should not like to spend those three weeks in idleness and monotony, lying here, bemoaning myself in my cradle. Old Flechsig, old times are returning, they must return; on your bosom, and to your sympathizing heart, I must once more lay bare my own. Friend, I have no friend, I have no sweetheart, I have nothing now. I must be silent. All, all, when we meet!

My dear Flechsig! now only do I feel that purest, highest love, which is not for ever sipping the intoxicating cup of enjoyment, but finds happiness only in tender contemplation and reverence. Oh friend! were I but a smile, how would I flit about her eyes! were I but joy, how gently would I throb in all her pulses! yea, might I be but a tear, I would weep with her, and then, if she smiled again, how gladly would I die on her eyelash, and gladly, gladly, be no more! I am writing in hieroglyphics, I shall hardly be able to decipher them even to you, to you, who know every crevice of my heart. My friend I [am at rest,] and can be happy. My past life lies before me like a vast, vast, evening landscape, over which faintly quivers a rosy kiss from the setting sun. I am dreaming, and before me I see arise a mighty, mighty mountain, barren and bare; upon it flowers a heavenly rose,

bursting into bloom, and I long to reach it, to get nearer to it; and the mountain is steep, and the rocks frown from above, and the friend stretches out his arms in vain towards the rose; and as he cannot reach it he is happy, he feels like a god if it is only vouchsafed to him to worship the rose from a distance, and once more to find the paradise of his lost happiness in this divine contemplation. Such, my friend, are some of my dreams—waking ones! But enough of this.

> "Pure as dew is every longing; dull and fleeting is its goal;
> Ever to eternal beauty strives the lonely genius-soul."

I might now illustrate these lines, which formerly I never understood, from my own life, but I *cannot.* Flechsig! I can neither speak it nor write it, and it remains a secret, peacefully sleeping in the depths of a happy breast.

Feelings, my friend, are stars, which can only guide you in a clear sky; but Reason is a magnetic needle, which continues to guide the ship when the stars are hidden and shine no longer. With the aid of this best of guides—would that she did not so often desert the stormy path of youth!—I will steer for the longed-for North, yes, even should that North prove colder than the icy poles of pure Geometry!

At present I am still bravely steering for the glowing South Pole of Sophocles, but not for the boisterous Nova Zemblas of Brunkian and Erturdtian annotations. Horace is a real good fellow, with true

poetical seven-league boots,—don't laugh!—and therefore I love him. Of his *Donec gratus eram tibi*, Scaliger says that he (Scaliger) would ten times rather be the writer of that ode, and the third one in book iv., than be German Emperor! What do you think of that?

My poetical mill has come to a dead standstill. Either there is so much water as to put the wheels out of order, instead of grinding meal for proper two-penny loaves, or there is not enough to make the wheels move at all. To ascend the well-watered domains of sunny Pindus, one requires a friend, a sweetheart, and a glass of champagne. Here I have not even one of all three: Liddy is a narrow-minded soul, a simple maiden from innocent Utopia; she cannot grasp a great idea. I am not saying all this like the fox, who could not reach the vine, and called the grapes sour because they grew out of reach of his jaws. If she (Liddy) could be petrified in the Carlsbad springs into a white Carrara marble Anadyomene, every real, refined, art critic must needs pronounce her the perfection of female beauty; but how stony she would have to be—and withal, never to speak a word! I will hit off some of her characteristics for you when we meet, and you will join with me in a pitying smile at her simplicity. I have not hidden from you, or from anyone, the fact that she pleases me. I think I loved her; but I knew only the outward form, in which the roseate-tinted fancy of youth often embodies its inmost longings.

So I have no longer a sweetheart, but am creating for myself other ideals, and have, in this respect, also broken with the world. Some day perhaps I may tell you all about this. Nanni was truly a most glorious girl, and though the fire of an absorbing passion for her has gradually subsided, still it has developed into the quietly-burning sacred flame of pure divine friendship and reverence, like devotion to the Madonna. My whole life revels now in the sweet flower-garden of Memory, where I pluck many a lovely "Immortelle," which, though faded, I press for ever to my sorrowing heart, and kiss the withered blossoms of a happy life. Neither have I a friend any longer, with whom to ramble through the flowery vales of Pindus. Walther may be as he likes; he is nearly quite myself—not me, but my antipode. With all others I hardly associate at all. Thus I stand here, my Flechsig, quite alone. From this you will perceive that I also lack the third requisite for the brave ascent of Parnassus—I no longer drink champagne! Only in the confidential circle of sympathetic hearts does the blood of the vine pass glowing and inspiriting into our own. . . .

From a Letter to Flechsig at Leipsic.

Zwickau, Aug. 29, 1827.

. . . . . That I got on delightfully with the Carus family at Colditz, you can easily imagine. Friday even-

ing, I drove off to Dresden in the diligence, and as I was the only passenger, moralised very sadly on Man, which was all the pleasanter as I did not happen to be in a particularly talkative mood. At Dresden I did not feel comfortable. My first walk was to the street where N.[1] was supposed to be living. Leser had given me the address. My good genius must have deserted me, Flechsig,—I did *not* see that good girl. Oh, if you knew how I longed for her, how under every veil that I saw fluttering I fancied I should see her features; how I went over and over again all the hours which I dreamed away so joyfully, so happily in her embraces, and in her love; how as each blooming face came into sight in the distance, my heart said: "that is she, that must be she!"—and yet I did not catch a single glance of her, not even for a minute—it *was* hard! Only that heavenly consoler, Music, revived this faintly-throbbing life of sorrowful [remembrance]; and when at last a Beethoven Symphony burst forth, like the thunder of God, then, in that blissful realm of sound, [my heart] was reconciled with cold life and rigid fate, and the [bright] flower of first love rose softly from the grave of the past. Beside this I did not have a single happy hour at Dresden. I did not look about for Liddy: and yet she was there all the time that I was. From Dresden I drove straight to Prague. There I felt comfortable again; the Tokay made me happy. At Teplitz I spent some happy

[1] Nanni.

hours with my mother, and at Seume's grave I cut a wreath of oak-leaves, and have put it round his picture, which is hanging before me. At Teplitz I was again nearly taken out of myself, and that by Liddy — once more she was there, addressed me everywhere in a friendly way: gave me explanations upon explanations. The day before I started, the Hempels invited me to go for a drive with them. I sat in the carriage next to Liddy: she begged me to go up a steep mountain called the Rosenburg *alone* with her. I went with her from politeness, perhaps also for the sake of the adventure. I trembled—I did not speak; she was dumb; at last we had reached the highest point. Imagine my feelings, imagine the whole of Nature stretched blooming at my feet; a line of blue, misty hills encompassed the horizon in the east; the sun was sinking in the west; all Nature's temple lay before our enchanted eyes. Like Thetis, I could have flown down, and sunk into those flowery rivers. Imagine that a withered Ideal began quietly to grow up again in my breast; imagine that this lost Ideal stood *alone* by my side;—would you not also have been tempted to deny your existence, and to confess that the earth was beautiful? And at length, when the sun had just set, and a mass of blossoming spring roses came floating up out of the dying rays, the tops of the mountains glowing, the woods all aflame, and illimitable Nature melted into soft rosy tints; and as I was gazing into this ocean of purple, and all,

all, formed itself into *one* thought, and I was thinking of the great idea of the Deity, and Nature, sweetheart, and Deity, all stood enchanted before me, and sweetly smiled at me—lo! like lightning, a black cloud arose in the east, and rose up, and lifted itself on high, and I seized Liddy's hand, and said to her, "Liddy, such is Life!" and I pointed to the blackened purple of the horizon, and she looked at me sadly, and a tear glided from her eyelash. Flechsig, at that moment I thought I had found my Ideal again, and silently I plucked a rose; but as I was going to give it to her, a clap of thunder and a flash of lightning rushed up from the east—and I took the rose, and pulled it to pieces. That clap of thunder awoke me from a beautiful dream. I was again upon earth—Liddy still sat before me, and the tear still quivered dimly in her blue eye; sadly she looked into the wildly-rising masses of cloud. "Such is our life," I should like to have said again. Silently we parted from the Rosenburg—we spoke not another word. When I said "Good-bye" to her, she pressed my hand passionately, and the dream was over,—the dream *is* over!! And the lofty image of the Ideal vanishes, *when I think of the speeches she made about Jean Paul!* Let the dead rest!

My Camœne slumbers: once she awoke blissfully, —short but beautiful moment! Now she but rarely dreams, and when she awakes she no longer remembers her dreams, but dozes off again,

dreaming, feeling, sensitive, sick of the dead words in which to banish her feelings; but her sleep is beautiful too—beautiful as the sleep of the maiden who loves happily, and whose quiet features are divinely transfigured by the golden past in her dream. Rhyme is to me most sickening, childish, nay, ridiculous; the ancient rhythms attract me most. I am revelling in Jean Paul and Sarbiewski, whom I should almost like to compare with one another. When you come to us at Michaelmas I will read you a few odes by the latter, which I have translated with due fire. They are not worth the postage. When you arrive at Michaelmas, if you have still read nothing of Jean Paul's, I shall be capable of doing you a damage. Go and get "Titan" at the very nearest circulating library, so that we shall be able to talk about him. You will be grateful to me when you have read him; so I say to you, read "Titan," or I shall kick you. Jean Paul, says Goethe, is the child of dissolute Dionysus and delicate Camœne. In "Hesperus," if I mistake not, he graphically describes himself:—"Often, when I am thinking of the Sublime in the world, of Mankind, Divinity, Immortality, etc.,—and when, from the biscuits which my wife is baking in the kitchen, the smell of butter is wafted to my nose—then, in spite of the sublimest thoughts, I cannot forbear a smile, and thus I completely grasp the Material, and yet go on thinking undisturbedly of the Sublime." A more excellent or appropriate sketch of

his character I cannot give you, as you will agree with me when you have read him.

I could write much more to you, my good old friend, but I can scarcely hold the pen in my fingers any longer. I am, as you know, a bad hand at sitting still; but to write a letter at different times renders it fragmentary. My passions are still too powerful: every day I should like to drink champagne to excite myself. I have to fight very much against myself. Passions are almost always poetical licenses, of which our free will avails itself. Nanni was my Guardian Angel: the dross of the common-place had already thickly encrusted my young heart: like a glory round a saint, that good girl stands before my soul. I could drop down before her on my knees, and worship her like a Madonna.

I cannot write any more, etc.

Your SCHUMANN.

FROM A LETTER TO FLECHSIG.

Zwickau, Dec. 1, 1827.

. . . . . ON Saturday last I went with Walther and Rascher to Schneeberg. On Sunday, at about four, we started to come back, and came in for the most abominable weather. The snow was a yard deep, and no track had as yet been trodden out: one after the other we fell into the ditch by the roadside, which could hardly be distinguished from the road

itself. When we arrived at Haslau, shivering and frozen, of course we first of all consumed some roast pork and pickled cucumber. We had a little money left, so we each of us ordered a large tumbler of grog; then we got excited, had a drinking-bout of three, and sang student-songs. The room was full of peasants. Your mathematical master was likewise on the spot, and your praises flowed from our lips. At last a burly countryman stepped up to us, and asked us quite civilly to recite something. Walther, touched and enchanted, recited "Cassandra." The rustics were quite affected: just as W. was declaiming the passage,

> "Nur der Irrthum ist das Leben,
> Und das Wissen ist der Tod,"[1]

a peasant with a true stentorian voice, called for sausage and sauerkraut, quite regardless of Walther, but the reciter did not disturb himself, and after some tears, thundered out "Der Handschuh,"[2] which excited the peasants intensely, and was followed by applause. Thereupon Rascher stood up with his tragi-comic face, and was likewise much applauded; but when they attacked me, I declined. It was not from pride that I did not do it, and yet I did feel too proud. At last Walther told the peasants that I played the piano very well, etc.—in short, we gave a regular

[1] "Nought but Error all this life is,
And our knowledge comes with death."

[2] "The Glove," one of Schiller's ballads.

musico-dramatic soirée. I improvised freely upon "Fridolin." The rustics sat open mouthed, when I was flourishing about on the keys in such a crazy manner. This over, a jolly little dance was got up, and we whirled the peasant girls about in rare style. I danced a waltz with that gentle, modest Minchen of the Müller's, while Walther made believe to play. Old Müller and his wife joined in the dance, the rustics stamped their feet; we rejoiced and rushed about, staggering among the legs of the clod-hoppers, and then took a tender farewell of the whole company by imprinting smacking kisses on the lips of all the peasant girls, Minchen and the rest. We arrived at Zwickau after 12, still reeling and tottering about. It was indeed a most jovial evening, worthy of a Vandyck!![1] But enough of this. I shall be pleased if it calls up a friendly smile to your lips.

Otherwise I am living as usual. That reproach about the drinking-bout does not touch me. I am long past beer. But I confess that perhaps we cling together more firmly than ever. We have given one another nick-names. I am called "Faust" or "Fust," although I should not like to be he! . . . . .

To Flechsig at Leipsic.

Zwickau, March 17th, 1828.

. . . . . Donkeys and mules are lazy, as a rule. I can't allow that to be said of me, and am already writing

[1] *Query* Teniers.—Tr.

you a second letter before receiving an answer to my first. My school-days are over, and the world lies before me. I could hardly keep back the tears the last time I came out of school; but yet the pleasure was greater than the pain. Now my better self must take the lead and show what it is made of. Thrown into life, flung into the night of the world, without guide, teacher or father—thus do I stand; and yet, the world never lay before me in a brighter light than it does at this moment as I stand before it, smiling serenely and quietly at its storms. Introduce me, my friend, into active life, and pick me up when I make a mad tumble. That Greek levity, which always regarded life from a happy medium between joy and sorrow, was all very well, and is quite consistent with a period of mulishness, but it must not degenerate, and turn into a lawless impetuosity, which only laughs and passes everything merrily by. All things good and beautiful are glowing in my young heart at this moment, and all high ideals and all the Greek gods stand radiant in this Olympus of youth. My friend, remain my friend, even though I should become unworthy of your friendship; and if ever I should some day be ashamed of having written like this, and should not have acted up to it, then hold this letter as a warning before my eyes, for you are the only one to whom my heart has always been open, with all its joys and sorrows. Ah, my friend! Love [1] and friendship walk about among men on

[1] The following sentence was also written by Schumann to his

this earth with veiled heads and closed lips, and no man can *tell* another *how* he loves him, though he *feels that* he loves him, for our inner self is mute and devoid of speech. If ever I should turn away my face in pain from this page, if ever I should read with tears of sorrow the lines which I am now writing with tears of joy,—in a word, when the youth has fallen, then come, my noble friend, you genius of friendship, and dry my eyes and raise my fallen soul up again. Alas! Man *wants* to do so much, and *can* do so little.

Your brother has just come in and given me your letter. Either you have got a cut on the fencing-ground or you were awfully hungry. You were in such a temper when you wrote that letter! and yet I rejoiced as I always do when I see the handwriting of my friend. It is certain that you and posterity (for it is quite settled that our letters are to be printed some day), have, by this interruption, been deprived of a fine Fantasia in A minor. Your letter has thrown me from the hot-bed of enthusiasm into the ice-well of sulkiness. Your epilogue enchanted me, I should like to write a prologue to it; but it seems to me as if sometimes we had not quite digested Jean Paul, and occasionally bring up a morsel! I would not mind betting that you have not written a scrap of verse since you read "Titan." Really, this letter is like a piece of music. It begins with a discord, a

mother, on April 28th, 1828, when he gives them as Jean Paul Richter's.

bray, and that being resolved, it flows on in a mournful and artistic Adagio; at "little" there is a pause, and then the Allegro breaks into $\frac{2}{4}$ time, and skips quite *leggieremente* towards the end and keynote of the whole, namely, my signature.

The preceding page resembles half of a head of Janus, and this has been the case with all my letters: one half gazes into the future, like Janus; the other looks into the past; but they belong together and originate in the same brain. In short, one half of Janus' head, namely, the Past, shall now remain covered; in my letters you have always seen it with tears in its eyes. Every man who lives only in reminiscences is unhappy, and our Dresden poet and others are just of this sort, and that is why they get on so badly, because they only exist, poetize, write, and rave for reminiscences.

You see that I am in a good humour; but there was an examination the day before yesterday, and to-day I was smoking my cigar out of window when Rascher was going to school with his Demosthenes under his arm. I can already see myself in the fencing-school, giving some duffer a licking with my foil, but I never have been a swaggerer, and never could endure the fashion of wearing spurs to one's boots without keeping a horse.[1]

[1] It was formerly the custom among German students to wear very high Hessian boots, and whoever specially distinguished himself in a fencing-match or duel, had a right to attach spurs to them, whether he was a horseman or not.—TR.

To-day I took out Homer, and by Easter I hope to have rushed through the Iliad. As to Forcellini,[1] I must thoroughly set to work and make corrections and extracts, look up passages, and read Grüter's "Inscriptions." It is interesting work, which teaches one a great deal and puts many an extra penny in one's pocket. I get a thaler for every proof sheet. Besides, *all* first-rate philologists are working at it—Passow, Beyer, Herman, Beik, Matthiä, Kärcher, Lünemann, Frotscher, Lindemann, Weber, Lenz, Hand, Niebuhr, Orelli, Zumpt, Ramshorn, Wunder, Weichert, Kiessling, Jakobs, and Wüstemann. Our Rector worries over it day and night, and is hardly equal to the task. I have had to rummage all over the library and have found a lot of unpublished notes by Gronov, Gräv, Scaliger, Heinsius, Barth, Daum, etc. I have got through Sophocles with the exception of Philoctetes. The other day I began Plato's "Crito," but it was not to my taste, and parts of it I did not understand at all. Plato is food for men. Tacitus and Sallust attract me very much. I still cannot endure Cicero: after all he was little better than a pettifogger and a boasting charlatan, and to be able to like him one must completely give up one's individuality, and that I cannot do. Horace was a libertine, nothing more. Give me the lofty Sarbiewski. And yet I still give Jean Paul the first place, and put him higher than anyone, not even excepting Schiller.

[1] Forcellini's "Lexicon totius Latinitatis," published by Carl Schumann.

(Goethe I do not understand yet.) All the same, the "Spaziergang" charmed me very much the other day, and made me think very affectionately of our own Klopstockian evening walks. By the way, I consider Goethe more difficult than Klopstock, Cæsar than Horace's Odes, and Horace's Satires harder than all Cicero, because in each case the former contain intellectual, the latter only linguistic difficulties; these can be overcome, but the others only yield as one gets older.

But where have I got to! Pardon this scribbling and prosy mood, which after all I seldom indulge in.

The Rector has promised me letters of introduction to Hermann and Wendt. I hope to become very intimate with Wendt. Tittmann, who was here the other day, was most polite, and paid me great attention. You have probably heard about the torchlight procession, where I was chief and speaker. The *eximie dignus* certainly does strike the eye tremendously, and is not so bad for Zwickau. Next Friday I shall receive my certificate from the Rector, and next Sunday evening (to-day being Monday) I shall drive off by the fast coach, so you may expect me in Leipsic early on Monday. I will live with you *salva venia*, and the Thursday following we shall walk or drive back to Zwickau. I am greatly looking forward to seeing you. I will bring as much money as possible in case you may perchance require some. But woe be to you, if the lodgings are not to my taste. I would rather we had hired *two* rooms, and

we shall perhaps sometimes wish we had done so. It will be especially unfortunate if we take to writing tragedies, or shall we work together like Beaumont and Fletcher? I would sigh, and you should smile.

Carus was off to Halle yesterday; we shall most likely come across him. Walther plays the penitent and reads his catechism diligently. Rascher is looking forward immensely to seeing me at Michaelmas, when I shall return as a "Bursch."[1] The black and red flag is very much to the fore, and we all argue like members of Parliament. I hope to meet Röller at Leipsic. I suppose he is very melancholy (not ironical). W. *is not coming!* More of this when we meet.

Then, my friend, expect me *for certain.* With the "Inscriptions" in our pockets, and money in our purses, we will let the world and everybody alone.

Farewell, and be happy; this is the very last word I shall write you from a distance. Wherever fate may lead us, I shall always say that I was never so happy as when I had you for a friend. Ask the protecting genius of friendship not to part us for ever, and may no discord sadden our souls, and may every tear which life sends us be short-lived and be speedily dried on the bosom of a friend!

Farewell, and be happy,

YOUR FRIEND.

[1] A student in his second year.—TR.

To Julius Schumann.[1]

Bayreuth, 25th April, 1828.

I ARRIVED here quite safely, my good Julius, and am living most blissfully in the remembrance of Jean Paul (Richter). It is his fault, too, that I am already writing from here. I could not well squeeze the portrait which follows this into the little knapsack, and therefore thought it advisable to send it straight to Zwickau. Please to put the carriage down to me. To-morrow I am bound for Nuremberg, where I am going to spend three days with Rosen. Bayreuth is beautifully situated, and its houses are all like palaces. I have just come from the celebrated Madame Rollwenzel, at whose house Jean Paul went in and out for twenty-six years, and who has been chatting to me for two good hours about her Jean Paul.[2]

I will write again from Augsburg or Munich. There is no time now, and I am too restless. Remember me a thousand times to our good mother, to your Emily, Teresa,[3] and all of them.

With best love and kisses,

I remain as ever,

Your faithful loving brother,

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

[1] His brother.

[2] Jean Paul died in 1825.

[3] Emily and Teresa, wives of Julius and Edward, Robert's brothers.

To his Mother at Zwickau.

Monheim, near Nuremberg, Apr. 28, 1828.

. . . . . HERE I am, my beloved mother, in a set of beer-drinking Bavarian patriots, and thinking of my dear Zwickau. When in the Fatherland one longs to get away; when in a strange country, one thinks sadly of one's dear home. Thus it is throughout human life: the goal once reached is no longer a goal, and we aim, and strive, and wish to get higher, until our eyes break, and our exhausted soul lies slumbering in the tomb.

I often think of you, my good mother, and of all the good advice you gave me on my entrance into this stormy life.

Dear mother, I have often offended you, I have often misunderstood you when you acted for the best; forgive the faults of an impetuous, passionate youth; he will make amends for them by good and noble deeds, and a virtuous life. Parents can claim the whole life of their children! My father has gone to his rest—all the more do I owe to you, dearest mother. To you alone must I repay the debt I owe you, for making my life happy, and preparing a bright, cloudless future for me. May your son prove himself worthy of this debt, and show that he will return a good mother's affection, by always leading a virtuous life! And may you be, as ever, a kind, forgiving mother, a tender judge, if the youth should forget himself, and a forbearing monitress, if

he should be too passionate, and sink deeper into the mazes of life. Jean Paul says "Love and friendship walk this earth with veiled eyes, and closed lips, and no man can tell another how he loves him, for our inner consciousness has no means of expression."[1] But may our children's Love not walk the earth blindfold; may they proclaim loudly and openly, how much they reverence the hearts of their parents, and return their affection by worship!

I feel that my letter is confused, but you know me, and I know you, and you will understand your loving son, who can only express his feelings by dead and gloomy phrases. So go on loving me, mother mine.

This morning I started from Nuremberg with Rosen. He is a pleasant fellow, and seasons my journey by the exchange of ideas and opinions, and pleasant talk.

To the Same.

Leipsic, May 21st, 1828.

. . . . . This is the first letter you have received from Leipsic. My dearest mother, may you read all my letters with the same friendly, loving eyes, as you do this first one, and never have to look angrily at them.

I arrived here safe and sound on Thursday last,

[1] Compare letter to Flechsig, March 17th.—Tr.

though in rather a melancholy mood; and I made my entrance into this great city, this busy life, and the whole world, in the full consciousness of my academical honours, and my rank as a citizen. Even now, though I have been here several days, I feel quite well, though not perfectly happy, and I just long, with my whole heart, to be back again in the quiet home where I was born, and passed such happy days with Nature. It is hard to find Nature here. Everything is ornamented by art. There is no valley, no mountain, no wood, where I can thoroughly lose myself in my own thoughts; no spot where I can be alone, unless it is locked up in my room, with an everlasting noise and uproar going on below. It is this which is so unsatisfactory. In addition, a continual intellectual warfare is going on in me, about the choice of a profession. The dry study of the law, which crushes one at the very beginning by its cut-and-dried definitions, does not suit me at all. I will not study medicine, and cannot study theology. This is the kind of perpetual struggle that I am in with myself, and I look in vain for a guide who can tell me what to do. And yet there is nothing for it; I must attack Jurisprudence, and however cut-and-dried it may be, I *will* overcome myself, and if man only *wills*, why he can do *everything*. But Philosophy and History shall also be among my most important studies. So much for that; everything will turn out all right, and I will not look drearily into the future, which may be so happy if only I do not waver.

I should like to write you a great deal to-day, but must have more paper and more time, as Edward wants to be off directly. You can ask Julius to send me a few quires of note-paper, as it is too dear here.

My things are just being brought in, so excuse this wretched scrawl. Give my best love to everybody, and tell them all that I wish myself back in Zwickau, just as much as I used to wish myself in Leipsic. Such is human nature, to which I belong! Good-bye, my good mother! May all the good wishes be fulfilled, which I pray Heaven to send you, and may you always be as happy as you deserve to be!

Good-bye, good-bye,

Your affectionate, loving son,

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

TO THE SAME.

Leipsic, June 13th, 1828.

. . . . . YOUR cordial and affectionate letter, my dearest mother, was a pledge of your enduring love, which I had almost begun to doubt, in consequence of your long silence.

First of all, accept my warmest thanks for your birthday-present, which was the best thing you could have given me. Every feature will remind me of that good mother, who has always been *giving* to me, and to whom I have given nothing, save many sorrows, and very few joys. Alas, no child repays its

parents as it ought and might do, and as they deserve; and it would be more satisfactory, if parents could see the fruit which they planted, and the harvest which they sowed; but Life says otherwise, and Man must resign himself.

I kept my birthday very quietly and happily with Flechsig, surrounded by bright and genial Nature, and we thought most intently of our sweet home, where we should have kept the day so much more happily (though hardly more joyfully), in the circle of intimate friends and relations. But Remembrance, too, is beautiful, even though it is often but the destroying angel of the Present; and every happy, sublime, and sacred minute, which Man enjoys during his ephemeral existence, only means tears in the future, and thus destroys many a minute when he might have been happier.

As regards my mental state, it is neither better nor worse than before. I go regularly to lecture, play the piano for two hours daily, read for a few hours, or go for a walk, and that is all the amusement I get. I have often been alone for days together, in the neighbouring village of Zweynaunsdorf, which is one of the prettiest spots round Leipsic, and have there worked, written poetry, etc., etc. Up till now I have had no familiar intercourse with any one student. I fence in the fencing-school, am friendly to everyone, and hold my own, as far as appearances go; but I am extremely cautious not to form an intimate acquaintance with anyone. One can hold up one's

head with such people without being rude, and it makes them stand off, and not treat one as a *Fuchs*.[1] Flechsig and Semmel are the only ones with whom I associate much. I go on writing Jurisprudence like a machine. Nothing more can be done at present. I should be very glad if you would kindly remember your promise about riding-lessons. . . . .

My rooms are excellent, but then I pay 90 thalers for them, and I wish you could see them yourself, just once, so as really to understand our primitive housekeeping! I am sure you would be pleased. But then I am much tidier than you and I used to think. My piano costs me a ducat[2] a month; but although it is a most excellent instrument, yet at Michaelmas I should like to have my dear beloved old grand piano: it contains the sweetest recollections of my childhood and youth, and has taken part in all that I endured, all my sighs and tears, but all my joys too. I could not help crying the last time I played on it in Julius's room. If I had 400 thalers to spare, and you and my guardian allowed it, I should at once buy an instrument here by a maker named Stein; but the gods will probably refuse me this, so I let the bright hope cheer me for the future. . . . . I must end. Remember me to all the dear delightful people, whose acquaintance I made in Zwickau; in your lonely walks, remember me to all our favourite haunts, and to all those dear home-surroundings where I was so happy.

[1] The youngest student in a "corps."

[2] About half a sovereign.

May all things good, sublime, and beautiful, be ever with you; all my wishes for you are contained in my childlike prayers.

Farewell, and be always happy,

Your fond and loving child,

R. SCHUMANN.

TO THE SAME.

Leipsic, June 29th, 1828.

IT is dreadful how women almost always forget to date their letters, consequently I don't know whether Malchen's[1] letter is an answer to mine of the 15th or the 16th of June.

You did indeed write me a few lines, but much as I longed for them every mail-day, yet, when I read them, I could not but wish that they had not been written by you, as they are so vague that I can hardly judge how your mind or body are. Malchen spoke more decidedly, and it is so far consoling to think that your illness is not dangerous or wasting. Unfortunately your child can only send you his best wishes for your health.

My warmest thanks for the precious keepsake which you sent me. It gave me a fresh proof of your motherly love, and I do not value the ring so much for its own sake as for yours, my dearest mother, and also for the sake of the sentiment which made you give it to me. May it be a magic ring, a talisman

[1] A friend of the Schumann family.

against every vice, and, like a magic wand, lead me only to fortune. My life at Leipsic creeps on in the old, wretched, every-day track, and I would sooner be at Jericho than here. If I should happen to have time and money *before* Michaelmas, it would give Flechsig and myself great pleasure to pay you a visit for a couple of days; but if you had rather not, tell me so, and I will try and restrain myself till Michaelmas, but after that the old unclouded spirit and blissful life must begin again.

Flechsig is going to make a trip to the island of Rügen in the north of Germany, and I should much like to go with him, but my love for my home and for you all is greater still, and drowns every other feeling which comes to the surface. . . . . .

Among my goods and chattels I still cannot find my black hat, or Rosalie's[1] watch-pocket. The portraits of my father, of Jean Paul, and of Napoleon, hang over my desk in *gold* frames, and the book-case looks splendid. I also long dreadfully for those volumes of Jean Paul, which are still lying at Dürrs.

Otherwise I go to lecture as regular as clockwork, play the piano a great deal, and often read; play a game of chess every evening with Flechsig, and go for a two or three hours' walk. I often join Semmel, but otherwise I have found *no one* who attracts me. I have fencing-lessons, and skirmish about with the rest in the fencing-school, because it is absolutely necessary, and even useful. But I never have been a

[1] Rosalie was the wife of Schumann's brother Carl.

fighting character, and never shall be, and you need not be alarmed about duels, although one has to be very careful. . . . . .

To his Mother, at Carlsbad.

Leipsic, Aug. 3rd, 1828.

My warmest and most heartfelt thanks, dearest mother, for your pretty and tasteful present. All the students have been admiring my splendid neckcloth, and extolling the good taste of my dear mother, who thinks lovingly of her child, though so far off.

I often imagine myself back again in my dear old haunts at Carlsbad, where, as a child, I used to be so unconsciously and unknowingly happy. Alas, why do we only appreciate happiness after it has left us, and why does each tear one sheds contain either a dead pleasure or a vanished blessing?

It could only be good and precious news to me to hear that you are keeping so well, in spite of your loneliness, and quiet intellectual life. I can imagine you so well going for your solitary walk, and looking wistfully up to heaven, as though to ask the Judge above the stars, and the Ruler of destinies:—"Why hast thou taken from me all, that no life and no future can ever replace?" And then you look down, smiling, at the eternal blossoms and flowers of rich and beautiful Nature, and your devout heart gently whispers, "God knows best." Then you look round you, quite consoled, and feel inclined to exclaim:

"Life is indeed beautiful, and mankind is but a tear of joy shed by the Deity."—Ah, mother! it is in Nature that the soul learns best to pray, and to sanctify all those gifts with which we are endowed from above. Nature is like the immense illimitable veil of the Most High, embroidered with his Eternal Name, with which man can wipe away all his tears of joy and sorrow, and which converts every tear into a speechless ecstasy, and disposes the heart to fervent, though quiet and inexpressible devotion. Why am I denied every feeling of the kind, here in this disgusting Leipsic? Why can Memory alone give me a moment that is sublimer and happier than those I usually enjoy? But I have made my plans, and only want your approval. Being a native of Saxony, I must go up for my examination at Leipsic, and study there for two years; so I am thinking of leaving Leipsic next Easter, and going to Heidelberg to attend the lectures of the most celebrated German jurists, Thibaut, Mittermayer, etc. Then at Easter, 1830, I can come back to Leipsic, so as to get a little into the ways of the Leipsic professors again. I want to go to another University for three reasons:—First, for my own sake, because I do not feel well here, and am getting frightfully rusty; secondly, because as a man I must see something of other men; and thirdly, for the sake of my profession, because the greatest jurists of the day are at Heidelberg.

If I once make up my mind to do this, I must

necessarily go next Easter or not at all. If I started later, I should have to go up for my examination directly I came back, and then I should get on very badly in Saxon Law, in which they examine one here more than in anything, as I should certainly have forgotten all about it at Heidelberg, where I shall have to study Roman Law, the Pandects, etc. So you see in this case I should come out miserably in the examination, and then you would not be pleased with me, nor I with myself. I shall expect an answer from you about this, but we can *talk* it over when we meet, as I shall spend both the Michaelmas and Christmas vacation at Zwickau. . . . . It is already eleven o'clock at night, and I am tired and sleepy. Farewell then, my beloved Mother.—Your fondly loving Son,

ROBERT S.

TO THE SAME.

Leipsic, August 22nd, 1828.

MY dearly beloved Mother,

I received your letter on the 10th,[1] (the day on which was rung the death-knell of our joys,) just as I had been weeping with all my heart. The day before yesterday, I dreamt that you had gone to the Schlossberg to have a good cry, and when I awoke, I

[1] The anniversary of the death of Schumann's father, who died August 10th, 1826.

too had tears in my eyes. Anyhow, I have never felt quite happy or at home in Leipsic, and am often completely worn out by this petty life, and all its pitiful people. If I only had someone who really and thoroughly understood me, and would do everything to please me for my own sake! With Flechsig I agree very well, but he never cheers me up; if I am sometimes depressed, he ought not to be so too, and might be humane enough to brighten me up. That I often require a little excitement I know very well.

The rest of my life is most insipid and monotonous, and creeps comfortably along at a snail's pace. I frequently go for a walk all by myself, play the piano a great deal, often go to lectures, etc. I rarely if ever go to the tavern, etc., but fence a little in the fencing-school, and that is the whole of my college life. Otherwise, I only associate with Semmel and Götte (from Brunswick), who are about the finest fellows among all the students, and are very fond of me, as I am of them. Dr. Carus and his family are just the same—cordial, homely, and warm-hearted as ever. They like you immensely, and send you no end of kind regards, etc.

Besides them, I do not visit any families. I have got rather a horror of it, and always feel miserable among people who do not understand me, and whom I cannot care for. I am very often with Wieck, who teaches me the piano, and there I get the chance every day of making the acquaintance of the most

excellent musicians in Leipsic. I often play duets with Mdlle. Reichold, who is quite the best pianist, and am going to perform a four-hand concerto with her at one of the grand concerts next winter. . . . . Farewell a thousand times my beloved mother, and if you feel unhapy sometimes, then think of your child, who is not very happy either, and ardently longs once more to embrace some kindred spirits.

May your life be peaceful and cloudless, and as calm as a soft tender chord; may it not have more clouds than are required for a lovely evening landscape, and not more rain than is necessary for a tender rainbow of peace. Let the storms rage, we will be happy and peaceful in ourselves, and well for us if it be so!

Oh mother, all things come to an end, but my love for you will last for ever, and may your motherly love always continue.

I am, was, and ever shall be,

Your fond and loving Son,

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

TO THE SAME.

Leipsic Aug. 31st, 1828.

THAT you may not accuse me of carelessness, my dearest mother, I enclose you my letter of the 22nd, which has been lying here all that time, because I did not know for certain whether you were still at Teplitz or had gone elsewhere.

I am rather more cheerful than usual just now; perhaps in anticipation of seeing home again. You can get Therèse to sing you Reissiger's "Sweet Home." I am always humming it to myself.

On the whole, my life is still just as I have described it in the enclosed letter—monotonous and *joyless*. It is a blessing for me that I do not live alone or I should easily get misanthropical. It gives me no pleasure to go to public places, and it often perfectly sickens me to see idiotic people. But yet in my own heart I am not quite so joyless, and what my fellow creatures cannot give me, is given me by music. My piano tells me all the deep sentiments which I cannot express; and if I feel depressed I think of the dear ones at home who love me, and whom I love so dearly, and dream of every flowery vale and childish paradise, of the Weissenborn meadows, of the Baukenberg, of Oberhohndorf, where I have often wandered about so blissfully, where the whole world used to lie before me full of youth and beauty, and everything around was in bloom and all men seemed like angels; and when I think of these things, the sweet spirit of sadness comes and smiles at me so gently with his grave, joyful eyes, that I needs must weep. Ah, mother, I have too soft a nature, I feel that; and every creature who feels so deeply must be unhappy. . . . . .

I hope to be at Zwickau by the 18th or 20th, and then we can talk and chat and go for walks to our heart's content, and visit all my favourite spots and

old playgrounds. A happy meeting does indeed make up for every separation!

Letter to William Götte.[1]

Schneeberg, Oct. 2nd, 1828.

I ONLY received your letter to-day, my dear Götte, just as I had been thinking of you affectionately, and was longing to see you. But I was surprised to hear that you were still at Würzburg, as I imagined you exploring the banks of the Rhine. Your complaints are just, and History, that eternally misinterpreted oracle, slumbers amidst beautiful ruins and tombs, and ruined Pompeii will ever be tearfully staring, empty and speechless, at petty mankind, just like a satire on the present time. Every man has a great and immense longing, a nameless infinite *something* which no words can express. This longing awakes in the *epic* nature of man when he stands before ruins or the Pyramids, or in Rome, or in the Teutoburg forest, or in a graveyard. In *lyric* natures (of which I am one) it awakes when the sweet realms of sound are opened; or in the dim twilight, or during a storm, or when the sun is rising. I think that this same *something* must have awoke in you when you wandered amongst the ruins of lost power and enervated intellect, and that you raged and wept because you could do nothing.

Universal education is not to be thought of, how-

[1] A College Friend.

ever fine Idealistic and Molinistic[1] systems may be. It would be a beautiful time if man could only let his problems rest peacefully and happily. But it is just this eternal striving of man—this great tremendous *onesidedness*, I should like to call it—which keeps fresh life in us; and that very restlessness and discontent in our strife for an *à priori* Ideal, for the highest unsurpassable maximum—is the infinite charm which binds us to this miserable existence. We can scarcely imagine the great, unfinished picture of Man in *Space*, but in *Time* the titanic giant-spirits join hands for the formation of the highest and for the gigantic work of completed creation. I should be in great danger of filling a few more sheets with this most attractive subject, did I not fear having to pay extra postage, for in these days we must even pay taxes and duties on our own thoughts, at least, when we express them on paper, or realise them!

Like many more things, the journey to Bayreuth has come to *nothing*. Flechsig had no *money*, Renz no *inclination*, and I no *time*, three things which are avowedly the first necessaries of travel. I am spending quiet and happy hours here among my relations and Autumn is still lavish with her flowers and blossoms, and gives us many a delicious and peaceful holiday, such as one enjoys but too rarely in life.

Has Schütz gone to Munich? Where is Günther

[1] Molina, a Jesuit of the sixteenth century, advocated a rather doubtful morality.

off to? I am sorry for both of them; they have fresh and youthful natures, but are like two crystal mirrors which have been so roughly breathed upon by student-life that they have become quite dull, and can no longer reflect anything at all—onesided . .

Philosopher Reutel keeps on disputing with his accustomed eloquence about "the relative," "the absolute," "the negative," Idealism, Dualism, Cosmopolitism, Pantheism, etc. The Atheists laugh at them all. Perhaps you are one of them? or at any rate a dissidentist? Eh? . . . . . Well, good-bye, my dear fellow. Man can do everything if he wills. Then let us will, and we shall act. We live in a tremendous time in spite of the Past, and the Sphinx now smiles because she can no longer make us weep.

Every question once asked of the Past we will now put to the Future, and we shall receive an answer. First of all we will purify and enlighten our own hearts —the rest will follow. Man is, as he always has been; but he might, should, and ought to be better.

SCHUMANN.

I shall certainly go to Heidelberg at Easter.

To His Mother.

Leipsic, Oct. 24th, 1828.

My heart was very heavy, my dearest mother, when I took my last long look from the top of the Mosler Berg, and said good-bye to you and my dear home. All nature seemed like a fresh spring day, and the whole radiant world smiled so joyfully and sweetly upon me and my lonely pilgrimage. When we have to part from dear friends, and are bidding them good-bye, our souls vibrate with a soft sad minor chord which is rarely heard. The twilight hours of our dead childhood, the pictures of the fleeting present, and the long vista of future years, all chime together like a peal of bells in one long-drawn chord. The brilliant future strives to displace the gentle past, and vague tender feelings are having a mild contest in our hearts. And then comes that sweet angel of sadness, who would fain make us weep, but cannot, for he is smiling himself. Oh, for the lovely rainbow in the excited soul, when the sun of joy is shining, though heavenly tears are falling! Oh, for that sadness, when the heart is full to overflowing, and weeps and smiles, and weeps again! Slowly I pursued my way, torn by conflicting emotions. A solitary bird sang faintly in the wood, and the farm people and their horses moved quietly along the high road. The sere and yellow leaves of glowing Autumn rustled now and again as they fell, and everything was so

still and so sublimely peaceful that I fell into a tender, gentle mood. I sat down by the side of a field, and ate my breakfast with a joyful heart, and the roast beef and buttered rolls tasted better than the birds'-nest-soup and all the delicacies of the Leipsic Hotels. It was a glorious evening, and my soul was full of peace. Just outside Altenburg I sat down to rest for a few quiet moments and gazed into the sunset, and the picture of "sweet home" stole softly before my mind's eye, and then sank, glowing and blushing with the last rays of the setting sun into the quiet grave of the past. Therèse once more stood before me, softly singing "Sweet Home." And that night, at Altenburg, as I was dropping off to sleep, all the moments of that day and of the past swept dimly by me, and like a distant echo of the soul the sounds melted and died away, and the last faint note was "Sweet Home." Then I went blissfully to sleep, but did not dream, for the dream-god was loath to disturb the wanderer's light slumbers.

How one can chatter, to be sure, about a journey of eight hours! And even now I could fill many more pages were I to describe all that I saw—I mean in my soul. Oh, I have spent *hours* in Zwickau, which made up for *days* in Leipsic! Oh, for those quiet Autumn evenings at home which filled our souls with delight. Oh, for those gilded heights and blooming valleys! not Leipsic, with all its theatres and concerts, can make up in the slightest degree for such peaceful life in Nature among kind friends.

When on my return here I entered my old room once more, and found everything just as I had left it, I felt, I may say for the first time, thoroughly at home in Leipsic. And when I had arranged everything, and put things in their proper places, my heart seemed to whisper: "The winter will atone for all the miserable summer hours." Well, I will hope, and try to make myself comfortable; for even the love of one's home and the scenes of one's childhood may become a weakness if they prevent one from being contented with the present, and only make one moan over the past. And I cannot and will not be weak-minded.

Let me once more thank you with all my heart, my beloved mother, for the many wonderful proofs of your maternal love which you gave me at Zwickau.

If you had only been a little more cheerful sometimes there would have been nothing wanting to complete my happiness; but as I nearly always saw you sitting in your old arm-chair in the bow window, it is difficult to imagine you in any other position. When I come back for Christmas, dearest mother, let this last sentence of mine have lost its point. You understand me, don't you? I only mean to say, "Be more cheerful, and do not throw away the pleasures of life bestowed upon you from above without enjoying and appreciating them!" Do you hear that, my dear little mother?

Answer me soon. Your letters are as intellectual as yourself—a lovely crystal mirror of your soul, which lights up and warms your son's heart!

Farewell, dearest mother, and if ever I closed a letter with the most fervent good wishes for your welfare, health, and happiness, I am doing so now.

Your ever constant

ROBERT.

TO THE SAME.

Leipsic, November 25th, 1828.

THIS is the very first time, dearest Mother, that I have not shaken hands with you on your birthday, but to me it is just the same red-letter day as it used to be when I was a child, and gave you a nosegay, and whispered my childish wishes. It is rather too bad that on this day, of all others, I must begin by asking your forgiveness for not having written any verses. . . . . But nevertheless, I am sending you a poem, dream, or vision, or whatever you like to call it.

I went to sleep very sorrowfully. Dreams hovered about me, until my good genius exclaimed :—"Your mother's birthday is near." Then my visions took definite shape, and I dreamed that a world of hearts lay before me. Crushed and penitent souls flitted hither and thither, and those who had been saved and healed hovered round them and gently soothed their sorrows. Then, from the East there came a deep voice, clear and sweet as a bell, and the question thrilled through every heart :—"Whose love endures the longest?" Oh, how all the souls trembled at that sweet question! they crowded round, and each

one said :—"Mine." Æolian harps accompanied the voices, and a blissful dawn rested on all the blossoms. And again the voice was heard :—"Whose love endures the longest?" and the hearts of Friendship came forward and said :—"A friend's love endures the longest, for it is unobtrusive and unconstrained." But a wounded soul came flying from the West, and her murmured words sounded like a far-away echo :—"Alas! I was deceived in my friend's love, for it was very selfish." Then all the souls quivered and shrank back before the question of that wounded soul. And the voice from the East rang out again :—"Whose love endures the longest?" And the hearts of Early Love appeared, and said :—"The lover's love endures the longest, for it is the most ardent of any." But as they were declaring this so joyfully, and young hearts began once more to think of this beautiful world and the sunny spring time of first love, a down-trodden heart struggled out of the West, and sadly moaned :—"Not that love either, for my lover only caused me tears of grief, and then left me alone with my sorrows, and my young heart was withered." And once more it flashed from the East, but there was sorrow and anger in the voice, as the great question again ran through the realm :—"Is there no love which endures the longest?" And behold, a heart that had been lost, and saved again, spoke, and said :—"A mother's love endures the longest, for she loves unselfishly." Ah, then there was no soul to come forward and say :—"I was not

loved in this way, and all the hearts engaged in a loving strife, and all cried :—"Yes, a mother's love endures the longest," and they were joyful, and thought of all the affectionate tears, so consoling and warning, which their mothers had shed for them in the world. And the blossoms and flowers waved, and the Æolian harps sounded, and all the heartstrings echoed the joyful words :—"Mother's love endures the longest."

My dream was over, and when I awoke my heart felt comforted, and I was murmuring to myself, "Mother's love endures the longest," but I was still half asleep, and another voice seemed to whisper the answer :—"And the child returns that love with an ardent affection." . . . . .

To the Same.

Leipsic, March 21st, 1829.

My dear good Mother,

If this is not a consoling letter you must believe that I myself have need of consolation. Such is life! Only a few weeks ago, when writing to me, our poor dear Julius signed himself: "Your most happy brother," and to-day he can hardly hold the pen in his trembling fingers. I was afraid something was wrong, from Edward's letter, and have been very anxious all the week. I can well imagine what a state you are in now, with an invalid in the house, and such a dear invalid; how worried you must be! —and shut up in a tiny room too!—Oh heavens!

Why cannot I be with you? But there is no prospect of my going to you as soon as you seem to hope, unless, indeed, Julius should again become dangerously ill, in which case I implore you, by all that you hold dear, to let me know at once, so that I may join you. But that would be worst of all, dearly as I should love to see and console you, if I only could! . . . . . .

To the Same.

Heidelberg, May 24th, 1829.

You must put on your spectacles, my beloved Mother, for postage is expensive now, and I shall have to write as small as possible.

You will see from the way in which I begin this first letter to you, that I am anything but melancholy; but the man who could be sad in my princely lodging, overlooking the glorious old castle and green oak forests, must indeed be a miserable sinner. I think I know you well enough to feel pretty sure that you will enjoy a few extracts from the diary of my short journey.

The drive from Leipsic to Frankfort was really like a flight through hundreds of spring skies, and a continual change of merry and intellectual travelling companions made up to a great extent for the fatigue and exhaustion of night-travelling. I soon made friends with Wilibald Alexis, and we were inseparable until he went North and I South. There was one

very eccentric passenger, a Prussian, named R., who turned out to be a Secretary of Legation, and was going to Frankfort for the "Bundestag."[1] I had hardly exchanged a few commonplaces with him, before he launched forth *ex abrupto* upon the numerous perfections of his wife, at Berlin, and assured me that his whole happiness was bound up in hers. He recited poetry quite unasked, and produced miniatures of his wife. I confess I never came across any one of the kind before, but I liked him, because there was great nobility and good feeling in all that he said. Of course Alexis could think of nothing better to do than to introduce this character into a new novel he was writing. Amongst my other fellow-travellers, there was a Jew leather-seller from Frankfort, who was of the shop, shoppy; a nice old lady, who had seen a number of plays at the Gotha theatre; and two French Jews, who had drunk rather more wine than was good for them, and talked all night about nothing.

You can hardly deny that I have shown great powers of observation in the description which I have just laid at your feet!

Now my route takes quite a different direction. As soon as we reached Hanau, we turned sharp round to the right towards Frankfort, and the very sky seemed to rejoice at this happy event, for it was as clear, and blue, and cloudless, as my eyes are at this

[1] A diet of the states constituting the German "Bund," which was held at Frankfurt from 1815 to 1866.—TR.

moment; and what is more it stayed in this benign mood for the rest of the journey. Now I am going on in quite a different vein. The beautiful Main at our feet, bearing boats and light skiffs on his sparkling bosom, accompanied us with his pleasant murmur as far as Frankfort. All the trees were in full bloom, luxuriant cornfields waved in the breeze, with yellow rape seed growing in between; crowds of spring birds started up under our feet, and sang and rejoiced at my speedy arrival in Frankfort.

You must excuse my enlarging much upon Frankfort to-day, for if I did my letter would grow into a folio volume. They are just beginning service in the Catholic Church next door, and the congregation is singing. I cannot write when I am listening to music, so will conclude for to-day, and only add, that in my present lodging I have got the Catholic Church on my right hand, and a lunatic asylum on my left, so that I am really in doubt whether to turn Catholic or go mad!

25th, Morning.

I stopped to take breath before beginning about Frankfort, dear mother; but now having refreshed my memory I will start off again at full gallop on the express coach of my thoughts.

On the 13th of May, at 2.30 p.m., I made my entrance into Frankfort, not quite in such grand style as the German Emperors at their coronation, but at heart just as rich as any one of them. Of course the first

thing I did was to have a good wash, and to emerge like a phœnix from the dust of the coach; the next, to consume a substantial beef-steak. Then Alexis and I strolled through the interesting town, and along the banks of the Main. The sky was perfectly bright and clear, and the walks and public gardens round the town are simply unrivalled—Leipsic has nothing to compare with them. In the distance the dark outline of the gigantic Taunus Mountains was sharply defined against the blue and gold tints of the evening sky. The Main wound through the blossoming spring gardens like a band of silver. Thousands of girls strolled about in groups under the trees, and children played their merry games . . . . . All sounds gradually ceased. The moon's face shone through the white blossoms, the nightingales warbled their enchanting song, and the waving lilacs and drooping acacias filled the air with sweet perfume. I wandered about aimlessly, North, South, East, and West, and felt as though I had been there before in some delicious dream. The last light was presently extinguished in the summer-houses. I listened to somebody, probably a girl, playing the piano late into the night, and when she stopped I came out from the acacias and walked on, lost in thought. "Admission four Kreutzer," shouted the gatekeeper, as I reached the city walls. I paid him, laughed, and was back again on this prosy old earth. Then I went quietly to sleep, and dreamed about Zwickau. . . . . My cigar went out during this gushing description of my travels, but now I am

in full swing again. By the way, I am glad to observe that I am writing very nicely and distinctly to-day.

Yesterday I described a sentimental journey, so now listen to my historical, antiquarian, and artistic excursion on the 14th. The very first thing in the morning I had an intense desire to play the piano. So I calmly walked into the first music shop I came to, and told them I was tutor to a young English lord who wanted to buy a piano. I played for three hours, much stared at and applauded, and then told them I would let them know in a day or two whether my lord would buy the instrument or not, but by that time I was in Rüdesheim drinking Rüdesheimer! Nothing pleases me more than prowling about an old town without any sort of object or destination, and exploring all its holes and corners. Alexis is of the same way of thinking, so for four days we wandered about the oldest parts of the city. How far more varied, interesting, and poetical is such a style of building, where every minute one sees something new, than the straight, uniform, symmetrical streets, a couple of miles long, of our modern architecture. That afternoon we accepted an invitation we had received to go and see the Counsellor of the Embassy—George Düring, where we only met his wife and Mrs. Ferdinand[1] Ries, a most beautiful Englishwoman. When she spoke English it sounded like an angel's whisper. The conversation was carried

[1] Ferdinand Ries was Beethoven's pupil. He retired from England to the Rhine in 1824.—TR.

on principally in French, and I found I could speak far more fluently than W. Alexis, for which I felt deeply grateful to old Bodmer[1] for the first time in my life. We then went with Düring to inspect the Museum, the house where Goethe was born, and the Bethmann Gardens. But Dannecker's Ariadne in Naxos! Imagine a perfectly ideal woman, proudly and gracefully curbing a raging panther which she rides in the full consciousness of her beauty and power. The panther seems almost inclined to resent it, yet fawningly rubs his head against her hand, while her head is thrown back, and she looks proudly towards heaven. What a beautiful idea it is that beauty can tame everything, even the most savage nature! The Ariadne is of the finest white Carrara marble, and is placed in a room partly darkened with coloured hangings. The sun was just shining on a bright crimson curtain, and the marble looked as pure as driven snow sparkling in the morning light. Enough of this. One cannot describe that sort of thing; one can only see it and feel it. In the evening we had a very good performance of the "Schachmaschine"[2] at the theatre . . . . . The drive to Wiesbaden was like a merry living picture by Hogarth, or some painter of the Dutch school. There were six people in the coach —a beautiful and intellectual girl with a Grecian nose, a native of Wiesbaden; an old student; a desperate merchant-speculator with rolling eyes; two old

[1] His former master. [2] The automaton chess-player.

women who were going to take the waters in Wiesbaden, and Alexis with a splitting headache. The weather was glorious, and I made no bones of sitting on the box-seat next the driver, and occasionally handling the ribbons myself. By Jove, how those horses did go, and how we stopped at every inn to bait them, and how I did amuse the whole company, and how sorry they all were when I had to say good-bye to them at Wiesbaden! I really do not know when I have been in such a divinely merry mood. On Saturday we looked about Wiesbaden. A letter of introduction from Rohde, the Secretary of the Embassy, had great effect. Wiesbaden is prettily situated, but those enormous marble palaces, halls, and houses, all so very much alike, are not exactly inspiriting. Avenues, castles, parks, etc., bore me frightfully, and I would a thousand times rather have the little irregular streets and houses of Frankfort or Nüremberg.

At 9 o'clock we started from Wiesbaden, and I closed my eyes so that I might thoroughly enjoy the first glimpse of dear, majestic old Father Rhine, and when I opened them there he lay before me, quiet and peaceful, proud and grave, like some old German god, in the heart of the lovely green fertile Rheingau, with its mountains and ravines and vineyards. In six hours we passed through Hochheim, Erbach, Hattenheim, Markobrunnen, Geisenheim, etc. And what characteristic faces one finds even in the lowest classes. In my diary I find written: "On the western

banks of the Rhine the girls have very fine features, but expressing deep feeling rather than intellect. Noses mostly of the Grecian type, faces oval and classically regular, hair brown (I hardly saw a single blonde), complexions soft and delicate, with more white than pink in them; expression melancholy rather than sanguine. The Frankfort girls, on the other hand, all have one trait in common. They all bear the expression of grave, manly, German earnestness, and you find this in many of the free old German cities, while towards the east it gradually verges into a gentle sensuality. Almost all the Frankfort girls have character in their faces, but few of them are either intellectual or beautiful. Noses mostly straight, but often turned up. I do not admire their patois."

We arrived at Rüdesheim at 5 o'clock, and after refreshing ourselves with food and drink started from Asmannshausen for the glorious Niederwald, which affords the most magnificent view in the whole Rheingau. As to the old castles, which we used to read and dream about in our youth, they fared like everything else. We went into raptures over the first two or three, and longed to explore them, but soon passed them quietly by as every-day occurrences. The beautiful ruin of Ehrenfels, which was quite the first I saw, looked proudly down upon me and on the Mäusethurm in the Rhine, the legend of which you doubtless know. The sun was setting in perfectly royal splendour, and twilight stole gradually upon us. Off Rüdesheim boats were moored with their merry

crews; old men sat on the benches in front of the houses smoking their pipes; fine healthy-looking children played about on the banks of the river, and I almost forgot to watch for the moon to rise. The noises ceased one by one, and I ordered a glass of "Rüdesheimer." The old waterman and his daughter led me to a rowing-boat, for the Rhine was as calm as a mill-pond, and the sky quite bright and clear. Rüdesheim with its dark Roman ruins was reflected in the water, which looked simply entrancing in the moonlight. Above us, on its steep hill, stood the lonely chapel of St. Roch. We rowed up and down; my heart was full. The waterman's Pomeranian dog lay near his master and wagged his tail. I shouted his name, and echo sent it back again and again: "Anchor, Anchor, Anchor." Then I called "Robert," and then we landed. The moon spread its silvery light around, and the murmuring waves of the Rhine gently hushed the wanderer to sleep.

On Sunday, May 17th, I first set foot on the other bank of the Rhine, with a joyful feeling of reverence and veneration, and my heart gently whispered, "France." We crossed over to Bingen. On the Klapp, an old Roman fortification, we saw the prison of the Emperor Henry IV., a gruesome hole, which a tramp would be ashamed to own, and there is also a good view of the whole west bank of the Rhine. The Æolian harps placed in the draughty corners of the old ruin fascinated me for a long time with their wonderful, long-drawn, minor chords. We

had our midday meal at Bingen, and here is the bill of fare :—

Delicious Soup.
Roast Beef or Cutlets, with three sorts of Vegetables.
Asparagus and Ox Tongue.
Meat Patties.
Minced Veal or Stewed Liver.
Eels or Trout.
Fresh Salmon.
Stuffed Pigeons in a Pie.
Three different Joints.
Choicest Dessert.

If you are not pleased now with this prodigal son of the Heidelberg Muses, who tells you all about his journey, even down to his bill of fare, I really do not know what I shall do with you. "Oh," I hear you exclaiming, "what shall we give this boy to eat, that he will relish, when he comes home next Easter?" My dear mother, don't give me anything but some soup, and a slice off the joint, or a bit of steak.

Unfortunately it is the fashion at Heidelberg for everybody to dine at the table d'hôte, so that one has very little variety, to say nothing of the expense, and has to be eating and drinking for more than an hour, when I prefer polishing off a meal in five minutes!

After this rather prosaic digression, behold me on a steamer *en route* for Coblenz. When I was at Frankfort Döring gave me an excellent map of the Rhine, and I really looked rather neat, sitting bareheaded on the deck smoking a cigar, and studying my map

with a glass in my eye! I defy anyone to describe that country, with its bold romantic fortresses and castles, so I will spare you the names of all the river-side towns and mansions which I rushed past, as in a dream. On the boat I met a painter from Mainz, who knew Gläser of Darmstadt very well, and told me a lot of stories about him. That Sunday evening was too glorious for me to follow out my original plan and go and squeeze myself into one of the narrow little streets of Coblenz, so I landed on the opposite side of the Rhine, at a little village called Capellen, where I spent the night alone, Alexis having gone on to Coblenz, and the delicious evening more than made up for my change of plan. The pretty village girls walked about on the river-banks in their smartest clothes, and the Rhine was illuminated in the East by the silvery light of the rising moon, and in the West by the golden beams of the setting sun. Just between the reflected lights the water looked quite green, which is its natural colour. Dozens of boats full of merry rollicking people passed up and down, while hundreds of nightingales, which are as common here as sparrows with us, made night beautiful with their grave sweet song, and darkness crept slowly down upon us from the mountains. I slept delightfully, and dreamt that Julius was standing before me quite strong and well. When I awoke, the rising sun was shining in my eyes.

The whole country about here is Catholic. But what a difference between the Catholics of the Rhine

and those of Bohemia and Lower Bavaria! Here they are so gentle and humane, their faces not distorted by fanaticism, their eyes not sunken and hollow from religious enthusiasm. Do you think there are many such girls in Bavaria, Bohemia, or even in Saxony and other Protestant countries, as a young Catholic woman in Capellen, who certainly deserved a better fate than—to wait upon me! The girl said to me so innocently and brightly: "He who looks upon his religion as a mere name has no religion at all. The best way is to be good and true, and everyone can put that into practice, be he Protestant or Catholic." My diary for that day concludes with these sad words, "The Leipsic cigars are at an end," for both tobacco and coffee are simply execrable on the Rhine.

The morning of the 18th of May (Monday) was almost lovelier than any we had had, and at 5 a.m. I climbed up to the beautiful ruin of Stolzenfels, a glorious, lofty rock, from which you get a magnificent view, and what more do you want? As I was poking about among the ruins, all overgrown with ivy and gorse, I came upon a stout man, with a ribbon in his buttonhole, accompanied by a lovely woman and two children, who remarked to me, in broken German, that such a view was really worth getting up early to see. He asked a few questions, and then courteously took leave, and went away. It was only Crown Prince Frederick of Holland, with his wife and children, as I found out from his suite at the bottom of the hill.

At 11 I started for Coblenz, in the company of a merry, rather tipsy dancing-master, who, so I was told, was formerly much respected, but had of late taken very considerably to drink, and lost his character. When I saw him he seemed most anxious to find out what people thought of him. He was a great amusement to me, as a study of physiology. "I am really quite a good fellow," he said to me amongst other things, "but I have got a most confounded fault: I am too fond of treating fellows to a drink, and only get laughed at for my pains after all!" Of course I laughed at this frank confession, but there was much truth in what he said, and truth is acceptable in any form. Even in the most commonplace characters one nearly always finds something remarkable to add to one's knowledge of men and things.

I arrived at Coblenz with my dancing-master at 1 o'clock, and must say that on the whole I was horribly bored there. In my diary I find the following entry about this part of my journey: "Fusty Prussian soldiers, fusty company at dinner, fusty piano, fusty Mosel-wine, fusty dinner, and myself uncommonly fusty!" Parting with my fellow-traveller, W. Alexis, had something to do with this, for it was here I said good-bye to him, as he went on to Paris. Coblenz is splendidly situated, and the Mosel running into the Rhine is really not half bad.

On Tuesday, May 19th, I intended to go back to Mainz by steamer, but how could I help it that the

lazy lout of a boots forgot to call me? But he got a fearful scolding for it, both from myself and the landlord. In the afternoon I visited the Prussian fortress Ehrenbreitstein, and then roamed about among the vineyards. I had made up my mind for a very dull evening, but found the landlord of my inn had got up a regular musical party, at which I drew forth sweet sounds from the old tin-kettle of a piano (especially when a string broke), and there was much talking, singing, and drinking Maitrank.[1]

On Wednesday, May 20th, at 6 o'clock in the morning, there I was, proud and happy, on the deck of the steamer "Friedrich Wilhelm." The company was pretty select, but I fled from their conventional chatter, and joined some retired old Dutch soldiers in the bows, and made them "fight their battles o'er again," especially Waterloo. The cabins of the steamer were arranged in the most princely style, but the people on deck amused me more, and if I were only a bit of an artist I could have sent you many an amusing group; for instance, two old soldiers lying asleep with their heads resting on their knapsacks, a couple of smart students stalking up and down, ladies in fits of laughter, sailors in red shirts making up the fire, a painter in spectacles taking hurried sketches of the country, an Englishman making frantic grimaces and dragging his collar up to his ears, the cook in his white cap clutching a

[1] Rhine-wine, with bunches of sweet woodruff steeped in it, which gives it a peculiar wild flavour.—TR.

piece of raw steak, and so busy he does not know where to turn, and myself sitting on deck writing poetry and observing everybody at the same time, especially keeping my eye on a civil waiter who is bringing me a glass of "Rüdesheimer," etc. The arrangements below were splendid: satin ottomans, mahogany and bronze furniture, red silk curtains, plate glass windows, and everything most comfortable. They had all the newspapers, an excellent table d'hôte, and first-rate wine; there was chess, and even a billiard table, for the movement of the vessel was so very slight that it was not felt at all in the saloons, and the balls lay quite motionless. In short, there was everything necessary both for mind and body, and what more could one want? And yet I longed to go on deck again—so went and sat in the bows without my hat, sipped a cup of coffee, and smoked some excellent cigars, presented to me by an Englishman. I remained alone there the whole afternoon, and enjoyed the breeze blowing through my hair so much, that I then and there wrote a poem in praise of the north-east wind, and, by Jove, it did not turn out half bad. The people thought me a queer fish, and one of the crew told me I should make a capital sailor, because I braved the wind with a bare head.

Mainz, with its lovely red towers and hundreds of ships close at hand, gleamed picturesquely and proudly through the trees. I got there at 7 o'clock, and for the first time during my journey came in for a most wretched meal at the "Drei Reichskronen" inn,

after which I went for a stroll among the churches and streets. In the evening I examined my exchequer, and found to my great surprise, though I had rather foreseen this dilemma, that I was reduced to three florins. So I did not fall asleep quite without cares.

The next morning, May 21st, I hired a miserable fly, but was lucky enough to find an agreeable companion in a jovial old major with a heavy moustache, who had been Murat's adjutant, had spent fourteen years in Spain and Naples, was condemned to death with Murat, and finally released. Of course I let him do all the talking. From Mainz to Worms I did not see a single pretty face. We lunched at Worms, looked in at the Cathedral, and the Lutheran Church, where Luther made his profession of faith. We asked our guide how long the church had been built, and he told us 120 years. We laughed, but my merriment was somewhat forced when my hand came in contact with my waistcoat pocket. Unfortunately the gallant major left me before we got to Mannheim, where I arrived about 4 o'clock. I could not drive for obvious reasons, so I gladly started to walk, as I foresaw a cloudy evening and glorious sunset. On the road I passed the very fingerpost near which Sand is standing lost in thought, in the picture which hangs in our drawing-room. What I foresaw came to pass. The evening was fine but stormy, and a glorious crimson sun sank behind the dark masses of cloud. About 9 o'clock that night I arrived in my longed-for Heidelberg, amid conflicting emotions of joy and sorrow.

And now, my beloved mother, I will conclude my account of this short but most enjoyable little episode in my journey through life. In my next letter I will give you a detailed description of my pleasant Heidelberg life, to which that good fellow Rosen has introduced me. Accept this my first letter in the same spirit of loving affection as it is written.

I hope soon to receive a perfectly endless letter from you, dearest mother, with news of all my dear ones, to each of whom I will write soon. This letter will have to last you a long time. When I write again you shall hear all about less important matters, such as my lodgings, piano, and college life in general.

I will only say good-bye, for you know all my childish wishes for your happiness and welfare.

Your

ROBERT.

TO THE SAME.

Heidelberg, July 17th, 1829.

AT last, my dear mother, after eight long weary weeks your longed-for letter arrived. I was much relieved when I saw the red seal, although you do not write in a particularly cheerful strain, and tell me one piece of bad news after another. Of course what touched me most was the death of the little innocent angel,[1] whose life just lasted *one* spring. In these

[1] It was his brother's child.

cases man almost thinks he has a right to ask, "Why was this done to me?" Seume has written a fine essay, entitled, "The reason why the death of little children grieves us more than the loss of our grown-up friends." We will forgive the parents their tears, for in truth there are none shed in so just a cause.

It is but small comfort to me to hear that dear Julius is only middling. In every letter from you I shall look out for a gradual improvement from "*middling*" to "*quite well.*" Man is much more unhappy in his misery than he is happy in his good fortune, and an invalid appreciates the blessings of health much more than a strong man, which really seems doubly hard. . . . . As far as I am concerned, I am very jolly, and at times quite happy. I am industrious and regular, and enjoy my Jurisprudence under Thibaut and Mittermayer immensely, and am only now beginning to appreciate its true worth, and the way in which it assists all the highest interests of humanity. And, good heavens! what a difference there is between the Leipsic professor, who stood at his desk at lecture and rattled off his paragraphs without any sort of eloquence or inspiration, and this man Thibaut, who, although about twice as old as the other, is overflowing with life and spirits, and can hardly find words or time to express his feelings. The life here is pleasant enough, although not so grand as that of a city, or so varied as at Leipsic, which had its good as well as its bad points to a young man. But that is really the only thing that I miss here. One has quite

a wrong idea of the Heidelberg student. In reality he is a very quiet, smart, ceremonious creature, who often only assumes a polite and engaging manner because it does not come naturally to him. The student is quite the most important person in or about Heidelberg, which simply could not exist without him. Of course the townspeople and the Philistines are cringingly polite. It does not seem to me a good thing for a young man to come into a town where the student reigns supreme. The character of a young fellow is only strongly and properly developed by difficulties; and that perpetual dawdling about with students, and students only, has the most injurious effect on the breadth of his opinions, and consequently on the whole practical side of his life. That is one advantage which Leipsic has over Heidelberg, and all big towns over small ones. It is fortunate that I have learned to look upon everything rather more soberly, but I shall certainly send my future son for *one* year to Heidelberg, and for *three* years to Leipsic. On the other hand, Heidelberg has this advantage, that the lovely picturesque neighbourhood keeps the student from many drinking bouts and other amusements, and for this reason the students here are far steadier than at Leipsic. Food is cheap in comparison with Leipsic, and yet in a way it is dearer, as one is obliged to dine at the tâble d'hôte and drink wine every day. I consider it perfectly awful to have to sit at table for an hour every day; and, good Lord! what a terrible waste of time it is. Give me a plate of soup and a slice off

the joint, which I can devour in six minutes and have done with it! But as it is, one has eaten more than one wants before the joint is brought in. Every dinner costs me 36 kreutzer or 8 groschen (about 10*d.*), and at Leipsic I only paid 5 groschen, which makes a tremendous difference in one's finances. But everything else is pretty cheap here. My rooms are 54 thalers a year; piano hire, 36 thalers. At Leipsic I paid 64 thalers for the room and 48 for the piano. Here, coffee is 16 kreutzer, beer 1 groschen; at Leipsic 2 groschen and 3 groschen respectively, etc., etc. Now I have faithfully told you all my little affairs.

And yet, my bright little Heidelberg, you are so lovely, so innocent, and idyllic, and if one may compare the Rhine and its rocky hills to a fine strong man, so the Neckar valley might be likened to a lovely girl. There everything is massive and rugged, vibrating in old Teutonic harmonies; here everything breathes a soft melodious song of Provence. I have enclosed a few small views where you can often imagine me roaming about, and can pick out the prettiest spots where your far away Robert loves to sit and dream, and think of nothing except Zwickau, your dear self, Edward, Julius, and all of you.

Of course Music goes very much to the wall. There is not such a thing as a really good pianist in the place, and I am already well known as a player; but I am not yet on intimate terms with any of the families, though I dare say I shall go more into society in the winter, when it will doubtless be very nice and pleasant,

as there are plenty of girls who like being courted and admired. In fact, it is quite a common thing for dozens of students to be engaged, and with the parents' sanction too, and of course the sentimental young ladies want to be wooed and married, but meet nothing but students, so engagements are the order of the day. You need not be in the least alarmed about me, and the very fact that I tell you everything so truthfully and openly will show you that there is no cause for anxiety.

I have been neglecting the piano terribly of late, but hope to make up for it in the winter; the fact is, that summer is the time for dreaming and winter for working.

Besides Rosen and Semmel, with whom I spend many a delightful hour, I associate with sundry Prussians, a few Englishmen, and a Greek, Count M., but I have scores of other acquaintances to whom I bow in the street and talk conventional commonplaces.

In anticipation of my proposed journey,[1] I am working hard at French and Italian, and am beginning to speak and write both quite decently, which will come in very useful in future. I will send you descriptions of my route as I go along. In any case, you will receive my next letter either from Milan or Venice. I shall probably start with Rosen on the 20th of August, as the lectures close at this early date because the Natural History Society has its meeting

[1] To Italy.

here. *So you will have lots of time to write to me again before I start, and I beg of you to do me this favour,* my dear mother, and not let me languish so long again without a letter.

As to my handwriting, by Jove, I shall never be able to change it, and I shall certainly never write better in my whole life than I did in my last three letters, when I took especial pains to show off my caligraphy to the best advantage. Or shall I imagine myself a diplomatist or ambassador for Saxony in the United States or somewhere else, and dictate my letters to a clerk, and only sign them?

Well, send me lots of news, but let your next letter be in a happier strain than the last, which left a horrible discord jarring in my soul. Do not forget to give my love to Julius and Emily[1] *every* time I write.

Well, good-bye, my dearest mother. When the shadows of life fall upon you, try not to forget that there is also a sunny side, and don't be like those astronomers who put black spots into the glorious face of the sun. My next letter, from Milan, will be written in Italian, which Bodemer or Emma Liebenau can translate for you. Good-bye, good-bye, I feel your motherly good wishes for a happy journey.

Your son,

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

[1] His brother and sister-in-law.

To the Same.

Heidelberg, Aug. 3rd, 1829.

My dear darling Mother,

Your letter has just been brought to me in bed, where it roused me from my dreams and castles in the air. At first I could hardly believe that it was from you, and went on reading and reading, till the affection underlying every line, convinced me that my mother was the writer. The whole affair lies thus: This vacation is not, as you seem to think, arranged by me, but is the regular *Michaelmas* vacation, which is *purposely* fixed at an earlier date by the University, to enable the students to visit Switzerland and Italy. At Leipsic we used to get six weeks, here we get eight, so you see I shall not miss a single lecture. I suppose you have got my letter by now, explaining everything to you. I really speak both French and *Italian* quite respectably; I have been studying Italian with Semmel, and intend during this trip to perfect myself in both, and it really comes much cheaper than taking lessons for a year, which give one no sort of practical advantage. Then, not a single student remains at the University during the vacation, and Switzerland is only twelve miles[1] off, and once you are there, it does not take long to get to Italy. How many Leipsic students make this very tour without missing a single lecture, so why should not I do likewise, when I live sixty miles nearer? Only listen to these sweet

[1] These miles are German miles, each equal to four English.—Tr.

words, "Domo d'Ossola," "Arona," "Lago maggiore," "Milano," "Brescia," "Verona," "Padua," "Venezia," and I am sure you will shake hands with me again and say: "My dear Robert, a young fellow like you must travel, and keep his *bodily* wings exercised and trimmed, so as to fly all the better with his *mental* ones, even if it does cost money. And then you will see quite another world, and other people, you will learn French and Italian, and so much is really worth a little expense, etc., etc." In short, I feel pretty certain that you will not put a spoke in my wheel, for the following twelve reasons:—

1st. Because I have prepared myself so well for my journey, that I shall gain much practical knowledge by it.

2nd. Because this trip has always been one of the most cherished dreams of my life. I must trust to Providence (or to my guardian and Edward) not to let it remain a dream.

3rd. Because every Heidelberg student goes for a tour during the Michaelmas vacation.

4th. Because I have already got two travelling companions, Rosen and Ascher from Pomerania.

5th. Because I can surely afford to spend two or three hundred thalers in profitably exploring these delightful countries, and their still more delightful mountains and valleys.

6th. Because it is so very easy for Edward to take up his pen and write me a cheque.

7th. Because I must inevitably make this trip *some time or other*, and it comes to the same thing, whether I write for money now or later.

8th. Because I do not intend missing a single lecture here, as it is a perfect joy to study Law under Mittermayer and Thibaut.

9th. Because everybody ought to be able to talk French and Italian fluently, if he wants to get on in the world.

10th. Because this journey is really nothing so very wonderful after all.

11th. Because I have already written to you for leave, and to Edward for money.

12th. Because I have now given you twelve very good reasons, and there are many more, which I have not enumerated.

I do not intend it in the least as a threat, when I tell you, that in this place I could borrow money to travel with, at 10 per cent, since students enjoy unlimited credit. But I feel sure that Providence and Edward will not let it come to this. . . . . .

If all your letters contain as many deaths as the last, Zwickau will soon die out. I would rather hear of marriages. But I must tell you that your last letter raised my spirits wonderfully, while the one before depressed me very much. May you always write to me in such a happy mood!

To-day there is going to be a grand Prussian ball, to celebrate the birthday of the King of Prussia. It is most disloyal of me not to go. Our Zwickau girls

dance divinely in comparison with the Heidelberg ones, and I made quite a sensation by my galop, for they *walk* it here rather than dance it, while at Zwickau they glide along with wings on their feet, like muses, or goddesses, or houris in Mahomet's paradise. (Heaven grant that the right people may read this!) Semmel and Rosen beg to be remembered most kindly to you all. I am constantly finding some fresh trait of goodness and gentleness in both of them, and detecting some new charm of their fine natures. Honest Rosen supplies the link between my sentimental self and Semmel's sound common-sense, so we are a very harmonious trio.

If you can manage it, do write to me again, my dear mother, and, if possible, let your letter be in the same bright strain as the last. A few extra ducats as a precautionary measure would not come amiss either.

I trust to Providence and Edward, that my next letter will be dated from Milan. I shall send you perfect volumes about this journey, which will help to shorten your long winter evenings.

Good-bye, dear mother. I must needs express my feelings, both in words and on paper, so pardon me this rhapsodical second page, as the first was so very short and concise. Let me go away with the swallows, then I shall come back to you with them. "Italy, Italy," has been ringing in my ears since childhood, and I can almost hear you saying, "Now, Robert, you will see it." Good-bye, mother, e lascia

mandarmi di denaro. Amami e credimi, carissima, e non esser adirata se tu riceverai la mia prossima lettera da Milano. Addio.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Semmel has not given up his lodging. He is staying with H. Panzer on the Neckar, while I lodge at Panzer's on the hill!

TO THE SAME.

Berne, Aug. 31st, 1829.

I SUPPOSE my letter from Basle duly arrived at Zwickau. If I was delighted then, I am simply in the seventh heaven now!

A poetic nature adapts itself as much as possible to circumstances, so I try not to think of things as they are, but as I want them to be, which makes life much nicer and more bearable. For instance, for the last four days it has been raining cats and dogs, and all the glaciers have been hidden by heavy threatening clouds; but the gloomier it is outside, the more active is one's imagination, so that I very likely imagined the invisible Alps to be higher and finer than they really are. Of course, according to that argument, it would be better never to stir from one's own room, but become quite absorbed in books, and let the Alps take care of themselves. But that would not frighten me in the least, for to me there is an immense charm in distance alone; and this very feeling, and the presence of the old classic mountains, gives rise to a hundred

other poetical sentiments, not to mention the practical usefulness of travelling.

After this rather prosy digression, I will continue my letter from Basle with a few sketches à la Hogarth or Titian. In the morning the weather was clear and bright, and the Englishmen with whom I was travelling could not conceive why I chose the very uncomfortable box-seat, but you will understand the reason.

I exchanged a few fugitive words and glances with a mourning young widow from Hâvre de Grace, to which she replied by looks which were anything but mournful. You see that I am as outspoken as a child. I can give you but little idea of the fertility and beauty of the meadows and pastures. The Rhine flowed on by our side, with delicious green hills on the opposite bank, which stood there like lovely children, while the mountains here are hoary, smiling old patriarchs. I spent the night at Baden, a watering-place (not Baden-Baden), and found the usual gay life of such places. I met a good many Germans, quite an unusual thing, there was a band —and of course we danced. The sorrowful widow went flying about as if her husband was still alive. I went from Zürich over the hills to Zug. I wish you would look at the map, when you are reading my descriptions, so as in a way to accompany me in my travels. It was a glorious walk, and not at all tiring, because there was so much exquisite variety. I wandered on, all by myself, my knapsack on my back, and swinging my alpenstock in the mountain

air. I stopped to look round almost every minute, so as to impress these countless Alpine paradises indelibly on my memory. Man is not so unhappy as he imagines, for he has a heart which always finds responsive echoes in Nature. I skipped down the Albis like a gazelle, and when I saw the giant hills, covered with vegetation and ice, towering above the lakes, which reflected all the colours of the peacock's wing —when I saw the sheep feeding on the mountain-side, and heard sheep-bells tinkling, and church-bells ringing, I became very grave and quiet, and wandered slowly on, my eyes fixed on the mountains.

You must spare me the description for the present, of how I scaled the Rigi, and got miles above the earth, and how I saw the sun set, and then rise, and how I became quite intimate with utter strangers, and had some sweet glances from a lovely English girl, and how all Switzerland lay before me, great and peaceful, as it used to be in its early days.

Now I want you to row with me in spirit across a dozen smiling lakes, to accompany me over the mountains to Sarnen and Lucerne with their beautiful lakes, to Brienz and the Giessbach, Interlachen, and Thun. And I want you to sit by me here in Berne, and let me press your hand, and thank the Great Father, who can make his children so happy. After three days of the most abominable weather, we again saw the blue sky and distant hills. How lovely Berne is! Quite the prettiest place in the whole of Switzerland.

When we turn our back on beautiful scenes, they remain strongly and clearly defined in the past. Our enthusiasm acquires a more fiery, bright, and classic aspect, and our descriptions are purer, more connected, and more like Goethe's. So you may all tremble at the prospect of my future descriptions, through the wordy mazes of which you will have to find your way.

To-morrow I shall start across the Gemmi Pass for Lago Maggiore, and shall hope to reach Milan in four or five days. If I can only carry out this pretty idea, every one of my relatives shall get *one* letter during my journey. Yours and Edward's are finished, the next one from Lago Maggiore shall go to Julius, the fourth from Milan to Emily, the fifth from Verona to Therèse, the sixth from Venice to Rosalie, the seventh from Innsbruck to Carl.

Englishmen are swarming up the mountains like a lot of crazy ants. They are quiet, gentle people enough, and goodness only knows why they are treated with such rudeness in Germany, where they have to pay so dearly for their travels. The proportion of English travellers to others in Switzerland is about eight to one.

However economical I am, still, I spend from three to four thalers a day, and sometimes from five to six. Driving comes horribly expensive. Just imagine, they wanted me to pay fourteen thalers for going from Basle to Schaffhausen, a fourteen hours' journey! In Italy I hope to manage on two thalers a day.

I am sure you will have had enough of this by

now, and I must end, as it is just striking four, and the bell is ringing for table d'hôte. I find it very hard lines, having to wait for my dinner till four o'clock!

Give my love to everybody, and tell them, that in spite of *all* the Alps, I love my dear Zwickau better than ever. Why does absence always "make the heart grow fonder"? Good-bye, my dear mother. Forgive me this smudge, and do not mourn for me if I am crushed by an avalanche, or fall into a glacier, or am struck by lightning; for it would be a finer, nobler death than dying on a sick-bed.

I send you a good kiss, and am always with you.

Your son,

ROBERT.

TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, ROSALIE SCHUMANN, SCHNEEBERG.

Milan, Oct. 5th, 1829.

THUS Fate toys with the lives of men, my dear Rosalie! I was to have been at Innsbruck a week ago, and here I am for the second time stuck fast in Milan. I cannot possibly write much to-day, simply because I am not inclined to bore both you and myself. So I will tell you my tale of woe, and it shall be short and sweet in seven chapters, beginning at Venice and ending to-day. I hope my letter to Emily from Venice has reached you by this. Well, here goes :—

A Tale of Woe.

CHAP. I.

A lovely evening tempted me out to sea, so I hired a Venetian gondola, and was rowed far, far out. I had been in a boat often enough, goodness knows; but anyhow, coming back, I got an attack of *sea-sickness.*

CHAP. II.—CONSISTING OF

Aches and pains, deadly nausea, headache, and general wretchedness. Truly an awful *death* in life.

CHAP. III.

I went to see a doctor, from pure fright, who actually cured me in three days, during which time I could have got well without him. But for that he charged me a napoleon, which I was good-natured enough to give him.

CHAP. IV.

On examining my purse, I found that, although according to my old system, everything is possible, still in this case it was impossible to get back to Germany. So I made up my mind to do something else, which I will expound to you in Chap. VI.

CHAP. V.

In the midst of these pecuniary and other troubles, I became the victim of an abominable imposition. A merchant, with whom I had travelled from Brescia,

went off without refunding a napoleon he had borrowed of me, so that I barely had enough left to pay for my lodging in Venice.

CHAP. VI.

Tragic contest of my good and evil spirits, whether or not I should sell the watch which mother once gave me. But my good genius triumphed, and I felt that I would rather walk thirty miles than come to that.

CHAP. VII. AND LAST.

Now behold me, squeezed up in a corner of the coach, with a stolid and melancholy face, thinking of the enviable happiness of those students who are sitting with their sisters-in-law! I was certainly in a wretched mood that day, with an attack of homesickness. Then I thought of Zwickau, and how pretty it always looked in the evening, bathed in the rays of the setting sun; with all the people sitting in front of their houses, and children playing, or wading about in the rippling stream, just as I used to do; all this came into my mind, and many other things besides.

These are some of the sweets of travelling in Italy, my beloved Rosalie. You can fancy how glad I was when I again heard some German spoken at the Hôtel Reichmann at Milan. The first thing I did was to ask Reichmann to lend me some money, which he had offered to do on my first visit to him; and without asking me any questions, or requiring any

references, he at once lent me sixteen napoleons, without charging interest, etc. There is a kind-hearted German for you!

And now, beloved family of the Schumanns, you have heard all my troubles, from which Heaven preserve you. But henceforth, dear people, you need not be in the least anxious about your struggling relative, although he has yet to climb a few confounded hills before seeing his dear Germany once more. As to yourself, dear Rosalie, believe me that I would quite as soon go back to Saxony and all of you, as to Heidelberg.

The Italian women are beautiful, but there are other beauties in the world besides them—particularly one at Schneeberg, to whom you may remember me most kindly.

My next letter will be to Carl, from Germany.

Kiss your little golden-haired darling for me, and send on this letter to Zwickau, so that mother may not be worrying about her little nestling!

Best love to you all, and ever believe in my old true affection for you and yours.

Your

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Letter to Friedrich Wieck.

Heidelberg, Nov. 6th, 1829.

I HAVE just put the A minor Concerto[1] aside, my honoured master, and have let down the venetian blinds, lighted a cigar, drawn my chair up to the table, buried my face in my hands, and—hey, presto! —I am at the corner of the Reichsstrasse,[2] going to my music lesson!

Ah, why did I leave Leipsic, where the Olympus of Music was being so delightfully opened to me, yourself being the priest, who with imperceptible force removed the veil from the eyes of your dazed disciple! Here everything has turned out just as I expected. People are, as a rule, very fond of music, but not many have real talent. Occasionally one comes across a few old-fashioned critics, but there is precious little genial activity in matters musical. I detest theory pure and simple, as you know, so I have been living very quietly, improvising a good deal, but not playing much from notes. I have begun many a symphony, but finished nothing, and every now and then have managed to edge in a Schubert waltz between Roman Law and the Pandects, and have often hummed the Trio in my dreams, which brought back the heavenly hour when I first learned the piece with you. On the whole, I think I have not gone either forward or back very much, and of course that

[1] Hummel's, for Piano and Orchestra.

[2] Wieck's house in Leipsic.

is almost equivalent to standing still. Yet I feel that my touch has become more powerful in the *fortes* and more tender and eloquent in the *pianos*, although I may have lost some of my accuracy and execution. Without over-estimating my own abilities, I feel modestly conscious of my superiority over all the other Heidelberg pianists. You have no idea how carelessly and roughly they play, and of the noisiness, slap-dash, and terrible feebleness of their style. They have no notion of cultivating "touch," and of bringing a fine tone out of the instrument; and as to regular practice, finger-exercises, and scales, they don't seem ever to have heard of anything of the kind. The other day one of them played me the A minor Concerto. He performed it very correctly and without mistakes, keeping a sort of rhythmical march-time, and I could conscientiously praise him. But when I played it to him, he had to admit, that though his rendering was quite as correct as mine, yet somehow I made the whole thing *sound* different; and then how in the world did I get such a *violin-like* tone, etc.? I looked at him with a smile, put Herz's finger-exercises before him, and told him to play one every day for a week, and then come and try the Concerto again. This he did, and in due time came back enchanted and delighted, and called me his good genius, because my advice had helped him so much. And he actually did play the Concerto ten times better.

I am now working at the last movement of Hummel's Sonata in F sharp minor, which is indeed a

great epic work of truly Titanic dimensions, reflecting a tremendous spirit at once struggling and resigned. This will be the only thing I shall play you at Easter, and will be a test by which you can judge of my improvement. An opposition faction is forming against Thibaut, to which I belong; and after all the delightful hours I have spent with him, you would not believe how much it *grieves* me to observe his narrow-mindedness, and truly pedantic opinions in Music, which are such a contrast to his broad-minded views in Jurisprudence, and all the fine qualities of his tremendously fiery and *crushing* spirit.

A fortnight ago, I came back from a tour in Switzerland and Italy, a few napoleons out of pocket, but all the richer in knowledge of the world, and full of high and sublime recollections. By Jove, you have no idea of Italian music, for it must be heard under the sky which inspired it, namely, the sky of Italy. How often I thought of you in La Scala at Milan, and how enchanted I was with Rossini, or rather with Pasta, of whom I will say nothing at all, from pure veneration—nay, almost adoration. In the Leipsic concert-room, I have sometimes felt a sort of shiver run through me, when the Genius of Sound has awed me by his presence; but in Italy I learned to love him, and for one single evening in my life did I feel as though I were in the presence of the deity, and allowed for a few moments to gaze reverently upon the unveiled face of the god, and that was at Milan, when I heard Pasta and—Rossini!! Do not smile,

master; it is the truth. That was really the only musical treat I had in Italy, for as a rule the music there is simply unbearable, and you have no idea with what a combination of slovenliness and zeal they scrape away at everything.

I will not enter upon my other adventures, however new and interesting many things were to me, but will keep the history of it all for some future time, when we can talk and laugh over them together.

Schubert is still "my only Schubert," especially as he has so much in common with "my only Jean Paul;" and when I am playing his music, I feel as if I were reading one of Jean Paul's novels. The other day I was playing his four-hand Rondo, Op. 107,[1] which I consider one of his best compositions; and is there anything to compare with the thunderous calm, the great, self-contained lyrical madness, and the gentle, deep, ethereal melancholy which pervades this truly great and complete work? I can just see Schubert walking up and down his room, wringing his hands as though in despair, while his mind keeps running on

He cannot get rid of the idea, and brings back the great pure strain once more at the end, where it seems to breathe its last in a gentle sigh. I remember playing that very Rondo at an evening party at Herr Probst's,

[1] Known as Grand Rondeau in A, Op. 107.

but at the finish, both players and listeners stared at one another, rather at a loss to know what to think, or to know what Schubert meant by it all. As far as I remember, I never heard *you* speak of it either; do look it up, and tell me what you think. Altogether, I think nobody's compositions are such a psychological puzzle in the course and connection of their ideas as Schubert's, with their *apparently* logical progressions. Very few composers have succeeded in stamping their individuality upon a mass of tone-pictures in the way he has done, and still fewer have written so much for themselves and their own hearts. What a diary is to those who jot down all their passing emotions, his music-paper was to Schubert. To it he confided all his moods; and his intensely musical soul finds expression in notes, when ordinary mortals use words—at least that is my humble opinion. For years I have been studying the artistic side of music, and was really getting on very well, though I felt that I lacked decided opinions, and was very much wanting in objectivity, so that I sometimes found what others missed, and *vice versâ*. But if you only knew how my mind is always working, and how my symphonies would have reached Op. 100, if I had but written them down; and how perfectly at home I feel in the whole orchestra, *and how I could confront my enemies, overcome them, drive them into a corner, and repulse them altogether!* I am not very proud, though more from circumstances than principle (with some people, who deserve it, I put on a certain

haughty manner); but sometimes I am so full of music, and so overflowing with melody, that I find it simply impossible to write down anything; and when I am in that kind of mood, if a critic were to say to me: "You had better not write anything, for you effect nothing," I should be bold enough just to laugh in his face, and tell him he knew nothing about the matter. Forgive me my *apparent* frankness. And now I have nothing but favours to ask of you. The first and most pressing is: Please write to me; and the second and still more pressing one, Let it be soon. I swear, your letters quite replace all the Leipsic concerts which I have to miss. And so you have had Paganini there, and you heard him four times, did you? Four times! Good heavens, the idea of your hearing him *four times* makes me completely wild! Please write me a full account of all your doings during the last half year, and tell me all about your present pupils, and your daughter Clara, and your two other little ones with their great musical eyes. Perhaps you could lend me the *Musikalische Zeitung* from April to September for a fortnight. Not a soul reads it here, and probably you have finished with the numbers.

I am also going to ask you to send me all Schubert's Waltzes,[1] and put them down to my account. I think there are ten or twelve books of them. Also

[1] I only want them for *two hands*. I have propagated Schubert-worship to a great extent here (where his name is hardly known), and have got two lovely, blooming and promising pupils —English girls, who go into raptures over exercises and scales!

Moscheles's G minor Concerto and Hummel's B minor Concerto without the parts; and further I should like sent *on approval*, so that I can return what I do not like, all Schubert's compositions which have appeared since Op. 100, and please do not forget the Quintet,[1] as I want to have a look at it. Likewise any compositions for the piano which have appeared at Leipsic in my absence, and which you think I might like. You know my taste pretty well. I might also have a few new things by Herz and Czerny, as I visit several families here. Thibaut must shut up, with his Handelian operatic airs.

I have really not half done, but must bring this letter to a close. Remember me very kindly to Madame Wieck, to Dr. Carus, to whom I have written, but received no answer; to Herr Probst, who has reason to be angry with me, but whom indeed I like very much; and to Mdlle. Reichold, who is, I trust, engaged to be married.

And now, most honoured master of my *mind*, accept the assurance of my most hearty esteem,

R. SCHUMANN.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Heidelberg, November 11th, 1829.

MY dear darling Mother,

Your delightful letter is in my hands. It was

[1] This is the Pianoforte Quintet (*Forellen*) in A., Op. 114, not the String Quintet in C., which was not published till later.—TR.

brought to me in the twilight, which I love better than all the rest of the day, and just at that moment Rosen came in. When I had read it to him he said in a half-shy, half-pleased sort of way: "You may indeed be proud of such a mother." "Rosen," I answered, "you and I have to suffer and endure a good deal more in our lives before we shall be able to write a letter full of so much peace and dignity, and in a spirit so far above the rest of the world." The merry verses at the end, so full of life, just put the finishing touch to our enjoyment, and for the rest of the evening we only talked about you and other high-minded people, and so by degrees I read him all your letters, which are all written in the same style, and contain the same amount of fine feeling, dignity, and character.

Before sitting down to write to you I quite rubbed my hands in joyful anticipation; I drew the curtains and made up the fire, lighted a cigar, buried my face in my hands, and tried my hardest to conjure up the picture of home. The next minute I could quite fancy myself back in my little green room, looking out on the back-yard. By-the-bye, I have left my swell, aristocratic lodgings, and taken up my abode in a very cosy little "poet's den," which strikingly resembles my old green room at Zwickau. As you are fond of small rooms, I need not tell you how infinitely more comfortable I am here, and how often I imagine myself at Zwickau, that dear little home, containing my earliest recollections, where I

sat weeping on the stone bench opposite the Doges' Palace, gazing wearily and sadly at the sea. Strange, unfamiliar faces passed before me, and at that moment I said to myself feelingly and forcibly: "Among all these people passing, there is not one so utterly joyless as you, as you."—Well, to return to Lindau, where I spent two days, rowing about on the lake, smoking, drinking, singing, and making merry, thankful once more to see honest German faces. When I drove off on the evening of the 13th, the moon was resting on a mountain's brow, like the coronet of a deity, and cast a thousand quivering reflections into the lake. *One* more look at the distant silvery hills of Switzerland, and I was speeding with flying feet towards Augsburg.

I cannot tell you with what kindness, cordiality, and warmth, the Kurrers[1] received me. I had told them to expect me, but really felt quite guilty when I found they had made me up a bed in their best spare room, all hung with Napoleons. After a short preamble, I began: "My dear Doctor, you see before you a poor threadbare pilgrim, who has got barely twenty kreutzer in his pocket." Of course he stopped me at once, and gave me all I required. As he does business with my brothers, I told him they would settle with him, but he said: "Oh, that is quite a detail, please don't mention it," meaning, of course, that I was not to pay him back, but that will *not* do, so I am writing to Edward about it, and it really is

[1] Friends of the Schumann family.

not such a large sum after all. . . . . Sad looks, tearful eyes, an embrace, and I lost sight of these good people, and was speeding towards Stuttgart and Heidelberg on the fast coach. Of course, that last stage was the most uninteresting, and yet I enjoyed it, for I was longing for rest and regular work. . . . . Well, I got back here on October 25th, as poor as a beggar, but in good time to prepare for the lectures, which began a fortnight later. After sundry skirmishes with my old landlady, a worthy, but rather cantankerous body, I migrated to my "poet's den." Rosen had just gone off to Detmold, and turned up a week later. Since then I have spent many a pure, beautiful hour with him, and we have had those regular cosy winter chats, round the stove, in a warm, comfortable room, which one misses in summer. Semmel had by no means disturbed my friendship with Rosen, but still he had shared it, and my confidence had been divided, and so a silly, childish, youthful pride came between us, as so often happens among fellows who really like one another very much. I liked Semmel in quite a different way from Rosen. With Semmel my affection took a stronger, more manly and sensible form; with Rosen, I was more talkative, soft and impressionable, but both had equally frank and noble natures. Now, there are moments when one would rather only speak to *one*, even though one likes another fellow quite as well; and thus it happened that occasionally one of them felt aggrieved from a fancied want of confidence,

because perhaps I had told one what I had forgotten to tell the other, or one of them would put a wrong construction on something I had said. Well, you can just imagine how it was. Now, Rosen is again my only friend, and all the old confidence and friendship are re-established between us. But you can have no idea of the child-like simplicity of Rosen's character, or of the tremendous strength of mind which underlies his modest manner, and of his self-sacrificing and non-exacting nature.

Now for your letter, for so far I have only written about myself. You are evidently in very different spirits to what you were when you wrote to me last at Heidelberg. The subjects of your letter alone are much more pleasing. Last time you spoke of nothing but deaths, and now you are full of marriages, christenings, and merry-makings. And for this reason your last letter is one of the most delightful I have ever received from you. Women's letters are mirrors of their minds ; and the spirit of motherly love, the simple unaffected style, and the sweet dignity and tender gravity reflected all through yours, greatly refreshed my childish heart, especially as the brightness of your spirits tells me you are well in health.

To one of your questions I must give a mournful answer—I mean about my music and piano-playing. Alas ! mother, it is almost quite at an end ; I play but rarely now, and very badly. The grand Genius of Sound is gently extinguishing his torch, and all that I have ever done in music seems like a beautiful dream which

I can hardly believe has ever *existed*. And yet, believe me, *if ever I could have done any good in the world it would have been in music*, and I feel sure (without at all overrating my capabilities) that I have got *creative* power. But earning one's bread is another thing!

Studying law has frozen and dried me up to such an extent that no flower of my imagination could possibly come into bloom. . . . . Your first piece of good news and that which gave me most pleasure, was Julius's complete recovery. In my first flush of joy I rang the bell and ordered a bottle of wine, in which Rosen and I drank your health. You next tell me of Lottie's engagement. How far superior such a girl as that is to a hundred slaves of fashion and dressed-up dolls, indeed to all the girls of the period one sees now-a-days! I will soon write and congratulate her. Another piece of news is that Malchen is engaged to be married, and I am sure she deserves so good a fellow as Leser, if only for her father's sake. I think very highly both of Leser's intellect and heart, and he is among my best and dearest friends. You do not know him yet. Deep natures like his want to be studied. But I beg you will ask Malchen (the bride elect) to tell her lover that he is a wretch, as he has never written to me, though I have sent him two letters. Then you tell me all about Rosalie. She can only be the mother of angels. The last item in your budget of news is Ertel's engagement, and it is to be hoped that he will be hen-pecked as much as he deserves. I am very fond of Ertel.

As to my life here, I am industrious and regular; but am trying to spend as little as possible, and only allow myself a very frugal meal (for Heidelberg, I mean), soup, boiled beef,[1] joint, and dessert, and so manage to save 18 kreutzer a day. The principal reason of my doing this was to enable me to take French lessons, which are ruinously expensive here, and cost 8 groschen[2] the hour. But I shall not rest until I can read and speak French just as well as German, for I see more and more how necessary it is, and often think sadly how my dear father was always telling me so. I do not think you will be angry at this expenditure. The lectures for this half will cost me 70fl., entrance-fee to museum 14fl., piano-hire 40fl., rent of rooms 45fl., French lessons 36fl., total 215fl. or 130 thalers. Now I have not put down either food or drink, tailor or bootmaker, and not a single book, and yet my guardian only allows me 180 thalers for the half-year. Now, mother, I put it to you; can I exist on that sum? Can I? Last half I spent 50 fl. on books alone, and I shall want more still this half. Good gracious! the bootmaker and laundress alone cost me a pretty penny. Heavens! How well I can understand all that Christ endured! I am not at all nervous about my financial affairs, but, my dear mother, if you can assist or advise me in any way please do so. I can tell you this much, that I

[1] In Germany the beef which has been boiled in the soup forms a considerable item of the household dinner.—TR.

[2] About tenpence.—TR.

shall not get away from Heidelberg without leaving debts behind me to the tune of about 100 thalers. Now don't be alarmed, dear little mother! Perhaps my *pen* will help me. I do not over-rate myself, but I know my capabilities, and trust in them because I know what I can do. . . . . I have been resting a few minutes, because writing steadily for two hours had rather tired me. I have just been looking into Jean Paul, and came upon some ideas which will suit you. You say in your letter: "Old age cares little for the present; the past is its only bright spot." Now here are some fine passages of Jean Paul's:

"OLD PEOPLE.

"Truly their evening sun has lost its warmth, but their long dark shadows all point towards *morn*."

Then:

"THE JOYS OF LIFE.

"The pine-apple always ripens surrounded by thorns. The thorny Present, on the contrary, grows between two pine-apples, Memory and Hope."

And again:

"OLD PEOPLE.

"It is a beautiful sight to see old people in their latest strength and radiance. It is like sheet-lightning on a summer evening."

And now for a few consoling words of my own. How often man sighs, saying: "Ah, how dreary is the present, and how beautiful was the past." But he forgets that the past must at one time have been the present. Or one might say: "The present is like a

dream, which we only realize after we have lost it." Or, "How happy is old age! Two lights are reflected in the old man's face, the evening rays of this life—and the morning beams of the life to come." Or, "How differently do youth and age contemplate life, the former full of passionate emotions, the latter calm and smiling." And now to conclude my maxims and my letter, which will, I hope, please you this time. Write to me soon, good mother, and may your letters be all like the last.

Remember me to all the engaged people, and tell them they need not fear my putting a spoke in any of their wheels. One thing more: You say in your letter: "Good-bye dear R., all relations and *friends*[1] send their love, etc." What hidden angel sleeps under those italics?

And now good bye, my honoured mother, who are as dear to me in joy as in grief. Embrace all my dear ones at Zwickau and Schneeberg, and give them a gentle reminder that no one has yet answered my letters from Italy and Switzerland.

If a heavy shower should darken our life, you will be the rainbow which rises above it, gently quivering, but still shining on.

Rosen has just come in and sends his respectful regards.

Addio; your Son,

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

[1] In the original letter "friends" is underlined.

To the Same.

Heidelberg, Dec. 4th, 1829.

Why, mother, are you again stuck fast in your old armchair? There you have been sitting for two mortal hours without saying a single word, singing some old forgotten tune and passing your hand up and down the window pane. Malchen does not know what to think. Mother, little mother, how can you put on such a melancholy face? Just look out into the street; who is that tripping down the lane on the left looking up at your window with a roguish laugh? It's an angel-child with curly golden hair, and presently *Helen* is laughing gleefully, and stroking her grannie's cheeks! And who is that yonder, coming down the street on the right? His step is firm and manly, and his eyes look clear and bright once more. Surely it is *Julius*, saying "good evening" so pleasantly. Meanwhile, two fine tall veiled women are walking proudly across the market place, and—if I did not think so?—making for the Amtsgasse, and *Rosalie* and *Therèse* come in and talk gently and sweetly like loving daughters. And see who is turning the corner with airy steps, as lovely, delicate, and tender as a sylph, and *Emily* comes in and greets our mother with a kiss. Suddenly a rattling is heard on the stones, a carriage tears across the market-place, and a *fine-looking man* in a fur cap gets out, and what does he take up in his arms with a laugh?

Ah, how the little cherub rejoices, and how his father lifts him up, kissing him again and again. And when he is brought in, how he is petted by his mother, grannie, uncles and aunts! And then *Edward* comes in with his cigar and completes the picture. And still, mother, you are looking drearily out of the window, although the postman is now coming in with this letter from me! And why need you look miserable when there are eight people round you who call you "mother," and only the ninth and most unworthy of the lot is missing, namely, myself. And does it not brighten your eye to look out into Nature, who gives us finer days this year at the fall of the leaf than she did in the spring? Or when you gaze into the infinite starry night, or at the gentle moon just rising with a dreamy smile? Unless I am mistaken, I have brought a light into your eyes, and why indeed can you not *enjoy* your happiness as much as you *deserve* to do? Age has roses of its own, only they are not quite so radiant as those of youth; but if somewhat paler they are purer and more ethereal.

I do not wish to make a merit of the fact that I am sending a second letter after my first lengthy epistle, but I was in bed when the postman brought me Edward's letter, and the sun shone so brightly into my eyes that I jumped up at once and sat down to write.

I must tell you one home-truth, which does not indeed concern you, but which you can gently impart to the whole Schumann family. It is this: Edward is

the busiest of you all, in fact a regular Atlas, bearing the burthens of all the Schumanns—and yet he writes to me the oftenest. True, the other day I got delightful letters from Julius and Emily, but Therèse, Rosalie, and Carl remain obdurate. However, I must hope for better things.

I kept your birthday very quietly in the ruins of the castle. Rosen was with me, and though we said little we felt very much. And how can children have a better wish and higher object in life than the constant happiness of their parents? But a birthday calls forth all one's feelings, and ought to have different language from common days. I wanted to send you a regular chaplet of verses, but as I have only managed to write four I must leave it for another day. As a birthday gift, you shall have my piano playing, as all that I told you about it in my last letter was nothing more nor less than a story—a joke of mine, because I could not think of anything to give you! You are not angry, are you? Smile again on your romancing son.

I find a great deal here that is very useful, and am getting on better and better. Amongst other things, I shall have to drive to Mannheim one of these days in a coach and four, as the Dowager Grand-Duchess of Baden has several times invited me herself. I came out with my "Durchlaucht" and "Königliche Hoheit" in a proper courtier style, and got many an envious glance, when the Duchess very graciously dismissed me. At any rate it will all help my education, but the atmosphere of the court stifles me. And yet I cannot refuse

the invitation, and must appear in a coach and four. This does not make me at all proud, but sometimes I really do feel rather conceited—not so much of my natural abilities as of my victorious strength of mind, and the consciousness that I could do better if I liked. I am the principal soloist at the "grand" (but very second-rate) Heidelberg concert, at which, however, all the grandees from Mannheim and Carlsruhe appear. That you may form some idea of what sort of people I am associating with, I will now give you a list of the families where I have been introduced:—Geheimrath Mittermayer (an intellectual man, very like Fichte), Dr. Wüstenfeld (who has a pretty daughter and a clever governess from Lausanne, who tried to make eyes at me, French fashion); Professor Morstadt (a Heidelberg hero, restless, broad minded, and powerful, like a Roman tribune. I may be able to get my brothers some work through him, as his book on Law has gone through four or five editions); Professor Dammance, my French master (with pretty, but insignificant daughters; a nice, quiet, homely family); Dr. Lauter (a distinguished courtier and a dabbler in many things, but clever and agreeable). Then there is Engelmann, who asked me to dinner the other day, and Rossmässler. I do not care about knowing any more families; indeed, it takes a good deal of pressing to induce me to visit those I have named. Among a couple of hundred students, Rosen is my only intimate friend.

The other day I read the following in Jean Paul's "Titan":—"There are some fine natures who are just

on the borderland of genius and talent, half inclined for an active life, half for an ideal existence, and, besides, insatiably ambitious. They feel all things good and beautiful intensely, and have a great desire to give expression to their thoughts, but are only partly successful, for, unlike real geniuses, they do not incline in any particular direction, but are themselves the centre of attraction which neutralises all other influences. Sometimes they are poets, sometimes musicians, sometimes painters. In their youth they are generally very courageous because they love to exercise their latent strength in bodily vigour. Therefore, at first, everything great and good which they see delights them because they hope to reproduce it, but afterwards it only depresses them, because they feel they have not the power to do so. But they ought to see that such natures as theirs might derive the greatest enjoyment from varied and harmonious sources, because both from their appreciation of the beautiful and the thoughtfulness of their characters they seem destined to be *perfect* men," etc.

Do you know somebody whom this description exactly suits? Please tell me.

My very best thanks to you and Edward for the money. It just came in the nick of time. One of these days you might send me, by the carrier, a box of sausages, ducats, coats, neckcloths, books, cigars, music, a ham, etc. Everything is acceptable, and I shall be delighted to pay the carriage, *i.e.*, to give you an IOU for it!

My rooms are awfully neat. Either the sun or the moon is always shining into my bedroom, and my study is snug and shady. The people of the house are very nice and civil, and are very fond of me. They sometimes treat me to boiled beef and rice, and, as is always the case in small towns, it is much better here than in Leipsic. . . . . .

Kiss them all round for me, and mind you write to me once more during the year 1829, else I shall begin 1830 in a bad temper, which would be a pity. Good-bye. May my name never cause a tear to run down your cheek, until we meet again!

ROBERT.

TO JULIUS SCHUMANN AT ZWICKAU.

Heidelberg, Feb. 11th, 1830.

THERE is every reason why I should be merry to-day, my dear good Julius. What pleasure both your letters gave me, for they were so full of quiet cheerfulness and resignation. And to-day the sky is so soft and blue, that it reminds me of Emily's eyes. You Northerners have no idea of the warm spring weather which has burst upon us here. All the streets are nice and clean, and free from snow, the hills are green and cloudless, and the Neckar flows merrily on,—altogether it is a perfectly blissful day. Three days ago the ice on the Rhine broke up; it was like a battle of giants, and glorious to behold. Five days ago, the thermometer registered 18° or 20° (Réaumur), and

to-day it is only 2°. Oh, may the spring touch all your hearts with his bright wings, and bring you many blessings, and when you feel the delicious balmy West-wind, then think of me with loving thought, and accept the wishes he brings from me to you. I should like to have a regular cosy fire-side chat with you to-day, and tell you no end of things.

There were endless sleighing festivities here, and every "corps," (of which there are seven) had a party of its own. I belong to the "Saxo-Borussia," a tiny twinkling star. The "Hanseaten" had runners fastened to boats and canoes, etc., and manned an entire fleet, drawn by horses, with all the crew correctly dressed as sailors, etc. Another "corps" appeared as a wedding-procession of peasants; I personated the bride's mother, and, according to the Heidelberg ladies, played my part very well. A ball given by all the "Saxons" and "Prussians" in Heidelberg pretty well cleared me out, for I cannot deny that it cost me 35 florins. I could not possibly get out of it. I enclose invitations for you and Emily, although the ball is a thing of the past. The programme I send of the doings at Mannheim will give you some idea of the Carnival amusements, and Mannheim is to Heidelberg what Neudörfchen is to Zwickau. You have no notion (according to this letter you don't seem to have much notion of anything, as this is the fourth time I have said so)—well, you really have no notion how universally popular I am in Heidelberg, and without blowing my own trumpet too much, I

may say that I am certainly much respected and liked. I have even obtained the epithet of "the Heidelberg favourite." Of course the principal reason for this was a concert, at which I played Moscheles's "Alexander" Variations. There was absolutely no end to the "bravos" and "encores," and I really felt quite hot and uncomfortable. The Grand-Duchess clapped like anything. Of course I had been practising the piece for eight weeks, and felt that I was playing really well. Well, I have been chattering about myself, with a vengeance! But since then there has been quite a reaction in musical matters, and now it is considered very "good form," as they call it, to be musical. Sad to say, I am out somewhere almost every evening, either at balls, or evening parties, etc. Fridays I am always at Thibaut's, Tuesdays at Mittermayer's, Thursdays in a select set of angelic Englishwomen, Mondays in the "Musik-verein," Saturdays with the Grand-Duchess.—(Letter unfinished.)

FROM A LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

. . . . . THIBAUT really is a splendid fellow, with whom I spend my most delightful hours. Every Thursday a chorus of about 70 meets at his house, and they perform one of Handel's Oratorios, and he sits at the piano, and accompanies like one inspired. And when at the end the tears come into his great expressive eyes, overshadowed by his lovely

white hair, and when he comes up to me, looking so pleased and enchanted, and presses my hand, speechless from emotion,—why then I really do not know sometimes how a lout like myself comes to be in such a sacred, honoured house. You have no idea of his wit, penetration, and good feeling, and of his refined artistic opinions, his amiability, tremendous eloquence, and constant thoughtfulness. . . . .

From all this, my dear mother, you will perceive that my life at Heidelberg is pleasant, refined, bright, and varied, and the longer I stay here the more so it will become. And this brings me to the reason of my long and timid silence. Julius's letter reminds me of it. He says: "You will not in *any* case come back at Easter, but stay at Heidelberg *at least* till Michaelmas, otherwise it will really not be worth while to have made such a long journey, only to attend lectures for a few months. You had better think it well over before deciding to leave Heidelberg, for when you have once left you will not go back again in a hurry. You will certainly learn more law at Heidelberg than at Leipsic, which possesses so few first-rate Jurists." So says dear Julius, and I send him a fraternal shake of the hand, both for his kind letter, and for Emily's clever French production. Well, to cut matters as short as possible, what I want to ask you is this: "Would you be very angry, if I were to prolong my stay from one year to a year and a half?—Whatever your answer may be, let me have it soon, as I have been more or less counting on this for the last four

weeks, and if you grant my request there is not much time left before the journey to Zwickau, and there will be much, very much to be done, bills to be paid, etc. The chief reason against my staying longer at Heidelberg is the everlasting sickening cry of money, as it would cost just as much again. And yet I do not know: I am in my first youth, am not so very poor, can look forward here to many intellectual enjoyments, have charming acquaintances, and good men for my friends, so why should I destroy the happy present, and the bright future, for the sake of 200 florins?

I have talked the matter seriously over, for it is very serious, so give me your reasons, my dear Mother, and do not expect me to make objections. Although my longing to see you is very great, yet I am not at all sure that a long separation does not intensify one's affection, for real true love lies less in words than in thought and spirit. If you want to love a person very much, send him right away for ten years, and you will see how it will purify your heart. So, dear Mother, I beg of you to write and give me your consent, which will be like a ring to wed me to Heidelberg—I only trust that it may not turn out a mourning ring.

I have often thought of your pretty idea that I am to store up a treasure in my heart, which will bring me interest later on, but indeed none of your good advice, which with your usual delicacy you only administer now and then, passes me by without

leaving an echo in my heart. So you may depend upon me.

Rosen and I are like brothers. I have often spoken to you of his character, and he is one of the best known and most popular students in the whole university. I have made the acquaintance of one other man, who understands me thoroughly, and entirely appreciates my character. He is by birth an Italian from Trieste, where his father is first Consul of the Austrian Monarchy. We both revel in Petrarch and Ariosto, and he sings like a god, and has a warm, loving heart for all the world. He is an Italian, who has *calmed down*, and his nature is bright and shining like a deep and gently heaving sea. He is, besides, quite the most unselfish man I have ever met, and is the only person I know whose intellectual capacities are *equally* and *harmoniously* balanced, so that he always seems to feel with his head, and think with his heart. He is so modest, that if I were to read him all that I have been saying about him he would not love me one jot the better for it.

Besides the hundreds of my student acquaintances whom I have marked as "Smollisbrüder"[1] in the student catalogue (though all students call one another "Sie" here, it sounds refined and cavalier-

[1] At most German Universities, when students become very intimate, they drink one another's health in a peculiar way called "Smollis trinken," after which they are supposed to call one another "du" (thou), but apparently this was not the case at Heidelberg in Schumann's time.—TR.

like,) I may mention Anderson from Hamburg, who, although he is the senior "Prussian," does not have at all a bad influence over me; Lemke, from Dantzig (a good-natured chap); and last, but not least, young Zachariä, son of the Professor of Jurisprudence. I also know the sons of Professor Krug, from Gross Hohenthal in Leipsic, and like them pretty well.

Now for something very unpalatable—my money matters. They are in a bad way, and, by Jove, I am in debt! I wish I could show you the tailor's and bootmaker's bills alone. The tailor has had 90 fl. out of me since Easter, and I still owe him 55 fl. My cloak was 85 fl., two pairs of black trousers 36 fl. I have further had my blue cloth dress-coat and black coat turned, and was obliged to get a travelling suit, not to mention other repairs. At the bootmaker's the look-out is not much brighter. A pair of mountain-boots came on the top of sundry other pairs, and a new pair of shoes followed quickly in the rear of various repairs and re-solings, so that the result is perfectly appalling. Then I must eat and drink; and I play the piano, and smoke, and sometimes, but not often, drive to Mannheim. I also require money for lectures, and want books and music, all of which costs a terrible lot of money. Those confounded fancy-balls, tipping various people, subscriptions to the museum, and cigars—oh, those cigars!—the piano-tuner, the laundress, the shoe-black, candles, soap, all my dear friends who expect a wretched glass of beer, the man at the museum who brings me the news-

papers! I should absolutely despair, if I were not on the verge of desperation already! For four weary weeks I have not had a penny in my pocket; and there is no lack of mysterious hints, letters, and reproachful looks as I walk about the streets, although up to now I have only had one *direct*, though civil dun.

I ought not to tell you this, but must be quite frank, as I cannot keep a secret from you. I should even tell you the name of my sweetheart, if I had one. So do not misunderstand me, nor love me the less, my dear Mother.

I am having a miniature of myself painted, and if it succeeds, I shall send it to you. I am being taken in my new 85 fl. crimson cloak. Now and then some verses see the light—if it would amuse you I would send you some occasionally. How are you, dear Mother? The spring makes people merry, and I hope it has had that effect upon you. Do write to me soon, very soon. How is our darling Emily? And Rosalie's little ones? Give my best love to one and all. It is a quarter to one a.m., not that I am at all sleepy (for since I have been at Heidelberg, I never get to bed before one); but I want to walk up and down my room—the world is so still—the Neckar gently murmurs—my lamp burns low. Dream sweetly of me.

Good-night.

ROBERT.

What do you think of my travelling for four weeks at Easter? I should love to go to London, as Rosen's

brother has given me a pressing invitation, and it only takes three and a half days to get there. I will spend the next six weeks' vacation in quiet study, and dream through the spring among the ruins of the castle.

Now go peacefully to sleep.

To Carl Schumann at Schneeberg.

Heidelberg, June 3rd, 1830.

My dear "Bookseller Charles,"

What a tremendous correspondence we have kept up for the last year, to be sure! How one letter followed the other in quick succession! How we have talked about Forcellini and the "pocket-edition of the most eminent English authors"! But, joking apart, forgive me my silence, as I forgive you yours. First of all, let me thank you very much for Rosalie's purse, which Theichmann brought me. Both Theichmann and the purse were a pleasant surprise. I had not heard a word from Saxony for three blessed months. Six or seven weeks ago, I sent off a long letter to Mother, and one to Edward, but have had no answer. Is Heidelberg quite out of the world, that you all write so seldom? Surely, when there are seven of you, somebody might write occasionally, without my having to write to each one individually, which is, to say the least of it, fatiguing. Theichmann, and all his descriptions of home, nearly made me a little bit

home-sick, in spite of all the delights of Heidelberg life.—A pause!——

Dearest Carl, it is certainly very jolly here; but there are, alas, such things as debts, and as yet there has not been a kreutzer in Rosalie's purse. This summer life is glorious. I get up every morning at four, when the sky is the tenderest blue, and study Pandects, etc., till eight. From eight to ten I play the piano; from ten to twelve there is a lecture by Thibaut or Mittermayer. From twelve to two I stroll about the town, and have my dinner. From two to four I go and see Zachariä and Johannsen, and then I am off to the castle, or down to the Rhine, or away to my beloved hills. This is usually the order of my day.

Another pause,—and a fresh supply of courage! My dear Brother, if you can possibly manage it, take the earliest opportunity of sending me a cheque, the amount of which I will leave to your well-known generosity. Remember that if I had gone on reading in Leipsic, I should have claimed your hospitality for a week last Michaelmas, Christmas, and Easter, and that my breakfasts, wine, cigars, champagne, and billiards would have mounted up very considerably. Seriously, remember that yesterday my thrice-renewed bill for 150 fl. was due to a college money-lender, and that I must procure the money by June 18th. Remember that the lectures cost me 50 fl. this half, and that I am being specially coached by Professor Johannsen, which alone costs me 80 fl. Remember, I implore of

you, that since last winter I have been taking lessons in French, Italian, English, and *Spanish*. Lastly, remember the tailor, bootmaker, and laundress, my piano, my accursed cigars, and the claims of my appetite, which are really very modest. I wanted to write to you four weeks ago, but honestly could not make up my mind to do it; and even this letter, which will doubtless be very pleasant for you to read, is intensely unpleasant for me to write. So, dear, good Carl, a little cheque—a little cheque! You need not tell Mother anything about it: you know what she is in these matters; and what's more, she promised to send me some ducats ages ago, but it never came to anything! For your birthday, I can only offer you my usual old gift—the best of good wishes for yourself and household. But now, please, do not forget June 16th. Many kisses to Rosalie and your little ones. Good-bye, my dear Carl; this letter is not up to much, but means well.

Your

ROBERT.

Theichmann is delighted with Heidelberg, and will not find time to write in a hurry. He sends kindest regards.

Presto adieu.

To his Mother.

Heidelberg, July 1st, 1830.

My beloved Mother,

None of our pleasures must be allowed to cause a friend tears, especially in the case of mother and son. And the very fact of my being here, in the blossoming heart of spring, has caused me to write so seldom. If you did not get my last letter I will gladly once more draw the veil off the darkening past, especially as it is thin, ethereal, and light as air.

This spring, which is more easily felt than described, has not been once disturbed by anything save an occasional sunset, or a nightingale's song, or a freshly-opened blossom, and it has hovered over us so entrancingly all this time that you have heard nothing of me. This is really the only excuse and account I can offer you.

If you were with me I would rather not speak at all, but only look into your eyes when nature is reflected in them, especially if you had people round you like Rosen and Weber kindly pressing your hands.

My life is now much more quiet and lonely. Weber went off to his beloved Italy seven weeks ago, and Rosen has been gone home four days. Their portraits are hanging over my writing-table, and smile brightly down upon me.

The spring has bound me up more [warmly] with myself, and has taught me to value and appreciate

time, which one generally rather trifles with. Thus Man alternately plays with Time, and Time with Man.

If a little sketch of my life should not prove unwelcome I will gladly give it to you. Jurisprudence alone sometimes touches my morning with a nipping little hoar-frost. Otherwise it is all sunshine, and everything is gleaming and sparkling like fresh young dewdrops on flowers. Such god-like youth as this depends less on one's age than on one's heart, and the right sort of people are always young, like yourself and the poets. My idyll is simple enough, and consists of Music, Jurisprudence, and Poetry ; indeed, Poetry should always frame one's practical life, like beautiful, shining gold surrounding the hard, clear, sharp diamond. I get up early, work from 4 to 7, go to the piano from 7 to 9, then am off to Thibaut. In the afternoon lectures alternate with English or Italian lessons ; and the evening I spend in society and with nature. That is the long and the short of it. Sometimes I feel only too well that I am not a practical person; but nobody is to blame for that save heaven itself, which gave me imagination to brighten and smooth down the dark spots of the future. You can easily believe that I should like to become a first-rate lawyer, and I am really not wanting in either industry or good-will; and that I shall never rise above the average is not my fault but the force of circumstances, though my own mind is partly to blame, for it never could endure Latin. Only Chance and Fortune, if the gods be propitious, can lift the dark curtain which

overshadows my future. Now Thibaut, for instance, *does not* encourage me in Jurisprudence, and says that "Heaven never meant me for an official," and that all efficiency is a special gift. Therefore a forced mechanical lawyer, without love for his work, can never become great. These are my opinions, which I cannot withhold from you. You need not alarm yourself, for I have plenty of plans of life if one or other of them should come to grief. . . . . When I began this letter I made up my mind to finish and send it off then and there. But my next letter will be longer than any you have had from me yet. Grant your indulgence to these hurried lines, and write soon, my darling mother, so that our correspondence may soon gallop on as it used to do. A slow or interrupted exchange of letters is as bad as none at all, although I alone am to blame. May your life be as peaceful and beautiful as my own!

Good-bye,

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Remember me to all your dear ones.

TO THE SAME.

Heidelberg, July 30th, 1830.
5 a.m.

GOOD morning, Mamma!

How shall I describe my bliss at this moment! The spirit-lamp is hissing under the coffee-pot, the sky is indescribably clear and rosy, and the keen spirit of the

morning fills me with its presence. Besides, your letter lies before me and reveals a perfect treasury of good feeling, common-sense, and virtue. My cigar tastes uncommonly good ; in short, the world is very lovely at times, if one could only always get up early.

There is plenty of blue sky and sunshine in my life at present, but my guide, Rosen, is wanting. Two more of my best friends, the v. H.'s., from Pomerania, (two brothers), went off to Italy a week ago, and so I often feel very lonely, which sometimes makes me happy, sometimes miserable—it just depends. One can get on better without a sweetheart than without a friend ; and sometimes I get into a regular fever when I think of myself. My *whole life* has been a twenty years' struggle between poetry and prose, or, if you like to call it so, Music and Law. There is just as high a standard to be reached in practical life as in art. In the former the ideal consists in the hope of plenty of work and a large extensive practice ; but what sort of prospect would there be in Saxony for such a fellow as myself, who is not of noble birth, has neither money nor interest, and has no affection for legal squabbles and pettiness ? At Leipsic I did not trouble my head about my career, but went dreaming and dawdling on and never did any real good. *Here* I have worked harder, but both there and here have been getting more and more attached to art. Now I am standing at the cross-roads, and am scared at the question : " Which way to choose." My genius points towards

Art, which is, I am inclined to think, the right path. But the fact is—now do not be angry at what I am going to say, for I will but gently whisper it—it always seems to me as if you were putting obstacles in my way. You had very good reasons for doing so, and I understood them all perfectly, and we both agreed in calling art an "uncertain future," and "a doubtful way of earning one's bread." There certainly can be no greater misery than to look forward to a hopeless, shallow, miserable existence which one has prepared for one's self. But neither is it easy to enter upon a career diametrically opposed to one's whole education, and to do it requires patience, confidence, and quick decision. I am still at the height of youth and imagination, with plenty of capabilities for cultivating and ennobling art, and have come to the conclusion that with patience and perseverance, and a good master, I should in six years be as good as any pianist, for pianoforte-playing is mere mechanism and execution. Occasionally I have much imagination and possibly some creative power. . . . . Now comes the question: "To be, or not to be," for you can only do *one* thing well in this life, and I am always saying to myself: "Make up your mind to do one thing thoroughly well, and with patience and perseverance you are bound to accomplish something." This battle against myself is now raging more fiercely than ever, my good mother. Sometimes I am daring and confident in my own strength and power, but sometimes I tremble to think of the long way I have traversed, and of the endless

road which lies before me. As to Thibaut, he has long ago recommended me to take up Art. I should be very glad if you would write to him, and he would be very pleased too, but unfortunately he went off to Rome some time ago, so probably I shall never speak to him again.

If I stick to Law I must undoubtedly stay here for another winter to hear Thibaut lecture on the Pandects, as every law-student is bound to do. If I am to go in for music, I must leave this at once and go to Leipsic, where Wieck, whom I could thoroughly trust, and who can tell me what I am worth, would then carry on my education. Afterwards I ought to go to Vienna for a year, and if possible study under Moscheles. Now I have a favour to ask you, my dear mother, which I hope you will grant me. *Write yourself to Wieck and ask him point-blank what he thinks of me and my career.* Please let me have a SPEEDY answer, deciding the question, so that I can hurry on my departure from Heidelberg, although I shall be very sorry to leave it and my many kind friends and favourite haunts. *If you like you can enclose this letter to Wieck. In any case the question must be decided before Michaelmas*, and then I shall pursue my object in life, whatever it may be, with fresh vigour and without tears. You must admit that this is the most important letter I have ever written, so I trust you will not hesitate to comply with my request, for there is no *time* to be lost.

Good-bye, dear mother, and do not fret. In

this case heaven will only help us if we help ourselves.

Ever your most loving son,
ROBERT SCHUMANN.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Heidelberg, Aug. 22nd, 1830.

MY honoured Mother,

The 19th of August, which brought me all your letters, was indeed a red-letter day. My soul had to decide for itself, and, weighing the future in the balance, choose the rising scale. I did not find the choice difficult, although it is a tremendous step to take; since my whole future life, my fortune and happiness, and possibly yours too, depend on it.

Believe me, I fully appreciate your loving heart; and the doubts you urge have caused me to look deeper than usual into my own soul. But you may be quite sure that during these last days I have thoroughly examined the past, so as to come to some definite conclusion about the future.

But whether I ask my heart, my head, my feelings, or my reason; whether I look at the past, the present, or the future; whether I consult my abilities, my hopes, or my prospects, they all point towards Art, from my earliest childhood until now. I ask you yourself, go over my whole life—over my childhood, boyhood, and manhood—and then tell me *frankly*, where was I always being led? Remember our dear Father's

penetrating mind, who saw through me very *early*, and always destined me either for Art or Music.

And you yourself, in your last letter but one, talk of my devotion to Nature, Poetry, and Music. Nature and Genius must not be crossed, lest they should get angry, and turn away their faces for ever.

But now we will just suppose that I am willing to deny myself by adopting a profession which I do not love, and can hardly respect. Mother, what sort of prospects have I got? What scope will there be for my talents? What sort of life shall I lead? With what class of people shall I have to associate till the hour of my death? Is Saxony a likely country to appreciate the merits of a *commoner?* Recollect how very important the little word "von" is with us. Is not my only prospect in life a perpetual dreary round of squabbles and petty lawsuits; and shall I not associate chiefly with convicts and the like? And what will be the upshot of it all? If I get on well, the post of attorney in a country-town of 3,000 people, with 600 thalers a year! Now, Mother, do look seriously into your own heart and into mine, and ask yourself whether I can stand that dreary monotony all my life? Whether you can imagine me sitting in an office from 7 a.m. till 7 p.m.? And whether it is like me, always to be paying people empty compliments? . . . . Finally, as the gods have given me powers of thought and imagination, to make life brighter and happier, why shouldn't I make good use of them, instead of letting them be wasted? Let

me draw a parallel; but first I must beg of you to confide implicitly in Wieck. You have every reason to do so. *Art* says: "If you are industrious, you may reach the goal in three years." *Jurisprudence* says: "In three years you may perhaps be an 'Accessist,' earning sixteen groschen a year." *Art* continues: "I am as free as air; the whole world is open to me." *Jurisprudence* shrugs her shoulders, and says: "I am nothing but red tape, from the clerk to the judge, and always go about spick and span, and hat in hand." *Art* goes on to say: "Beauty and I dwell together, and my whole world and all my creations are in the heart of man. I am infinite and untrammelled, and my works are immortal," etc. *Jurisprudence* says, with a frown: "I can offer you nothing but bumpkins and lawsuits, or at the utmost a murder, but that is an unusual excitement. I cannot edit new Pandects, etc." . . . .

I do not even touch upon material motives, such as which profession is the most remunerative, for the answer to that is quite obvious.

My beloved Mother, I can but faintly indicate the thoughts which are surging through my brain. I wish you were with me now and could look into my heart. You would say: "Start on your new career with *courage*, industry, and confidence, and you cannot fail." Shake hands with me, you dear ones, and let me go my way in peace. *Truly, both you and I can look into the future with far greater confidence than we used to.*

Edward's proposal is kind and well-meant, but will not do at all, as (in my case) more music would be lost in six months, than jurisprudence, which is easily made good.

Wieck's suggestion is capital. He says: "Robert is to come to me on trial for six months." Very good! If, after that, Wieck gives a favourable opinion, I cannot fail to get on. But if, after six months, he should feel at all doubtful about me, *I shall not have lost anything*, and can study law for another year, and go up for my examination, and even then I shall only have studied four years. One thing more, my beloved Mother. Do beg of my brothers to send me a cheque *if they possibly can*, as Rudel's money will certainly not hold out. If they do not, I shan't get away from Heidelberg as soon as I wish, as I have still a few college bills, lodging, piano-hire, etc., and the *whole tailor's bill* to pay. He is most horribly persistent, and worries me frightfully.

As a longer stay at Heidelberg can do me no good, but on the contrary only bores me, it would be as well to make as much haste as possible. Every minute wasted now is irretrievable.

Well, good-bye, dear Mother, and all you other dear ones. This is the last letter I shall write to you from beautiful Heidelberg; but I am sure you would all rather see me poor and happy in art, than poor and unhappy in law. The future is a great word.

R. SCHUMANN.

To the Same.

Wesel, on the Lower Rhine,
near the Dutch frontier,
Sept. 27th, 1830.

My dearest Mother,

I am writing you a few hasty lines, to tell you where I am and how I am getting on.

I said good-bye to Heidelberg on the 24th, quite early in the morning. The town lay before me shrouded in a thick mist, just like my heart at this moment of parting from so many friends, perhaps for ever. As I am now going to shut myself up and thoroughly retire into my shell for three years, I shall cherish a vision, during that long time, which I had on my flight through the fertile Rheingau. On the 24th I arrived at Mainz by the steamer, with twenty or thirty English men and women. On the 25th the number of English had risen to fifty. (If I ever marry, it will be an English girl.) I spent the 25th in Cologne, but was melancholy and anxious. The Rhine only made me feel sad and scornful. Yesterday I arrived here, and in a moment the whole aspect of things was changed when I saw North German life. I walked once more along the banks of the Rhine, and said good-bye to its green waves, which will perhaps meet me again in America.[1] Wesel is quite Dutch, and

[1] At that time Schumann contemplated travelling as a virtuoso.

very bright and clean. Every house has a garden in front of it; there is no hall, and one walks straight into the sitting-room. There are benches before the doors, and children playing about, just like Zwickau. To-day I am off to Münster; the day after to-morrow I hope to be at Detmold, with Rosen, where I intend staying a couple of days, and then driving direct to Leipsic *viâ* Cassel. I shall not go to Zwickau before Christmas. Rudel[1] has written me a pretty severe letter, which I partly deserve. Good-bye, my beloved mother; my heart is dead and barren, like the future. A thousand kind messages to you all.

R. SCHUMANN.

TO THE SAME.

Leipsic, October 25th, 1830.

MY beloved Mother,

I should have written long ago, but I literally had neither pen nor paper. Besides which, my being homeless at Leipsic for a fortnight had called forth a certain dejection, restlessness, and laziness in my nature, and prevented my pursuing any train of thought.

If you only knew what your letters are to me, especially your last, in which I hardly know whether to admire you most as a woman or as a mother! In my first flush of joy I went to Wieck, and he said: "How far superior that woman is to your guardian,"

[1] His guardian.

and I said a great deal more. Always be gentle with me, my dear Mother.

I could write and tell you much about myself, about my laziness, my wretchedness, and my journey, about an angel of light which occasionally hovers about in my heart, and of many other things, but will keep everything for my next long letter. Only let our correspondence get into full swing again; I shall not be to blame.

First of all, I am going to discuss all my wretched domestic affairs with you. I really want an over-coat very badly. I thought blue (dark blue) would look the nicest and smartest. I suppose I must get the cloth at Rudel's. Will you see about it for me? Then I beg of you most earnestly to send me the bed I used to have at L.; and the cups which Therèse gave me would be very acceptable. I believe you have got them. I should be very grateful to Julius if he would one of these days send me a lot of pens, paper, sealing-wax, and similar necessaries. I am very fond of making my afternoon coffee in an idyllic way in my own coffee-machine, so do you think you might send me a bottle of ground coffee, and some sugar? What you said about economizing, and retrenching my expenses, went straight to my heart. I have made a good beginning; my dinner costs me four groschen, my supper still less. You shall have nice letters shortly, with all details, about the way I have arranged my life, my plans, about my stay at L., and my past life at Heidelberg.

Do not desert me, my good Mother, and encourage me kindly. I require great tenderness and forbearance.

Good-bye,
Your Son ROBERT.

One thing more:—One of these days, will you send me all my letters to you? I require them for some work I am thinking of, and should also like to see whether the last three years and-a-half have changed me much. So please send them. Love to all.

TO THE SAME.

Leipsic, November 15th, 1830.

MY good Mother,

Three of your letters are lying before me unanswered. First of all, accept my best thanks for everything, bedding, linen, coffee, etc. The coffee I made in a perfectly simple and idyllic fashion. Flechsig always used to get it sent in bottles from Zwickau. This tradesman-like attention used to please me then, and that is why I suggested it.—Julius is right about the sealing-wax, I did not think of it. As to my smoking cigars you are perfectly right, but I think I smoke less than I used. I should not like to call it a passion, as you do in your letter, for during my last journey I did not smoke fifty, and had no great craving for it. Otherwise, I have retrenched as much as possible, but one habit I have not yet got out of,

namely, to burn *two* candles in the evenings. I have been to see Barth already, but have not yet paid him a Sunday visit. Sometimes I could throw over everything in a mood of dejection and indifference. Dr. Carus's people insist in introducing me into countless families; they think "it will be advantageous in my career," and I think so too, yet I never go anywhere—in fact, very rarely leave my room. Altogether, I am very stale, dry, and unpleasant, and given to laughing to myself. Of my old fire and enthusiasm barely the ashes remain. I shall be no pleasure to you at Christmas. You say, that after reading my letter, in which I told you of my old resolve, you found it impossible to pray. Can this possibly be true? I shall cause you but little joy during your life, in any case, but by Jove, if I were to stick to law, and become a clerk, I should shoot myself for weariness. One thing more: It is quite possible—God forbid—that I should some day be blind. Then music would be the saving of me, more than anything. Do not alarm yourself, but a doctor frightened me the other day. As regards my money, thank you very much for what you say, but I have promised it to Carl, and shall be too pleased to give it to him. I will write more to-morrow, I am not in good spirits to-day.

16th, Evening.

I have just been reading what I had written, and was a long time undecided whether I should send such a gloomy letter, but I will finish it, as I am just

now in a brighter frame of mind. And now for the main point. I will attend the lectures with pleasure, and bring home certificates at Christmas, but indeed, I only do it for the sake of the forty florins.[1] You can hardly think what an insipid, miserable affair a Leipsic lecture is. I think I have said before that lectures can be of no good to any but donkeys. Of course I ought to have some money first of all, to be able to pay for them, as I shall not get certificates until I do. For the last fortnight I have not had a farthing; I owe Wieck twenty thalers, and Lühe thirty, and really live like a dog. You say I had better borrow 100 thalers of somebody,—but who is to lend them to me? I hardly know a soul, and those I do know have got as little as I have. I have already been to Barth, with Carl's permission. I should like to have my hair cut, as it is a yard long, but haven't a copper to do it with. For the last fortnight I have been obliged to wear only white neck-ties,as my black one is simply in rags, and the white ones will be at an end to-morrow, so I shall have to be old-fashioned, and do without. I ought to send several letters to Heidelberg, but have no money for the postage. What will the world think of me? My piano is horribly out of tune, but I cannot send for the tuner, etc., etc. I have not even enough to buy a pistol to shoot myself. That is the state I am in. So do not take it amiss, if in a weak despairing moment, I run right away, either to America, or to my uncle at Twer, where, fortunately,

[1] The Zwickau University stipend.

cholera morbus is just now raging, which might soon put an end to the life and career of my wretched self. There is something serious in all the nonsense I have written. In your last letter you said: "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit." But a good tree may bring forth evil fruit. I hope to God it will not come to this.

My light will go out directly, and I have not got another. So I will only say this much more: When are the forty florins due? (for the last time). If possible send me them *in natura*. Then, I shall have to serve my time in the army this year, and shall require my baptismal register, so I beg of you most earnestly to send it to me as soon as possible, as in the end they will very likely seize upon me in spite of my weak eyes.

The light is just going out; I am not going out just yet.

Your miserable Son,
ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Leipsic, Nov. 28th, 1830.

MY beloved Mother,

What can I give you to-day but nameless wishes and hopes for your future and my own? A thunderstorm was overhanging my life yesterday, but to-day there is a rainbow, and only a few drops falling. You may have buried many hopes and wishes during the

past year, yet for my sake no year should be dearer to you.

Cast your sorrows behind you, and sublime, peaceful figures will grow out of them and smile upon you. Thus did Deucalion and Pyrrha throw stones behind them, and splendid Greeks rose up from them. I often tell myself that.

To give myself entirely to you, I wanted to send you a painted double of myself, but it will not be finished in time to go with this letter.

Smile at it when it arrives, and do not desert me, my dear mother.

R.

To the Same.

Leipsic, Dec. 10th, 1830.

My beloved Mother,

It has just dawned upon me that I possess neither dress-coat nor trousers for the approaching balls and festivities at Zwickau. Will you *send me by return of post six yards of fine black cloth*, so that all may be ready before the holidays?

My picture will arrive shortly; but at least 50 or 60 thalers must be raised before I myself can get away. Lühe has got no more money, and I have promised to pay him by the 20th. A shower of ducats would be universally acceptable. Otherwise I am pretty well, although I have filled my cup to the brim by falling violently in love the day before yesterday. The gods

grant that my ideal may have a fortune of fifty thousand!

Good-bye, dearest mother.

Your most affectionate child,

ROBERT.

TO THE SAME.

Leipsic, Dec. 12th, 1830.

MY good Mother,

I am sending another letter following close upon yesterday's, and written in the same spirit.

First, I sent off the *bronze at least* a fortnight ago by the carrier. It happened in this way. A woman came to me and asked me if I were myself, and whether I had not got a parcel to send to Zwickau. Of course I gave her the bronze brackets addressed to you; so they are no doubt at Zwickau, or else the woman is a humbug, which is not possible. You see that I am innocent.

Next, the *certificates* will arrive to-morrow. Little Rascher wanted to see about getting me the one for *this* half-year; but, in the first place, he could not find the *Famulus*, and in the second place neither he nor I had eight groschen (imagine, eight groschen!) to pay for it. I enclose the certificates for 1828. The gossip that is going about in that blessed Zwickau is too absurd for anything, although it is true enough that going to lecture never was my ruling passion. To put

the finishing touch to my good conduct, I also enclose the Heidelberg certificates, which the good people of Zwickau can inspect and admire at your house.

Next, you are right about the big opera; I am all on fire, and revel all day long in sweet fairy-like sounds. The opera is called "Hamlet;" the thought of glory and immortality gives me strength and imagination, and official life sneaks away in a fright. The journey to Zwickau would rather interrupt my flow of ideas, but still it is possible that I may come. In no case can I promise for certain. I shall come before you like a vision; you must not be frightened, I am dreadfully pale, ugly and seedy-looking, and all the Zwickau ladies will be surprised and critical. My picture will give you the meaning of these remarks. It will appear one of these days, and you will exclaim: "Is that Robert?" Fourthly, Kuntzsch has written me a charming letter which I should hardly have given him credit for.

I will execute your commission about the table-clock as quickly as possible, but I do not consider the idea at all appropriate; at any rate it is not very original or novel. A clock always reminds one so unpleasantly of one's age and the flight of time. But write to me quickly, telling me when is the fourth Sunday in Advent so that it may arrive in time. I have always been a bad hand at dates. Fifthly, see about getting me some cloth, otherwise I cannot possibly come, for I only possess two artistically threadbare dress-coats, which are delightfully careless-

looking but not at all smart and festive. Sixthly . . . . Ninthly, next Michaelmas I shall go to Weimar to be under Hummel, for the deep reason that I may *call myself* a pupil of his. You would then leave Zwickau and live with me in delightful Weimar, so full of beautiful memories. Tenthly, I am in an uncommonly bright, airy, and divine mood, and am revelling in a pure atmosphere of deep home-feelings; and finally, I have not yet got beyond that stage in letter-writing in which I shall ever and always remain

YOUR ROBERT,

who loves you heartily, and sends greeting to the whole of Zwickau.

TO THE SAME.

Leipsic, December 15th, 1830.

MY dearest Mother,

Your letter is written as youthfully as Jean Paul, and every word is a living blossom. Unless the great, great time in which we are now living, when even old men glow like youths, quite shrouds the Olympus of Art, I am not at all alarmed lest I should appear in an Encyclopædia, or among "Portraits of Celebrities," or that we should see our entire correspondence in print. Heavens! How shall I fare then as a son, and you as a mother?—You would hardly believe how *such* letters refresh me, how they give me fresh strength and longing to pursue my object. Encouragement gives me power of resistance,

and imbues my courage with fresh spirit and energy. Such words as: "That is your *true* love, your true friend in joy and sorrow,"—but indeed, no words can give us such sweet comforting peace as music. "But mind, be *faithful* to the companion you have chosen for your earthly pilgrimage." Such words raise a prolonged echo in the soul, especially when they come from the heart of a mother. But I will be faithful to my love, even if *she* should prove faithless to me. I should like to write much to-day, very much, but the pen trembles in my hand, and I am going to walk up and down the room, and think of the snow which is blown away by the first breath of spring.

The 15th. Evening.

Occasionally I get on really very well. I am industrious, and am making capital progress:—In three or four years, I hope to be as far advanced as Moscheles. Do you remember when we sat side by side at the concert in Carlsbad, and you whispered to me delightedly: "Moscheles is sitting behind us?" And how everyone respectfully made way for him, and how modestly he walked through the crowd? I shall take him for an example in everything. Believe me, good Mother, with patience and *perseverance,* I can do much if I like. I sometimes lack self-confidence *before the world,* although on the other hand I can be very proud inwardly. God grant, that I may but continue to be very strong, modest, steadfast, sober. The

pure natural fire always gives most beauty and warmth. If my talents for Poetry and Music could only be concentrated into *one* focus, the rays of light would not be so broken, and I should dare to do much.

I can no longer accustom myself to the idea of dying a Philistine, and it seems to me now as though I had been destined for Music from the beginning. Are you aware that I used to watch for the hours, when you went to see Madame Ruppius, so that I might be able to compose?—How happy I was then, and I shall often be so again.—Your unceremonious invitation for New Year's Eve is more moving than all prayers and wishes, and if I had no other reason I would accept it for the sake of that letter. Perhaps I will come flying over for a few minutes, and disport myself amongst you, like a West-wind in winter. In the meantime take my portrait, and hang me up.

But I must also thank you for the cheque you have sent me. This contempt and waste of money is a wretched characteristic of mine. You would not believe how careless I am—I often actually throw money away. I am always reproaching myself, and making good resolutions, but the next minute I have forgotten them, and am tipping somebody with eight groschen! My being away from home, and travelling about, have much to do with it, but most of the blame attaches to myself and my accursed carelessness. And I fear it will never get any better.

It is all a joke about my looking pale and

miserable. I am as fresh as a rose, and as sound as a roach. Sometimes I have a tooth-ache. See the portrait!

By Jove, but that idea about Weimar is glorious! But how, for heaven's sake, can you say that anything of that sort would be too great an expense? There's time enough, and I simply must finish my course with Wieck. The other day I suggested to him, in a light and airy kind of way, my plan about Hummel; but he took it ill, and asked me whether I mistrusted him, or what; and whether, as a matter of fact, he was not quite the best master? He saw that I was startled by such unnecessary anger, but we are now quite friendly again, and he treats me most affectionately, like his own child. You can hardly have a notion of his fire, his judgment, his view of art; and yet, when he speaks in his own or Clara's interests, he is as rude as a bear. . . . . .

A thousand thanks for the cloth; it is already at the tailor's.

Don't be either angry or sad, if I should not be able to come; in any case you shall *see* me before the old year ends.

I am curious to see what Christmas will bring. I much need a dressing-gown, cigars, boots, and a pair of stylish cuffs.

Much love to everybody (never forget Emily). Good-bye, dearest Mother, and all the other dear ones. R.

To the Same.

Leipsic, Feb. 18th, 1831.

I SHOULD feel quite at a loss, my beloved Mother, if you were to ask me why I have not written for so long. It is all the more inexplicable, as I have every reason for being grateful to you, and have a favour to ask, which I have put off from one week to another.

I might give you a reason, though only an emotional one, namely, because your last letters have contained neither real praise nor blame, have been neither hot nor cold, motherly nor stepmotherly. A long-suppressed discord between two friends is much more cutting and dangerous than a frank outspoken reproach, and perhaps that is why, without intending it, I delayed my answer for so long, as I have begun at least six letters to you. To tell you the truth, I have often wished that, on the contrary, you would all thoroughly neglect me for a bit, so as to lessen my debt of guilt and gratitude. As it is, you all go on overwhelming me with consoling, encouraging letters, and tokens of affection, so that I hardly dare to look up. Shall I, perchance, thank you for your picture, which I can't help kissing, it is so lovely, and so like you? Or for the double household gift, worth even more to me? Or for your last letter, even kinder than the one before, and its precious contents? True gratitude is more rare than gifts, but if you will be content with a soft chord on the piano, or a mute look at the even-

ing sky, or a gentle remembrance, or a word before going to bed, then accept it as such.

21st.

I was writing away in such splendid form, when I had a most unpleasant interruption from the man where I dine, who actually wanted money. I begged for patience till the first. But now, where to get money from? You sent me word by Rascher, that if I was very hard up you might *perhaps* be able to procure me a hundred thalers. If you can do so without much difficulty, I beg of you to extricate me from this tiresome and irregular life. It could not, indeed, be otherwise, under the circumstances. If I had been provided with money when I first arrived in L., I should have no debts, and be all straight; but there I was for the first six weeks without any money at all; then came a few thalers which did not nearly cover my expenses, and so it went on and on, and I could not get into proper and regular habits. By Jove, it is quite true, when I tell you that for the last fortnight I have only eaten meat about twice, and lived upon plain potatoes; and, although I am very fond of them, still it is getting rather too much of a good thing. I am too shy to go to Barth, and, after all, ten or twenty thalers would not help me much, as I owe both Lühe (who really wants the money badly) and my Eating-house keeper (who is most rude to me, because I have not paid him for three months,) from sixty to seventy thalers, not to

mention my debt to Wieck! I have also had to pawn your watch, and one book after the other finds its way to the second-hand bookseller's. You may imagine how much I am losing. The day before yesterday I went in despair to Wieck, and borrowed a thaler, and Heavens! did I not pitch into the roast veal, that's all! *Poverty* must be a horrible thing, because it absolutely excludes one from human society. Now that I experience it, I regret many things.

The want of money can hardly throw me into either melancholy or despair, because I care too little about it, and possessing it does not affect my happiness one way or the other. But it is very depressing and uncomfortable.

Don't you think it possible to raise a sum of one or two hundred thalers in some way or other before I come of age? I have but little connection with capitalists or English lords, and go on living in my usual dreary groove. Otherwise I am not getting on so badly, and my mind and spirit are as fresh and vigorous as if a dozen fountains were playing upon them. That is due to the heavenly muse with her magic wand. I am certainly more likely to become immortal than to earn any sort of "title." Good-bye, good mother; I shall see you very soon; but, for heaven's sake, write and send me something by the *first of March*, if you possibly can.

I am really very badly off, to all appearances.

R.

I once more beg your pardon a thousand times, for

not having written for so long. Where has last year gone? I blush to think of the answer.

To the Same.

Leipsic, April 25th, 1831.

My beloved Mother,

I wish you could see me sitting like a king in my bow window. My brothers are nowhere to be found, and as I was once more creeping down the old Neumarkt, with the moon shining brightly on the houses, I thought of you, and remembered my promise to write to you soon.

I was in a dream when I arrived here. It was a fine day, and when I came into my room, I found everything swept and garnished, the windows cleaned, new curtains put up—in short, I am in clover. I found Edward busy, sulky, and absent-minded, which is the result of the Fair.

May 15th.

There are three weeks between the beginning and end of this letter. All this time I have not been able to collect my thoughts sufficiently to write you a long letter. And there will not be much rose-colour in it now. I was confined to my room for six days with pains in my head, my heart, and all over me. Otherwise I am uncommonly lively, and in an imaginative vein. According to the doctor's orders, I was obliged to get into profuse perspiration for three days running,

and my hand is rather shaky while I am writing. I have got a slight touch of cholera hanging about me. But by the first of June I hope to be quite set up again, and to be with you, my good mother. Do you still think kindly of me? Your last parting words will never be forgotten by me. When I repeat them, I feel as if some good genius was folding me in his arms. I can never hear people tell me often enough that they love me, I have become so suspicious. I hardly like to think of my stay at Zwickau, because I really was in too stupid a temper (if I can call it temper). You and the others were really not in fault, I assure you I know that full well, and feel it deeply, and not a single sign of affection is lost upon me. Thank you, then, dear mother, for your care and attention, for your boiled beef and rice, which will always be my favourite dish, and all of you for everything. Julius seemed to me more cordial than ever this time.

My finances occupy me and worry me to a certain extent. Wieck said the other day that nothing would do me more good than to have no money at all, "for then I might turn out well." I have promised my money to Carl; he wants to give me five per cent for it, which I would not accept, if it were not an advantage to him. To a merchant, 8,000 thalers are but little, when he can lose them in a year in speculation. But a fellow like myself is much more knowing. I have made an exact calculation of my receipts and expenditures up to Michaelmas. But still, I must

have the interest of my money, and eighty or a hundred thalers besides if I am to exist at all. My capital I will never touch. If you have any influence with *Carl and Rosalie, beg them never to send me more than my lawful due*, otherwise there will be incessant muddles, which will finally come to a bad end. I will manage to earn, or otherwise cover, the deficit in my expenses. In my next letter I will send you my calculation. I have to make considerable economies, at least in a town like Leipsic; but then I hope I shall earn your respect. Edward is very merry and cheerful. The Fair turned out a great deal better than he expected.

I just keep jogging on. It is the fault of all vivid young minds that they aspire to too much at once; it only makes their work more complicated, and their spirit more restless. But quiet old age will calm down and level all that. I can only have four aims to choose from—conducting, teaching, playing, and composing. Hummel combines all four, but in my case it will probably be one of the two last. If only I could do one thing well, instead of many things badly, as I have always done! Still, the principal thing for me to keep in view, is to lead a pure, steady, sober life. If I stick to that, my guardian angel will not desert me; he now sometimes almost possesses me for a little.

I must end, my dear, good mother, as Carl wants to be off in two hours. Continue to think kindly of me! ROBERT SCHUMANN.

To the Same.

Leipsic, Aug. 8th, 1831.

"Don't quite forget me," were your words at our last parting, my good mother. Eight weeks have gone since then, and you have certainly reason now to interpret your words in a sense which should make me blush. If I were to tell you that I do not know where to turn through pure hard work, you would hardly believe me, and yet it is so,—but if I say to you, "Don't be angry with me, I was wrong," perhaps you will press my hand as kindly as you used when I came to you and said I had been naughty.

But now to-day the sky is so deliciously blue that I should dearly love to have somebody to whom I could express how happy and summerlike I feel, how my intellectual, calm, artistic life drives back all passions, and how my thoughts will often revolve round some ideal for the future for several minutes together, in short, how thoroughly I sometimes appreciate the present. But to whom could I say all this so well as to you, who have always judged me rightly, and have sometimes been almost too kind in overlooking and obviating my faults, or in trusting my heart, when my head was bent on going astray? There is a very fine touch about a young poet, and more especially about a young composer. You can hardly imagine the sort of feeling it is when you can say to yourself, "This work is yours *only*, no man will take this pos-

session from you, indeed it cannot be taken from you, for it is yours only." If you could but realize that "only!" There is seldom any reason for this feeling, for genius comes like a flash, bursts forth in all its glory, and produces a sort of pacifying self-confidence, which need fear no criticism. During all the time I have not written to you, this feeling often came over me like a dream, from which I did not want to be awakened; but then all around me was lovely, and the world rich and radiant. If one has at last come to a conclusion, and is quiet and satisfied in one's own mind, the ideas of honour, glory, and immortality, of which one dreams, without doing anything towards their accomplishment, all resolve themselves into gentle rules, only to be learned from time, life, and experience. To bring to light anything great and calmly beautiful, one ought only to rob Time of one grain of sand at a time; the complete whole does not appear all at once, still less does it drop from the sky. It is only natural that there should be moments when we think we are going back, while in reality we are only hesitating in going on. If we let such moments pass, and then set to work again quickly and bravely, we shall get on all right.

This, dear mother, is a short account of my life during the past eight weeks, when I dare say you thought I was lost, while I was often thinking of you in quiet moments, and at all times of the day, and rejoicing over your pleasure to come.

My social life has also altered. Now and then people

recognize my talent and think I shall do some good, and those who know me seem to enjoy my company. I cannot get over a certain shyness in society, and it would be just as well if I were sometimes rather more abrupt.

My being so much with Wieck has changed me for the better. He seems so much more sympathetic than I used to think him; then he both praises and scolds me, just as he likes, and is always cheering and encouraging. I should be very glad if you would write and thank him for taking so much interest in me. He said to Lühe the other day that he *wondered* that my family, after having so far confided me to him, had never so much as asked how I was getting on, whether I was improving or the reverse; that they could not care much about me, and that he could not make it out, etc. Although this is not meant in the least as a reproach to you and my brothers, still I think he is right. So do be kind, and write to him.

Though I am quite well and jolly, still I dread the cholera, not so much the disease as its consequences. To be on the safe side I have made my will, but kept it as funny as possible, as I cannot imagine at all that I shall ever die.

I have got several more things to tell you, but will postpone everything till I get your answer. So I will whisper Jean Paul's golden rule to you: that a letter is never so easily answered as after reading it through for the first time (in this case I ought to say spelling it out).

Now good-bye, dear Mother. Trust to my industry and my good genius, who I hope may always be with me.

Your loving, devoted son,

ROBERT.

Last night I dreamed about you, but always in a most horrible way. Do you like the clock for Rudel? If the cholera comes any nearer, perhaps I shall come to Zwickau or Schneeberg.

TO JULIUS SCHUMANN, AT ZWICKAU.

Leipsic, Sept. 5th, 1831.

MY dear Brothers,

I must confess to you that I have a painful, almost childish dread of the cholera, and fear it will make no bones of dragging me out of my beautiful every-day life in its talons. The thought of dying now, after having lived for twenty years in the world without having done anything but spend money makes me quite wild. For several days I have been in a kind of fever: thousands of plans come into my head, are dismissed, and come back again. I even consider that Man is bound to avoid an epidemic disease, if possible, and if his circumstances allow him to do so. And as, in my case, they do allow, I should like to be off to sunny Italy, perhaps for six months, or for the present, to Augsburg with Wieck (who is going to Paris with Probst), or to Weimar to be with

Hummel. Then, again, I would rather stay here, because I have not the least wish to travel, and am making progress in music ; altogether, I am in a fearful state of restlessness and indecision, and almost wish to send a bullet through my head.

At first I was not going to tell you anything about it, and thought of starting off across Italy to Sicily without further ado, but I rejected that plan. Everybody wonders why I am not off. It is certainly not very tempting to remain in a place where in an hour you may be dead. My affairs are all settled, my papers placed with the proper authorities, and my passport to Botzen and Italy on the table. The only thing wanting is your own approval, and mother's ; then, in four days I should come to Zwickau for a day, and then start direct for Rome. Of course the journey would unsettle me very much, but it would not send me out of this world into the next! Tell me what to do! I cannot stay here! If I were to die of cholera here or at Zwickau (I really can see myself lying dead) I should certainly exclaim (if I could), "Oh, you donkey! Why did you not go to Italy!" You yourselves would not be able to understand why I did not go, as there was after all nothing to prevent me. . . . The official report in yesterday's newspaper stated: "In Berlin 17 people caught the cholera, of whom 14 died, and 3 are in the doctor's hands," so that not one has really recovered. I beg you very, very earnestly to let me know *by return of post* whether you give me leave to take this journey.

Then nothing shall prevent me from taking to my heels the next minute. I should have written this whole letter to mother if I were sure that she was at Zwickau. I once more beg of you to write to me by *return of post*, for it (the cholera) may be here in four days.

R. SCHUMANN.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Leipsic, Sept. 21st, 1831.

DEAR good Mother,

How nice of you to write to me again, and thus give me not only the pleasure of your letter but the opportunity of making you happy by my answer—an egotistical sentence. Thanks also for your last letter with the waistcoat, which suits me admirably. You may well be angry that my thanks and letter come so late. But a fortnight ago I had got the idea firmly fixed in my brain that I was going to get the cholera, and ought to go far far away, to Naples perhaps, or Sicily. To this end I wanted to wait for your return to Zwickau, so as to put my papers into your hands. But whether some good or bad genius persuaded me to put off my journey, or what—anyhow all my dread has disappeared, together with the wish to travel, which was never very great. As to my will, I certainly laughed at myself as I was making it, but still it is better to be on the safe side. As it is only my own private will, signed by neither magistrate nor notary, I can throw over every one of my legatees at my

pleasure. After all I made it principally for your sake, with the exception of a few trifles, such as the piano Rosalie is to have, etc.

For the present I shall not go to Weimar. The fact is, I shall shortly be the father of a fine healthy child, at whose christening I should like to assist before leaving Leipsic. It will make its appearance at Messrs. Probst's, and heaven grant that you may understand it, with its first tones of youth and vivid life. If you only knew what joys those are—an author's first joys. Being engaged is nothing to it. The whole atmosphere of my heart is charged with hopes and presentiments, and I feel as proud to be wedded for the first time to the great world, which is the home of the artist to its uttermost limits, as the Doge of Venice was when he wedded the sea. Isn't it a comforting and beautiful thought that this first dewdrop of mine, dissolving in the illimitable ether, may possibly sink gently into some aching heart and help to assuage its grief and heal its wound?

But even without this reason (although it is just as well I should be at hand to correct the proofs) I should stay some time longer at Leipsic because of the cholera. Weimar is quite as much exposed to it as Leipsic, since they are both in the beaten track. But at Weimar there is not a soul I could speak to besides Hummel, so my life there would be a sad one, and I might be mercilessly taken to a hospital. It is quite different here, as you know. Probst, who is going to Paris, has offered me the use of his two rooms for

nothing. The house is pleasantly situated in the midst of green gardens, and has the finest view in the world. The offer was made so frankly that it did not seem like accepting charity. Still, if I should not accept it, I may take a room in the house where Lühe lives, so as to have some one near me in case of need. You would hardly believe how useful Lühe is to me, how kindly he cheers and encourages me, or finds fault when I have made a mistake. But for him I should long ago have sunk into melancholy or some similar jaundiced state. I do not interfere with his love affairs and arrangements any more than he does with mine. I can assure you that I have never lived so pleasantly, economically, and steadily as during the last three months. I have just thought of some delightful lines by Goethe which I chanced to read yesterday :—

> "Width of world and breadth of life,
> Many a year of honest strife,
> Search and question never ending,
> Ne'er completing, oft amending ;
> To the oldest ever true,
> Taking kindly to the new ;
> With cheerful mind pure motives wed ;
> Methinks you'll make a stretch ahead."

Is not that glorious! And is not every word to the point? Whisper this verse to me occasionally.

Wieck spoke very highly of your letter. He said you judged me so correctly that he hardly knew how to answer you.

In the last Leipsic Revolution, which does indeed

baffle description, I played an important part, as a man fell ten yards in front of me. Fury and terror reigned supreme. Madame [Nölkel] begged me to call on her just at this time, so I must conclude my letter.

Accept it kindly! I hope you may have bright happy days at Schneeberg. If the cholera should break out here, I have made up my mind to write to you every Saturday, to show you that I am alive and well.

Write to me again soon.

Your fondly loving
ROBERT SCHUMANN.

TO G. Z. FINK.[1]

Leipsic, Sep. 27th, 1831.

SHOULD you require a young contributor to assist you in your possibly rather overwhelming literary work, I could act in that capacity. The enclosed specimens might be followed by a long succession of similar "Caeciliana," but you must not judge my future articles, which will be more strictly theoretical, by these, which are merely an endeavour to reproduce the first impression made by a genial composition of recent date.[2] As I have great reason to be modest, I beg of you to omit whatever you feel inclined, or what may be distasteful to you.

[1] From Schumann's letter-book. Fink was then Editor of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* of Leipsic.—TR.

[2] Chopin's Op. 2.

I do not myself much care for the title "Caeciliana." As they are to be a series of critical essays, you might use the name "Odéon" with as much right as Haslinger did, (Jean Paul had a similar "Museum"), or they might be called "Critical Imaginings," or "[Synoptical] Papers," etc., but I leave all that to your own judgment. To conclude, I would ask you to send me a line, saying whether the enclosed can appear in the *Zeitung*, and if so when; and, supposing my whole scheme and style meet with your approval, whether I may send you some more, or less.

Yours truly,

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

TO THE FAMILY SCHUMANN.

1831.

DEAR kind People,

You must receive my child[1] lovingly. If to some of you it is unintelligible, because you do not understand its speech, even those will have the advantage of imagining it lovelier than it really is. You must not be angry that I did not dedicate my first work to any of you, but in the first place such a dedication would have been too near and dear, and secondly, the composition was not good enough, as there are many better things in my desk with your names on them, such as "Papillons musicals" for my three sisters-in-law, a Concerto for my mother, and a big

[1] Op. 1, Variations on the name Abegg, then just published.

"Exercise"[1] in double notes for my brothers to practise.

An affectionate farewell to you all, and think with pleasure of your

R.

To Heckel at Mannheim.

Leipsic, Oct. 14th, 1831.

Honoured Sir,

You may remember my coming to you more than two years ago, as a Heidelberg student, to try your beautiful piano. It is through an accident that I have remained in your debt for two whole years, as the friend whom I commissioned to pay you got rid of the money in some other way.

As the name Abegg is familiar in Mannheim, I take the liberty of sending you twelve copies of my Variations. In asking you to distribute them among the Mannheim friends of music, allow me to assure you that in doing so you would be sure of the deepest gratitude of the young composer, who is braving public opinion for the first time.

I will gladly allow you 50 per cent, and should you be fortunate enough to get rid of all the copies, I would ask you kindly to make the payment to Herr Ludwig Schumann, of this place, whom I know well, or to my brother, the bookseller at Zwickau. But if

[1] Toccata.

the worst comes to the worst, please return the Variations to the above address, any time before Easter week.

Kindly forgive these lines.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Leipsic, Oct. 14th, 1831.

MY beloved Mother,

I certainly wish I had you in my new lodgings at this moment. For I have left my cold bare rooms at N.'s, with their shabby-genteel air, and have taken up my abode near the river. So now, from my front-room I see a beautiful green garden with red houses peeping in, and have a view of the whole Eastern sky, and can see the sun rise, which I enjoy like a child every morning over my coffee. But my back-room is far nicer; there is something so warm and cosy about it. I look out on bright gardens, and a clacking mill-wheel with a wide rushing stream, while in the evening I see the moon rise and get the most glorious sunsets. Now, if you were with me, I would tell you lots of things,—how lovely the world is at times, how pleased I was with your letter, and how difficult it is to imagine you ill, when you can write such letters.

Nov. 21st.

ACCEPT the above fragment as an apology for this long silence, my dearest mother! You would not

believe how dissatisfied I am with myself, and how angry I feel every day over my negligence. You would all laugh if I were to say that I had got no time, and yet it is so. Good Heavens! there is a singer living next door to me, and he is now beginning his scales, so that I cannot keep an idea in my head. I will go on this afternoon.

Nov. 25th.

YOU cannot think how pleased I was with the latest Zwickau letters, especially with Therèse's; indeed, I want nothing better. But as to the delightfully mysterious sentence in your letter, asking for the real explanation of the dedication, why, I could only laugh heartily at your sentimental suspicions, as the countess is an old creature of six-and-twenty, very intellectual and musical, but snappish and ugly. But not to rob you of all hopes of an aristocratic connection, I must confess that the younger sister is a perfect angel (her name is Emily), though rather too ethereal for your son.

28th.

ACCEPT then, dearest mother, my child-like wishes for to-day, which brings the first bit of blue sky we have seen for a long time. What pure memories this day must awaken in your heart, for your whole life has been the pursuit of truth, without caring for reward. Shall I, at your age, be able to look back into the

past with as much calmness and innocence as you can, my good mother? And will others be able to do so? Although I know well how kind your feelings are towards me, yet I am afraid you will hardly take an excuse for my long silence.

10 p.m.

I CAN only now go on with my letter. I really seem to be more sought after since my Variations were published; and my room has been full of singers, amateurs, artists, painters and others. You must put down the enthusiastic style of my letter to that.

My dear mother, I wish I could look into your eyes to see whether I might tell you what splendid firm resolves were made and registered after the receipt of your letters. If the life of Man is indeed a maze, one does now and then come upon the statue of a god. Unfortunately I have not given anybody the slightest encouragement to keep up the correspondence. Forgive me, but I hate everything that does not proceed from an inward impulse, and how shall I sit down and write when I am not in the mood?

Forgive me, you too, dearest mother! I am just now looking at your picture; there is something sad about it. Were you perhaps at that moment thinking of

Your

ROBERT.

To the Same.

Leipsic, the last day of the year, 1831.

My dear, darling Mother,

I am writing on the last day of the year—the last, how full of meaning is the word! . . . Think it well over, and remember that I am your last one.

Accept my hasty but best wishes for the year that is to be born to-morrow. When it strikes twelve be certain that I am thinking of you, and have a vivid recollection of a tea-party on New Year's Eve at Aunt Weber's.

My holidays were so quiet that I hardly heard a sound or spoke a word. I sank into a kind of stupor, which has seized me occasionally of late years, and forthwith attacked a gigantic work which requires all my energies; and I cannot tell you how fresh, proud, and well I feel at this moment. God grant that my gigantic work may remain one. I am going to dedicate it to Moscheles in London. Do you know the address of his brother at Prague? I should be very glad to have it.

The "Papillons," dedicated to my sisters-in-law, will appear shortly. Your name, my dear mother, shall not grace a Concerto or Rondo, but a sweet, bright, sacred Song. Do you like the idea?

Now, good-bye. Best love to everybody. I must be very industrious for a week.

Your

Robert.

To Friedrich Wieck, Frankfort.[1]

Leipsic, Jan. 11th, 1832.

I MIGHT easily begin this letter with "etc., etc," my honoured friend and master, for I have been writing to you almost every hour, in spirit I mean. Now at last I sit down with the firm resolution, not to put down the pen until I have finished my letter. First of all let me congratulate you on Clara's success. It is certainly true that if the world forgets very soon, yet it does not often overlook anything extraordinary, though I often compare it to a herd of cattle which is startled for a moment by the lightning and then calmly goes on feeding. Such flashes were Schubert, Paganini, and Chopin, and now Clara will be another.

You cannot think how I long to be back again with her and all of you. I always ought to live with my superiors, or my equals, or with people incapable of passing an opinion upon me. I easily get proud and cynical. I shall never get on with Dorn; he wants to persuade me that music is nothing but fugues. Good Heavens, how different people are! But I certainly feel that theoretical studies have had a good influence upon me. Formerly I wrote down everything on the impulse of the moment, but now I follow the course of my ideas more, and sometimes stop short and look round to see where I am. I daresay you have had similar twilight moments in your life; some,

[1] From the letter-book.

like Mozart, never experience them, others struggle through them like Hummel; some are always in that state, like Schubert, and others laugh at it like Beethoven—of course, this is merely an opinion.

But how are you? Please do not be alarmed if this letter does not proceed in a very logical way, for I have so much to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. Well, here goes:—

Chopin's Op. 1[1] (I firmly believe that it is Op. 10) is in my hands. A lady would say that it was very pretty, very piquant, almost like Moscheles. But I think you will let Clara study it, for it is full of inspiration, and not difficult. But I modestly maintain that there are two years and about twenty compositions between Op. 1 and Op. 2.[2]

Jan. 12th.

KNORR disturbed me yesterday. Who knows how long the preceding pages might have remained in my desk as an everlasting fragment, if the enclosure to Madame Wieck did not remind me to send it off.

K. played Chopin's Variations the other day, as you know. His performance was neither good nor bad, neither artistic nor commonplace, neither great nor small—he merely played Chopin's Variations. That is why they did not please very much; and my neighbour at the concert whispered to me:

[1] Rondeau on Don Giovanni.
[2] Variations on La ci darem.

"This composition seems a miserable affair," and I only nodded, for, my dear sir, if one were to argue about such things with every idiot one meets, one would be as great an idiot oneself. Dorn, who was standing next to me, was delighted with my neighbour's opinion, and said to me afterwards: "Well, I cannot see either that the Variations show anything more than the influence of Herz." But there again I never answered a syllable, unless it was by a look, for the next day Dorn asked me: "Have I offended you? I understand these things quite as well as you do," etc. The next item in the concert was a Psalm by Romberg. The fugue began; I nudged Dorn and called his attention to the behaviour of the audience. Everybody was talking and coughing. He understood me, and was silent.

Where have I got to? Excuse me, my honoured master. I have got so much to tell you, that I shall perhaps forget what is most important. But if you will only answer this letter by a few lines, you may depend upon a long letter from me with news about the cholera, the Poles, the Herzites, and Beethovenites, and about yourself and Clara (to whom I send thousands of messages), in fact, about everybody and everything.

Febr. 1st.

I HAVE opened my letter again, as the Variations will only be sent off on Wednesday, and besides, they must have a certificate of health, which they certainly require.

DEAR honoured Clara,

I could hardly suppress a slight smile yesterday, on reading in the *Didaskalia* "Variations by Herz, played by Fräulein Clara Wieck." Forgive me, my dear young lady, but indeed, there is one form of address, nicer than any other, namely, none at all. Who would say "Mr. Paganini" or "Mr. Goethe"? I know you have a thoughtful mind, and understand your old moonstruck maker of charades. So let me say: Dear Clara! I often think of you, not like a brother of his sister, or merely in friendship, but rather like a pilgrim thinking of a distant shrine. During your absence I have been in Arabia, collecting fairy-tales for your benefit, namely, six new stories of men and their doubles, a hundred and one charades, eight amusing riddles, and then some awfully fine brigand stories, and the tale of the white spirit. Oh, how it makes my flesh creep! Alwin[1] has grown into a very nice boy, and his new blue coat and a leather cap like mine, suit him uncommonly well. There is nothing wonderful to be said about Gustav, except that he has grown to such an extent, that you will be quite surprised . . . . Clemens is the quaintest, sweetest, most obstinate fellow. He chatters like anything, and has got a very sonorous voice. He has also grown a good deal; but as to Alwin, his violin is running away with him. As regards your cousin Pfund, I am sure there is not a man in L., excepting

[1] Alwin, Gustav, and Clemens were Clara's brothers.

myself, who longs to be in Frankfort as much as he does. Have you been composing at all? And if so, what? I sometimes hear music in my dreams—that is, when you are composing. With Dorn I have got as far as three-part fugue, and have besides finished a Sonata in B minor, and a set of "Papillons." The latter will appear in a fortnight—in print, I mean. Dorn is giving a concert in three weeks. At the concert for the Poles, 300 people had to go away, it was so full. The weather is glorious to-day. How do the apples taste in Frankfort? And how are you getting on with the high F in Chopin's Variations? My paper is at an end. Everything is at an end, except friendship,

in which I shall ever remain

Fräulein C. W.'s

warmest admirer,

R. SCHUMANN.

Leipsic, Apr. 17th, 1832.

DEAR Mother,

Dear Therèse, Rosalie, and Emily,

Dear Edward, Carl, and Julius,

The weather is so delightfully balmy to-day, that the only thing I can wish for is a car made of roses, drawn by an army of butterflies, harnessed with gold and silver threads, and flying with it towards home. Then I would say to them: Bear my "Papillons" to Therèse, Rosalie, and Emily, and flutter round them as gaily as you like; tell my dear old mother about

my dreams and musings, and explain my silence, which is so much mute eloquence. Tell her also that I shall send her a nice long letter by a carrier pigeon, and though it won't excuse my silence, still, it will break through it, like a rainbow shining through crystal prisms, or through the river. Tell my good brothers that I think of them affectionately, and hope that their lives may be as easy as your flight, and have as deep a meaning. Tell them all, that you found me among peaceful meadows and quiet dales, and that you will soon accompany me on my homeward journey, at quiet Easter-tide, or blossoming Pentecost. Then tell them all to read the last scene in Jean Paul's "Flegeljahre" as soon as possible, because the "Papillons" are intended as a musical representation of that masquerade; and then ask them if they can find anything there reflecting Wina's angelic love, Walt's poetical nature, or Vult's sparkling intellect. Tell them all this, and a great deal more besides. Fly away then, winged messengers, and soon return with *one* word of love from mother, brothers, and sisters, to

Your

ROBERT.

TO L. RELLSTAB, BERLIN.[1]

Leipsic, Apr. 19th, 1832.

KINDLY accept my most sincere thanks for the friendly, kind-hearted criticism of the Abegg Varia-

[1] From the letter-book.

tions," which hardly deserve higher praise. Not so much for the sake of the Editor of the *Iris*, as because I consider you a poet and a kindred spirit with Jean Paul, I am now going to add a few words about the origin of the "Papillons," as the thread which connects them is a very slender one indeed. You may remember the last scenes in the "Flegeljahre," with the "Larventanz," "Walt," "Vult," "Masks," "Wina," "Vult's Dances," "The Exchange of Masks," "Confessions," "Anger," "Discoveries," the hurrying away, the concluding scene, and the departing brother. I often turned to the last page, for the end seemed like a fresh beginning, and almost unconsciously I found myself at the piano, and thus one "Papillon" after the other came into existence. I trust you may consider their origin an apology for the whole composition, as the separate numbers often require explaining.

Hoping that the *Iris* may never lose that pithiness and freshness which runs through every page, and that you may continue to suppress everything unwholesome and sickly, I will now close this letter, which is my first approach to a great and honoured person.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Do me the favour to remember me most kindly to Herr Wilhelm Häring,[1] whom I found a pleasant companion in a trip on the Rhine, and who told me many interesting things about you.

[1] Wilibald Alexis.

To Heinrich Dorn.[1]

Leipsic, Apr. 25th, 1832.

Honoured Herr Director,

What can have induced you to break with me so suddenly? I suppose I begged so often for indulgence and forgiveness, that you got sick of it. But I could not have believed that my guide would have deserted me so close to the goal; and only now, having assisted two of my friends as far as syncopations, do I appreciate your thorough and certain method of teaching . . . . .

Do not imagine that I have been lazy, or come to a standstill, since you parted from me. But my whole nature seems to rebel against any instigation from the outer world, and I feel as if my ideas ought to come to me quite independently, to be then worked out and put in the proper place. So I have been going quietly on where we left off (after Marpurg), but I confess I do not give up all hopes of some day again studying the theory of canon with you, and I quite see the intrinsic usefulness of theoretical studies, as everything wrong and false only comes from exaggeration or misapplication. I missed your help very much in arranging Paganini's Caprices for the piano, as the basses were often doubtful; but I managed to get on by keeping everything very simple. Otherwise, I have finished six "Intermezzi" with "Alternativos," and a Prelude concluding with a fugue on three subjects

[1] From the letter-book.

(think of that) in the old style, which I should like to show you. But now, if I ask myself why I have written this letter, I must answer, "for my own sake." Is not this egotistical?

But please forgive and excuse

Your

FAITHFUL PUPIL.

TO HIS FAMILY.

Leipsic, Apr. 28th, 1832.

DEAR Family,

If you have not already given away the two copies I sent you, please send one to Madame Bauer and one to Amalie Scheibe.

I feel very well; I am very industrious, and have *almost* quite given up smoking cigars and drinking beer. So now I shall do.

The next things to appear will be, "Intermezzi per il Pfte., dedicati — W. della Lühe," published by Hofmeister. Then, "Exercice fantastique," dedicated to Clara Wieck. Here is an extract from Relistab's *Iris*, which will interest you:[1]

"The theme seems to us somewhat laboured, and yet monotonous, as the same progression is continually repeated in a similar way, in the first part, and again in an insignificant and unvarying inversion in the second part," &c.

[1] The criticism on Op. 1.

Let me tell you by way of consoling you, that this does not affect me much, as the theme was not my own, and could not be harmonized differently or more simply. Then :—

"As to the variations, they are the work of a skilful pianist, and form quite as grateful and brilliant a bravura-piece as many by Czerny, Herz, etc., *and consequently they deserve to be equally appreciated.*"

Then :—

"I should be glad if I had any influence on the doubtless very musical lady to whom this work is dedicated. If so I should at once give the talented composer the most complicated problems, to be solved by such a musical name" [Abegg].

Otherwise, the criticism contains no blame, which is a good thing, for Rellstab is the most cutting and dreaded of them all. When I sent him the "Papillons," I wrote him a polite note, and received an equally polite answer. I thank mother and Emily most heartily for their letters. The servant is waiting, and I must end.

I am nearly always in a good humour now, thanks to Spring, the child of blossoms. But February and March are fatal months, during which I have been dull and depressed all my life. Hence my utterly inexcusable silence. My consolers are Industry and Confidence. If life weighs us down to-day like lead, to-morrow we shall rise above it, like a butterfly over the flowers.

Good-bye! Write soon. I am very poor, and am

looking forward to the meeting we are to arrange one of these days in Altenburg. What is Therèse doing?

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Leipsic, May 8th, 1832.

BELOVED Mother,

I have just been reading your last three letters (among them two dated January), so as faithfully to answer anything which may have been forgotten. I should like to send you a few extracts from my diary, both to give you a correct idea of my life and mode of thought, and as an excuse for myself, but I find that this very month is uncommonly barren of incident. "The artist must always keep the balance even with the outer world, else he will perish." That is what I did at first, but perhaps it made me too much inclined to retire within myself, while travelling and lively surroundings had made me more observant of the objects around me. As you know, your son is equally exaggerated in his ideas of right and of wrong, so this self-examination (it sometimes went as far as analysis of motives), often degenerated into hypochondria, which prevented my seeing my future in its true light, and was in itself very disturbing and depressing. Then, although Art with all its objects and aims, which never stand still, has an immense attraction for me, yet I was often vain enough to think that I did not

exert myself enough for the other and more practical side of life. I examined myself and my past life more thoroughly, and endeavoured to throw some light on my proposed destination, and on my passive and active work, without coming to any definite decision. And just as all that is most beautiful and delightful only produces indifference and disgust when enjoyed to excess or at the wrong time, so it was that I soon found out that only sensible, honest, and persevering hard work has any effect on one's progress, and preserves the charm of Art, especially in Music, which is at first so exciting, and very soon palls. Then, I have for some time been dissatisfied with my social life. Wieck, who was the only person I cared to associate with, because we were mutually interested in one another, had gone to Paris; Lühe certainly came every day, but his conventional opinions, clever as they are, kept me from becoming more intimate with him; Moritz Semmel, whom I respect most highly for his clear-sightedness, strong will, and love of work, was the only one I found pretty satisfactory as long as I was looking at the bright side of life, but our paths in life were so diametrically opposed, that we were a good deal separated, which seems to me all the more inexplicable, as one of us could have supplied what was wanting in the other. Then my life became more and more lonely, and at times I was subject to a loss of tone, only equalled by the hatred *I have always had for any kind of inactivity.*

Then two of my compositions were published.

Wieck was away, and his opinion I value very highly in many respects, as he is rarely one-sided ; Dorn, my theoretical master, had improved my mind immensely, and, by steady application, I had succeeded in obtaining that beautiful clearness which I used so often to dream of, but never before possessed. From this date my life was quite changed ; I stood alone, and almost hesitated to part with my MS. Now it is printed, and can be seen and criticized by all the world. I have heard some few opinions about it, some pitying, some appreciative, some condemning . . . . .

In many a sleepless night I have seen my goal before me like a distant picture, and, while I was writing the "Papillons," I felt clearly that a certain *independence* was striving to assert itself, which is, however, mostly condemned by the critics. Now the "Papillons" are fluttering about in the beautiful spring air, and Spring itself is at our doors, looking at me like a child with sky-blue eyes. And I am beginning to understand my existence—the spell is broken, and my letter is in your hands.

Now, my dear mother, you have a sketch of my life and mental struggle, the cause of my silence and of this letter. How often do I see you in my dreams, but always in some threatening or terrible attitude. Then I take up your picture and look lovingly at it, and you seem to smile. Believe me, I often put off writing because I did not want to sadden you by the constant wavering between my wishes and my resolutions, which was a consequence of the above reaction. But

your last letter was so kind and encouraging that it would have been a sin to be silent any longer.

Now, if I were to draw you a picture of my home-life, I might say that it is Italian in the morning and Dutch in the evening. And so it is. My lodgings are respectable, roomy, and comfortable. About 5 A.M. I jump out of bed like a deer, and keep my account-book, diary, and correspondence in capital order; then I alternately study, compose, and read a little till 11 o'clock, when Lühe regularly appears and always sets me a splendid example of order and regularity. Then comes dinner, and then I read either a French book or the newspaper. I regularly go for a walk from 3 to 6, generally alone, and towards Connewitz, where, of course, it is lovely, and I say to you as I do to myself: "One might live in Paradise if one would only accept life in all simplicity and sobriety, and keep one's wishes within reasonable bounds." Then I can often clap my hands with pleasure and confess that true happiness is not to be found only in America. When I get home about 6 o'clock I improvise till nearly 8, then usually go to supper with [Kömpel] and Wolff, and then come home.

But as I am always perfectly frank with you, my good mother, I don't mind confessing, quite unblushingly, that this order of my day had so many interruptions and exceptions during February and March that they became almost the rule. You yourself asked Rascher whether I really drank so much; I believe he took my part, but I should not have done

so, for there is some truth in it. But as drinking Bavarian beer was rather a prosaic habit than a poetical passion, it was not so easy to shake it off, for it is infinitely easier to cure oneself of a passion than of an old habit. But if you ask me whether I have cured myself, I firmly answer, "Yes."

About midday.

HOW much do I not owe to Goethe!

May 5th.

TO-DAY is the anniversary of Napoleon's death! Yesterday I was interrupted by Wieck and Clara, who had come straight from Paris. What a lot there was to talk about! I will tell you about Goethe in my next letter; this one is too long as it is.

I must answer your former questions in a hurry. I do not live with Lühe; the address you have got is the right one.—My relations with Wieck are very satisfactory, as I have already told you. I associate also with Dorn and Herlosssohn, but most of all with my own thoughts and ideas about the future. Every one advises me not to go to Hummel at Weimar, as they say he is ten years behind the times. But I shall go at Michaelmas all the same; first, for the sake of the change, which always gives one fresh ideas; and, secondly, because it is good policy, as I must anyhow go to Vienna, and the name of Hummel is still a great one there. I do not dream of becoming a "travel-

ling Virtuoso;" it is a bitter and ungrateful existence. —If I am industrious I shall have reached Op. 20 in two years. Then my fate will be decided, and I can live quite as comfortably in Zwickau as in Paris or Vienna. Wieck is most anxious for me to go to Paris, but so far I have felt neither inclination nor energy for it. You say, "Look out for a competent man who can judge you correctly; go to him with confidence and ask him to be your guide." Ah, dear mother, that is just what I have always done, but then everything went wrong, and my originality suffered. I follow my intellectual instincts, and though I am sure I listen to the opinions of experienced men with modesty and diffidence, still I do not blindly accept them.—My money is safely put out on good security. You can easily see that I *cannot* manage with the bare interest, and I am sure I shall want 200 thalers a year more for five years, though I am equally sure that I shall make the balance even by honorariums, etc. If you can assist me now and then, pray do. I shall be sure to make up for it later.—I no longer give a thought to the cholera.

I can think of nothing more delightful than that I might be able to write a book which would be a help to my brothers for some years. Perhaps I shall some day. I have got the idea, at any rate.

Well, good-bye, my good mother. As I have been so frank with you, be equally so with me.

Lots of love to all.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Therèse has given me a very kind invitation to Gera. If nothing prevents me, I shall accept it, and then go to Zwickau for a few days. How is this, mother, my old craze for travelling has pretty well disappeared.

Good-bye, mind write very soon. Do not be put out with Wieck; he started two days after getting your letter. But how could you imagine that I should have kept back the letter, when I myself had asked you to write it?

To the Same.

Leipsic, May 26th, 1832.

My beloved Mother,

I am writing to you in great haste to let you know that I am quite well and in good spirits, and have, therefore, enjoyed the spring as I have never done before. As you promised me in your last letter to write again very soon, I put off thanking you for your loving letter and its important enclosure, which arrived just in the nick of time.

I never really meant to go to Gera. But Therèse wrote so affectionately, or at least it seemed so to me, that I could not send her a point blank refusal. Neither do I think that Edward wants to go. But he did say that if he could sell his business he and Therèse would go and live in the capital for good. What do you think of that?

You cannot think how dear Rosalie is to me now,

and how much I feel parting with her. What are beauty and finery compared with unaffected cordiality and simplicity? So mind you love her very dearly, my good mother. You will love me all the more for it.

I have just had a letter from Hummel, who speaks very encouragingly about my compositions.

He says: "I have carefully looked through your two last compositions, and am very much pleased with your evident talent. The only thing that I might say about them is that occasionally there is a too sudden change of harmony. You also seem to me to give way *rather* too much to your own peculiar originality, and I should not like this habit to grow upon you, because it would detract from the beauty, freedom, and clearness of your compositions, even when well-written." He goes on to say: "If you continue to be so industrious and steady, I have no doubt *but that you will entirely accomplish all you are aiming at.*"

Rosalie will tell you more. Hummel's former letters will no doubt interest you, so I will look them out and send them to you.

I am sure Rosalie will gladly give you a truthful account of my doings in other respects, telling you how much interested Wieck is in me, that he is quite in love with my "Papillons," that Clara plays them most delightfully, etc. Rosalie will also tell you my reasons for rather going to Vienna than to Weimar. In any case I shall spend a few days at Zwickau and Schneeberg before starting.

Answer me soon, my dear mother, and give my best

love to Emily and Julius. I often love to think of you. Your fondly loving

ROBERT.

TO FRIEDRICH WIECK, LEIPSIC.[1]

Leipsic, June 3rd, 1832.

MOST honoured Friend,

Many thanks for your trial of my patience; please to give the rest of it to Johann. I enclose the names of my latest compositions. You would oblige me infinitely if you would talk the matter over with Hofmeister; I am not good at that sort of thing, and am too shy to make offers. I do not think that four thalers a sheet would be too much for the "Caprices," and a louis d'or for the "Intermezzi" and "Fandango;" then some complimentary copies of the pieces, perhaps eight or ten of each. If Hofmeister accepts these conditions, I wish he would put a notice in the *Zeitung*, because that would compel me to finish my work quickly. I compose easily and rapidly, but in working it out I am always trying all sorts of experiments, which almost make me despair. I should be very glad if all the pieces could appear at short intervals, and in a certain order. By the day after to-morrow, I hope to be quite finished with "Paganini," preface and all. I came to see you yesterday, but found you out. Every day that I don't see you or Clara is a blank in my Leipsic life.

Yours faithfully,

R. S

[1] From the letter-book.

To Friedrich Wieck, Leipsic.[1]

Leipsic, June 8th, 1832.

Give the "Caprices" a favourable reception. They were a delicious but rather herculean work. Please take a pencil, sit down next to Clara, and mark whatever strikes you. I am keeping back the original on purpose. The preface will be finished in about three days. I have got such a quantity of materials for it, that I cannot be slow and careful enough about making my choice.

Kindest regards.

Six hours ago I began my twenty-third year. In reality it is only my second.

To his Mother.

Leipsic, June 14th, 1832.

My beloved Mother,

I am sure Rosalie has been telling tales out of school, because you have chosen the very things that I wished for so much, and wanted so badly. The pocket-handkerchief looks splendid, especially with my blue coat. Accept my best thanks for your letter, and such useful and beautiful presents. Sending coin was a *splendid* idea, and better than a dozen sentimental birthday poems or moral effusions. The lateness of the hour prevented my answering your letter the very moment I got it. After a walk with Edward,

[1] From the letter-book.

Wieck, and Clara, we sat together till eleven o'clock at night over a bottle of Laubenheimer, and were all thoroughly happy in our hearts.

In the afternoon I had been alone to Zweynaundorf, mind and heart full of happiness and bright prospects for the future. With what different thoughts I visited the same place three years ago! How undecided and uncertain I was in my manner of thinking. How much firmer and more settled I seem to be this year; my imagination and consciousness beautifully balanced, and my thoughts and feelings quite inseparable from one another. When I came home in the evening and found your letters I was very happy, and prayed my guardian angel to continue to make me a pleasure to you. Edward's affair, and the death, which I felt deeply for Rosalie's sake, certainly often made me anxious; but I did my best to quiet Edward, and comfort him with the hope of better times, when the recollection of past unhappiness is so very consoling. But Edward was so quiet and resigned, so industrious and steady, even after several plans had come to nothing, that I did not despair. But how can I better describe Edward's joy when I had procured the money under easy and favourable conditions, than by telling you that I saw his weary eyes brighten with fresh life, and fill with hope and radiance. That was a moment never to be forgotten. . . . . .

I did intend writing you a very long letter, but today I really must remember Julius, Rosalie, and Emily, who think of me so much and write so often.

My letters to them will tell you more about the happy life I am leading.

I enclose a letter from Hummel; it is the first I can lay my hands on, but is the latest in date.

Everybody tells me that my "Papillons" are pretty universally popular. I will tell you more about this, and enclose a favourable criticism in my letter to Julius. Clara and Wieck are very fond of me; Edward liked them very much and they him.

Edward will have told you of the singular accident I have met with.[1] This is why I am going to Dresden next Monday with Wieck. Although I go partly by the advice of my doctor, and partly for the sake of the change, I shall still have to work a good deal. In any case I shall write from there.

Accept my fondest affection and reverence.

R.

To Julius Schumann.[2]

Leipsic, July 18th, 1832.

Dear Brother,

You know how much I dislike writing, though I often think of you so affectionately. But all my thoughts and actions are so absorbed by Art, that I am nearly forgetting German, especially how to make the letters of the alphabet. If I could only tell you everything in music, how I should astonish the world by my

[1] Injury to the first finger of his right hand.

[2] From his letter-book.

thoughts; though I seem to have done that as it is, contrary to my expectations, as you may see from the enclosed,[1] which I have read through about ten times, to find out a misprint in the name. I cannot tell you how bravely I am making way, and how happily and industriously I work at my one object in life. The world lies so bright before me, and outward circumstances have such a beneficial influence upon me, that I have to pray my guardian angel not to make me too ambitious, and to preserve in me the childlike simplicity of a true artist. And I feel how much this will delight all your hearts, for I know what an interest you always take in me, in spite of my long silence, which was really only a pause, before starting again more vigorously.

You are perhaps supposing me still in Dresden. Have been back for a fortnight, after a very harmonious time there. But the weather was so unfavourable that it soon drove me away again. As a rule I do not care about men who have been much in print; still I was often in the company of Reissiger and Krägen (an excellent composer). Herr K. also came to see me, but did not find me *chez moi*.

The little Italian village fascinated me like an old, old memory. Mother will tell you why. Oh, that autumn could always be like May, only more mature and beautiful.

I hear there has been a fire at Schneeberg. Please tell me all about it. During the whole of this letter,

[1] A very favourable Vienna criticism of the Papillons.

my "Exercice Fantastique" has been running in my head to such an extent that I had better conclude, lest I should be writing music unawares. The preface which I wrote as an introduction to "Paganini's Caprices" will be published by Hofmeister in French as well as German, and that will give them a great air of importance. You will have read all about Clara. We are like brother and sister. Best love to Emily and all your children. I always imagine Emily stepping airily along in a green hat and veil. . . . . Please send me back Hummel's letter, and also 1,000 thalers. I am very poor, yet do not want much. Tell me something about that darling Rosalie.

R.

To Baccalaureus Kuntzsch,[1] Zwickau.

Leipsic, July 27th, 1832.

You cannot imagine with what affection I often think of you, my most honoured friend and master. You were the only one who recognized my predominating talent for music, and pointed betimes to the path where my good angel was bound to lead me sooner or later. The only return I can make you for the encouragement and good advice you gave me as a boy, is to ask you to allow me to dedicate a composition to you, in the hope that you will grant my request.

[1] The Baccalaureus Kuntzsch was Schumann's early pianoforte teacher at the Zwickau Lyceum, and the two were attached to one another till Kuntzsch's death in 1854. Schumann dedicated to him the studies for the pedal-piano (Op. 56) in 1846.—Tr.

You will find the Vienna criticism enclosed, my honoured friend. This praise is quite too delightful and undeserved. Would you kindly show it to my relations? It will also interest my friend Erthel.

A few months ago I finished my theoretical course with Dorn, having got as far as canons, which I have been studying by myself after Marpurg, who is a capital theorist. Otherwise Sebastian Bach's "Wohltemperirtes Clavier" is my grammar, and is certainly the best. I have taken the fugues one by one, and dissected them down to their minutest parts. The advantage of this is great, and seems to have a strengthening moral effect upon one's whole system; for Bach was a thorough man, all over, there is nothing sickly or stunted about him, and his works seem written for eternity. Now I must learn to read scores and study instrumentation. Do you happen to have any oldish scores, say of old Italian church music? I will write to you later about my plan, should you think fit to answer these lines.

Remember me very kindly to my old patrons Erthel and Von Schlegel, and kindly accept the assurance of my esteem and friendship.

Yours faithfully,

R. S.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Leipsic, Aug. 9th, 1832.

MY dear Mother,

My whole house has been turned into a doctor's shop.

I really got quite uneasy about my hand, but carefully avoided asking a surgeon, because I was so afraid he would say the damage was irretrievable. I had begun to make all sorts of plans for the future, had almost resolved to study theology (not jurisprudence), and peopled an imaginary parsonage with real people, yourself and others. At last I went to Professor Kühl, and asked him to tell me on his honour whether my hand would get well. After shaking his head a good deal, he said, "Yes, but not for some time, not for about six months." When I once heard the word a weight was taken off my heart, and I readily promised to do all he required. It was quite enough, namely, to take *Thierbäder*[1] — let Schurig describe them to you—to bathe my hand in warm brandy-and-water all day long, to put on a herb poultice at night, and to play the piano as little as possible. The remedies are not exactly pleasant ones, and I very much fear that some of the nature of the ox may pass into mine; but on the whole they appear to be very beneficial. And I feel so much strength and spirit in every limb, that I really feel inclined to give some one a good thrashing! Pardon this nonsense, my dear mother! I need not say that a journey to Zwickau is not to be thought of under the circumstances. But if you like to come and pay your

[1] To bathe the affected part in the blood of a fresh-killed ox, or to envelop the body entirely in the skin of the animal. This treatment was greatly recommended by the ancients, and seems to have come into use again early in this century.—TR.

child a visit, see if you are not received with open arms! You cannot stay with me, as Edward knows. But why not at the Hotel? You can get splendid rooms there by the month very cheaply. And it really would be the most comfortable. I will manage everything for you. Does not Emily feel inclined to come, or to accompany you? I quite long to see her again.

My journey to Vienna is put off for the present, for the same reasons. When my hand is all right I shall go, after having spent some time with you. One ought not to go to Dresden till one has made one's reputation and name, as it is impossible to do so there. Reissiger does not attract me. Our paths are so different. I still consider that music is the ideal language of the soul; but some think it is only meant to tickle the ear, others treat it like a sum in arithmetic, and act accordingly. You are quite right in saying: "Every man must work for the universal good and benefit of mankind"—but not in a conventional way, say I. By climbing you get to the top of the ladder. I don't even wish *all* men to understand me.

I have certainly not forgotten my promise about the dedication. My latest pieces, published by Hofmeister, did not seem appropriate, as they were mostly exercises, etc. I shall have to stick to the songs. . . . . Allow me to call your attention to the last numbers of the *Comet*, which contain some "Reminiscences of Clara Wieck's Concerts" from my pen. Perhaps you will recognize the style.

Please take care of all the old music in my room. I shall be glad of it by-and-by. To-morrow[1] I shall have a serious contemplation of the past. I always think of my father with affection and veneration.

My fondest love to you, and all the others.

R.

To Tobias Haslinger, Vienna.[2]

Aug. 13th, 1832.

The countenance of your firm, and the idea of getting known in different places is such a great temptation to a young composer like myself, that I am induced to send you the accompanying "Phantasieübung" for you to look over at your leisure, and if it should meet with your approval to offer it to you for publication. I should hardly venture to do so did I not hope that, through the kindly criticism in your musical circular I may have become known to you, whose name is so intimately connected with every branch of art.

The piece might, perhaps, form a sequel to Cramer's and Kessler's studies, and in that case I could let you have a second study in double notes, written much in the same style, but not so difficult. It has yet to be copied. The enclosed has been carefully revised by me, and is quite correct. My first condition is the question, whether the piece could appear about the 20th of December next? You will, I hope, excuse

[1] August 10th. Day of his father's death.

[2] From the letter-book.

my naming a particular time in this way, but I owe a certain duty to my honoured master, whose birthday is about that date. Then I should ask you to let me have twelve copies gratis, including one dedication copy on fine paper, and also to insert a previous notice in the Leipsic *Musikalische Zeitung*, for which I can arrange at once if you like. As regards payment, Messrs. Hofmeister and Probst paid me six thalers a sheet. But as I have decided to come and live at Vienna for some time next spring, we could arrange all that when we meet. I would willingly wait for payment till the sale of a certain number of copies has compensated you to some extent for your trouble and expense. I shall hope for a favourable decision as to the above conditions, and for a speedy answer to say whether you agree with them. In case you should refuse altogether, which I trust you will not do, I would ask you to return the MS.

If you should happen to know the writer of the criticism in No. 76, please convey to him the assurances of my esteem and friendship. I will respond to so much pleasant encouragement by working with fresh industry, steadiness and order. I beg you will accept my good wishes for all your admirable undertakings (I am deeply interested in the propagation of Bach's music), and with the assurance of my highest esteem, and kindest regards,

I remain,

Yours very faithfully,

ROB. SCHUMANN.

To Musikdirector G. W. Müller.[1]

Leipsic, Nov. 2nd, 1832.

I take the liberty of writing to ask you, whether you would feel inclined to give me lessons in instrumentation, and assist me in revising a symphony-movement of my own, shortly to be performed in Altenburg. I cannot tell you how much obliged I should be to you if you would do this, as I have been working quite in a way of my own, without any sort of guidance, and am also not at all confident of my ability for symphonies.

I leave every other condition to your kind decision.

I further beg of you to let me know as soon as possible, when I should find you at home, to talk the matter over, and settle when we can begin.

Yours very faithfully,

R. S.

To his Mother.

Leipsic, Nov. 6th, 1832.
2 a.m. sharp.

My beloved Mother,

What a lot of good news I have got to tell you to-day! The first thing is, that we shall certainly meet within a fortnight; I have been thinking about it all night, and at last resolved to get up to write and work. My

[1] From the letter-book.

second piece of news is, that Clara Wieck is going to give a concert in your town, and my third, that a symphony-movement of mine is to be played at it. You really must accept all this as an apology for my long silence. I have been working incessantly for a fortnight, and begin to be quite anxious and doubtful whether I shall have finished in time. I have given up my lodging for two months (if you will have me for so long), have let my piano to Lühe for that time, in short, everything is ready for a start except the symphony. One thing worries me. I still owe about fifty thalers, with small prospect of paying them. If you or my brothers could spare me that amount you would be doing me a great service, and please let me have an answer very soon. As to my hand, the doctor keeps consoling me, *but I am quite resigned*, and believe it to be incurable. At Zwickau I shall take up the violoncello again (for which one only wants the left hand), as it will be always very useful in orchestral compositions. Then the right hand will be resting, and for me rest is the best doctor. What I said about theology was only an idea, written down without consideration, although I was in such bad spirits that it was not without serious meaning. I no longer think of it. Otherwise I am very steady, and work quietly and deliberately, *so never fear for the future.* How I am looking forward to seeing you, my own dearest mother! One thing more. If I should be rather silent at times, do not think me discontented or melancholy. When I am

thoroughly absorbed in a book, an idea, or a person, I talk very little. I have been much cheered and encouraged lately in various quarters. Clara will give you much to think about. Wieck feels quite sure (as I do too) that Edward will not refuse him his piano. Ask him and Therèse beforehand, in my name and Wieck's. I am under great obligations to him.

Good-bye, dear good mother. With best love and in hopes of a happy meeting,

Your
ROBERT.

TO RELLSTAB, BERLIN.[1]

Zwickau, Dec. 7th, 1832.

HONOURED Sir,

I recollect that Leipsic was at first very much surprised at your criticism of the "Papillons," because nobody understood them, while I sat quiet and unobserved in a corner, knowing perfectly well the hidden meaning of your remarks. What a debt of gratitude I owe you for them!

The only thing that saddened me was the "beautiful corpse." Is that really a description of my song? And why should there not be an opera without words? And what was ever created, unless by an objective genius, whether the author knew it or not?

Pardon me, I don't mean this for a counter-criti-

[1] From his letter-book.

cism, and besides, the conclusion made me feel so glad and thankful, that even your challenge after the first part of the last movement did not affect me much. But I accept, and my answer is contained in the enclosed "Paganiniana." Please give my work your kind consideration, and grant me your powerful help. Though I am only pleading for an adopted child, yet I have reared it with care and pleasure, and not without some selfish interest either, for it is to be a test for the critics of what I can do in theory. Seriously, the work was delightful, but not altogether easy, as the harmonies are often vague and ambiguous (and even incorrect), and many of the caprices are by no means perfect in form and symmetry. When one first plays through this sort of movement for a single instrument, one feels as if one were in a stuffy room, but afterwards, when one has grasped the fine spiritual threads running through it, everything grows light and beautiful, and the strange genius is made clear. But I would rather write six of my own, than again arrange three of anybody else's.

I should be extremely obliged to you, if you would allow a critical notice of my work to appear in your *Iris*. I will not wince if it should fall like a thunderbolt.

I hope to come to Berlin in a short time; I trust you will allow me to introduce myself to you. But I shall arrive with a symphony under my arm.

My brothers, the booksellers here, are most anxious to enter into literary connection with you, and beg

me to recommend them to your kind consideration for the future.

Yours respectfully and faithfully,

R. S.

To Hofmeister in Leipsic.[1]

Zwickau, Dec. 17th, 1832.

Pray accept the "Intermezzi" in all kindness, most honoured sir! I have been carefully filing and polishing them, but more with a view of pleasing the artists than the public. Bring out my timid child into the sunlight very soon, if you are not too busy. I am well on the whole, and am working hard at my symphony in my cosy little nursery. Of course, in instrumenting the first movement, I often put in yellow instead of blue; but I consider this art so difficult that it will take long years' study to give one certainty and self-control. If you could assist me in getting it performed in L. this winter, it would encourage me more than anything. I fear that does not sound very modest! You have always received me so kindly as a disciple of art, that I thought I might venture on this petition. Would that I could one day repay you in word and deed! Remember me to the Wiecks. Kind regards to yourself, and success to all your undertakings.

Yours,

Very faithfully,

R. S.

[1] From the letter-book.

To Rosalie Schumann at Schneeberg.[1]

Zwickau, Jan. 9th, 1833.

My beloved Rosalie,

You do not hear from me very often, but I daresay you will be all the more pleased with a few words of affection and gratitude. I have thought so much of you and yours during the last few days, that I often felt as if I were amongst you, and could call "Rosalie." I was only reminded of the change by the quiet in the house, and now and then seeing a careworn face. But mother is all right, and as good and kind to me as ever, in spite of my late undutiful silence.

I said something to her yesterday, which I now repeat for your special benefit, namely, that sad feelings are very attractive and strengthening to the imagination. Try to believe this, and to look into the future (which is never really so cloudy as it looks from a distance), with that bright and cheerful spirit which ought to accompany us through every age, especially as you have the advantage over other people, that the strong serious element in your character makes you neither careless nor indifferent to the present.

Though I preach, I am still your brother, and respect and love you more every time I see you. I should like to tell you much more; how deeply I felt your thoughtful kindness and attention, when I was your guest all that time; how fond I got of your

[1] From the letter-book.

brother and excellent mother, and how touched I was by your forbearance in small things, and your patience in matters of importance. But I will put all this off to a future time when my plans are clearer.

Meanwhile accept this token of sincere affection, from

Your R.

To F. Wieck.

Zwickau, Jan. 10th, 1833.

I AM sending a hurried apology if I can manage to concoct one. Great concert in Schneeberg. After the symphony[1] Thierfelder wrote that I was to remodel the first movement entirely, revise all the individual parts and the score, and to polish up the other movements. I am up to my eyes in work. And yet you are surprised and angry with me! Seriously, it is easy to write to you, but I really do not feel equal yet to writing to Clara. Can't you understand that?

Many thanks for your kind attention. I got the original *Iris-critique* yesterday, and was very much pleased. That sort of thing gives one a fresh impetus, and makes one love one's work.

Your idea is new, but rather Parisian. I am looking forward like a child to Chopin's new things. I do not like his publishing so many pieces at once, simply because it is not very wise; for one's reputation

[1] This must be the Symphony in G minor, which still remains in MS. The first movement was first played at a concert given by Clara Wieck, at Zwickau, Nov. 18th, 1832.—Tr.

creeps along with tiny steps like a dwarf, and must not be hurried, though of course renown soars on the wings of the wind, as in Clara's case. Remember me to her, she is so dear and good; I hope soon to see and hear her Mazurka. You are responsible for making Zwickau enthusiastic for once in its life. When Clara is mentioned all eyes seem to grow brighter and more eloquent.

I have ensconced myself here, and am keeping very quiet in my web. Hence my silence. Though there is little food for the mind here, there is plenty for the heart. At the beginning of February I shall appear with the symphony under my arm, finished. If you could help me to get it played it would be the most delightful encouragement.

I was very much amused to hear that the phantom Schumann drove with you the other day, although mother was quite horrified. But I ask Clara to tell me who was this phantom Schumann? (It makes me shudder to write of myself in this way, as of a third person.) The symphonic illustrations in Clara's letter are splendid, and caused much amusement at Zwickau, especially the *naïf* sentence in parentheses, "Here my father helped me." I quite seemed to hear her whispering it in my ear.

Fink's criticism of the "Euryanthe Variations" is really too crazy. He wants stroking down; I expect one of these days he will have to be stroked, tickled, and pinched, etc.

Please remember me kindly to Hofmeister, whom I

have really frightened. For I was simple enough to write to him that I thought my "Intermezzi" would please critics and artists more than the public. Of course he wrote back naturally enough, saying, "Your remark quite startled me. As a man of business the opinion of the public is all-important to me, that of the critics worth nothing." So I regularly put my foot in it with my cosmopolitan ideas.

My sister-in-law Therèse is at Gera; I will gladly give your message to Rosalie personally, as I shall see her at Schneeberg in four days. (The concert is on the 17th.) My mother and brothers send their kind regards to you and Clara. We speak of you so often —almost every day.

I shall write a long letter to Clara from Schneeberg. I think the Piano-concerto ought to be in C major or A minor.[1] I am teaching your Caprices to Antonie von Tilly. Madame Bürgermeister Ruppius, who once called me a rascal, sends her compliments.

My kind regards to Madame Wieck and Clara, and the same to yourself. How much I owe you!

R. SCHUMANN.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Leipsic, April 9th, 1833.

MY beloved Mother,

I was much interested to find that among all the

[1] This was actually the key of his Pianoforte-concerto, written in 1841.—TR.

qualities assigned to me last night by the Psychometer, or "mind-gauge" (of which more presently) there was not one that showed I was a good correspondent. If I were to excuse my silence by telling you that during the first week after leaving Zwickau I was running aimlessly about, without being able to find a comfortable lodging to my taste, I might say the same of all the following weeks, which were taken up with prosaic domestic arrangements. Still, after that time I can find no reason for my neglect, and I declare I consider myself, what shall I say?—most despicable, after your having treated me with such infinite consideration, tenderness, and affection, never to have written you a line to express my gratitude. How often have I called to mind every day passed in Z., repeated all the kind words which I only heard from you, and thought of all the burdens age has to bear, and which youth should try and lighten by sharing them. And yet when I had painted your picture in the tenderest colours, I always revolted against a cold sheet of letter-paper, and fancied I could tell you nothing you did not know before—I mean my deep sympathy with your joys and sorrows, which I must always have a share in. And now forgive me, dearest mother. The spring is shining on us so brightly, it seems hardly to realize that the sleeping blossom must one day turn into fruit. Perhaps my letter-writing is also a latent talent, to be developed by time, and if you shake your head at this it will only strengthen my resolution to do better.

O

Very often what we look for in the distance lies so near that we need only stretch out our hand to seize it. So it was with my lodging. For eight weary days I was rushing about in a kind of frenzy, but never thought of the house where I had been going in and out for years,—I mean next door to Riedel's (or Rudolph's) garden, where I found two pretty, simple little rooms, full of sun and moonlight, not to mention the look-out on to green meadows, and (in a week's time, I hope) gardens full of flowers. I felt quite entitled to them when I took possession, and as if I ought only to share them with some blessed peaceful poet. . . . . And now, if you keep your promise of going for a trip this summer, I am so delighted to think that we shall not have to tire ourselves walking through the streets, before we can see the moon and stars rise, or look at a brilliant aloe, as there is a conservatory close to my window filled with shiny green plants. Edward knows exactly where my lodging is, or is at all events acquainted with the skittle-alley, which adjoins my Switzerland (minus the Alps) in rather a prosaic fashion.

You can imagine that I am very happy and comfortable under the circumstances; and if, as I believe, outward surroundings have a direct influence on one's thoughts and actions, then I really have nothing left to wish for, unless it be that the charm of novelty may not wear off, like the delicate tints of the butterfly, which, but for its colours, would be merely an insignificant winged insect. Seriously, though it might be

said that every fresh beauty delights one for the first moment, is criticized in the second, and becomes habitual in the third, still it would be of great advantage to mankind, if the sentence could be reversed. You will guess from the tone of this letter, that something must have happened to me, for it seems to be calmer and more deliberate than usual. . . . . .

And really, I have not examined myself so thoroughly for years (not even on holidays), as I did last night, after having tested the Psychometer I told you about. The whole thing, an invention of Professor Portius, is so far unexplained, but undoubtedly depends upon the magnetic interchange of metals and physical forces; but it is so interesting by its decided and finely-drawn character-sketches, that I came away more amazed than satisfied. Having been brought into magnetic contact with the machine, an iron rod is given to you, which the magnet either attracts or repels, according to whether you possess this or that quality, temper, characteristic, etc., or not. My character was hit off to a T, although I do not quite trust some of the good qualities. I tried in vain for the following, which amused me much:—flattering, impenetrable (like a courtier), bold, decided, heroic, boastful, envious, luxurious. My energy and strength of mind were also (very rightly) pronounced doubtful, but absolutely unpleasant epithets, such as "covetous," "revengeful," "cunning," "dogmatical," did not appear at all. But, like lightning, the magnet darted to "Hypochondria" (not Melancholy), and

to "quiet," "shy," "ingenious," (not "dexterous," curiously enough), "delicate," "good-natured," "obstinate," "genial and original," and "preponderance of sentiment." I was not made out economical any more than extravagant (want of means prevents the latter, I thought to myself). Then came "indulgent," "prudent," "loving," "intellectual," "modest," (my confession is anything but that,) "enthusiastic," "sensitive," "susceptible" (?), "sagacious," "meditative" (philosophic brain), "noble-minded," "sociable," "reason predominating," (rather a contradiction, the only one I detected,) "persevering," and "sincere." Ambition and pride (perhaps virtues in a good sense), but more often weaknesses, were also excluded. Enough of this. The interest of the whole invention has led me on, in spite of myself, to make this digression, but I am sure you will not deny the truth and subtlety of the more highly developed characteristics. Charlatanism and humbug are out of the question in this case. It is very curious, but man is far more hurt, when his inborn qualities and talents are misunderstood, than when one of his virtues is not appreciated. For instance, I would never exchange "witty" for "persevering."

If you come to see me, dear mother, I know two golden words, which will suit you admirably, namely, "indulgent" and "loving." Bring them to bear upon your son; I have been obstinately silent for long, but show that you have forgiven me by a speedy answer.

More of other matters next time. As you always

get the *Wiener Anzeiger* after date I send you the conclusion of the very favourable criticism in No. 10.[1] "The importance of the work must be the excuse for this unusually long notice. The problem was one of endless difficulty, but it was begun with equal affection, perseverance, and care, and now it is concluded in a way that will give all pianists true pleasure and much enjoyment, and ought to make them feel very grateful to the composer."

My paper is coming to an end. Thousands of loving messages to darling Emily, Therèse, and my brothers, whom I hope to see very soon.

From your ROBERT.

Write soon!

TO CLARA WIECK, LEIPSIC.

Leipsic, May 23rd, 1833.

DEAR Clara,

Good morning! In your prosaic town you can have no idea of what a morning is like in Rudolph's garden, when everything, from the birds to myself, is singing, humming, and rejoicing. Why not go to Connewitz some such day as this? And when is it to be? And how wretched those people must be who have to drive out! Or are you going to try your strength with the Vienna lady?[2] And if so when? I

[1] Critique of Op. 3, Studies after Paganini's Caprices.

[2] A pianiste named Eder, who was giving a concert at Leipsic at that time.

was very much charmed with her. Please send me an answer to all these questions.

On such mornings as this, I often indulge in beautiful thoughts. For instance, I love to think that this bright life is to last for the whole of June and July,—or that man is a butterfly, and the world the flower over which he flutters (too far-fetched !), or that the same sun which looks into my room is also shining into Becker's at Schneeberg ; or how nice it is, when a sunbeam quivers over the piano, as though playing with sound, which, after all, is only sounding light. Of course everybody has not always got a reason ready. But in all this, do you not recognize a certain

ROBERT SCHUMANN ?

Please send me your Variations, including those on the Tyrolienne.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Leipsic, June 28th, 1833.

MY beloved Mother,

I am inclined to think that a kind of vanity is the reason that I have not written for some time. For weeks I have been waiting for the appearance of the "Intermezzi," indeed, I give you so little pleasure, that I should like to send you a printed composition with each letter. But I really dare not be silent any longer.

The very fact of my thinking so often about you,

and all your anxieties and troubles, sometimes disturbs me abruptly, in the midst of my happiest and brightest imaginations, although grief itself is sometimes turned into beauty. And then I often say to myself: "Ought you to be so happy, when your people at home are perhaps unspeakably depressed, with doubts about your future?" And then again I see a sweet youthful figure, whom I can only call Emily, with more forgiveness than reproach in her eyes, and I can but answer her look by saying: "Are you angry? You are right, but I love you all the same." And now, first of all, how is our good Julius? The lovely past months of May and June, when every day was like a month of bliss, could not possibly make anybody worse. And how are you? I fully appreciate your delicacy in always sending my birthday-letter on the day itself. Very many thanks for it and the enclosure. I find more cheerfulness and confidence in the letter itself than in many of your preceding ones. Great griefs do not weaken strong minds, although I think Providence might make the burdens of old age lighter than those you have had to bear for some time, dear mother. Age always sees the extent of a misfortune far sooner than youth, which always makes the best of its troubles. . . . . Now to tell you about myself. While you have been hearing nothing of me, my life has not been without brightness and charm. A lot of young men, mostly musical students, have formed a circle round me, which I have extended as far as Wieck's house. We

are principally taken up with the idea of starting a new, serious, musical paper, to be published by Hofmeister, and the notices and prospectus are to appear next month. Its whole tone and style is to be fresher and more varied than the other papers, and we want particularly to break up the old conventional track, though I fear there is but little prospect of my ever agreeing with Wieck about art, notwithstanding my increasing intimacy with him. "So many men, so many minds," even though it should come to blows! The directors are Ortlepp, Wieck, myself, and two other musicians, almost all fine players (except myself with my nine fingers), and this will give the whole business an air of solidity, since the other musical papers are edited by amateurs. Among our other contributors I may mention Lühe, Hofrath Wendt, Lyser (who is deaf), Reissiger, Krägen at Dresden, and Franz Otto in London.

Perhaps I may gain something by this undertaking, which I and many other artists are longing for; indeed, I *naturally* hate irregularity, and therefore, perhaps, it may give me a more decided and business-like mind as a background to my character, which would be to me what the frame is to the picture, or the vase to the fluid it contains. I say nothing of the financial advantages which may follow by-and-by.

I am having my hand treated homœopathically. Dr. Hartmann laughed, and said no Allopath could cure it, and it should be all right in three months. And he produced a tiny little powder, and prescribed

me a strict regimen, very little beer, and no wine or coffee. Electricity I had tried before, and perhaps it did harm, as the affected part was merely deadened by such a powerful remedy. I have not much faith in homœopathy, but was pleased with the doctor's confidence, and that is something at all events.

I expect Edward has told you that I have seen a good deal of Kalkbrenner, a most polite, amiable, vain Frenchman. Now that I have made the acquaintance of the most celebrated artists (excepting Hummel), I realize all that I have already achieved, and it really is a good deal. One expects to hear the latest novelties from celebrated men, and only finds one's own dear old mistakes wrapped up in famous names. Truly *names* are half the battle. But in preference to all men players, I would give the palm to two girls, namely, Mdlle. Belleville[1] and Clara. Clara is as fond of me as ever, and is just as she used to be of old, wild and enthusiastic, skipping and running about like a child, and saying the most intensely thoughtful things. It is a pleasure to see how her gifts of mind and heart keep developing faster and faster, and as it were, *leaf for leaf*. The other day, as we were walking back from Connewitz, (we go for a two or three hours' tramp almost every day), I heard her saying to herself: "Oh, how happy I am! How happy!" Who would not love to hear that? On that same road there are a great many

[1] Afterwards Madame Oury, well known in this country.—TR.

useless stones lying about in the middle of the foot-path. Now, when I am talking, I often look more up than down, so she always walks behind me, and gently pulls my coat at every stone to prevent my falling; meantime she stumbles over them herself!

On my birthday, which I shall always remember by a glorious thunderstorm, Wieck and some of my friends had arranged a supper-party at our usual restaurant, and Clara was there too. It was a charming coincidence, that the innkeeper's pretty daughter turned sixteen the same day. I entered upon my twenty-fourth year sadly enough, yet somewhat quaintly. When I got home my door was locked, and as it is separated by the canal from the house itself, it was impossible to knock the people up, and I had to return to the eating-house, and sleep on a chair. The whole of the ninth of June I was in the most cut-and-dried sort of mood.

I had a great treat the other day in reading Bulwer's "Eugene Aram," which will, I trust, be a perfect gold-mine to my dear brothers. As the novel is founded on fact, your horror of new romances will not prevent your reading it. It proves very clearly how a single crime grows and sends forth endless branches.

My symphony, which was played here shortly before Edward arrived, has made me many friends among the principal friends of art; such as Stegmayer, Pohlenz, and Hauser. When I introduced myself to Matthäi, the Concertmeister, I was so absent that I made the comical mistake of saying:

"My name is Matthäi." Isn't that like me? You can imagine that I am very busy with preparations for the paper. If my pen once gets into practice again, it will make our correspondence all the more lively. The Intermezzi will soon follow.

Mind you write to me soon, my beloved mother.

With a thousand greetings and good wishes for your welfare and happiness,

Your R.

To Clara Wieck.

Leipsic, 1833.

Dear Clara,

I have a great longing to see you. The Günz's are coming for a drive with me. If you have time, and feel so inclined, do turn our trio into a quartet, if your parents have no objection. Please let me know. You must decide when we are to start.

Longingly

Yours.

To the Same.

Good morning, my dear Clara, and would it at last be advisable to go to Connewitz to-day? Please ask your father and send me a line in answer.

R. S.

[1] No signature.

To the Same.

Leipsic, July 13th, 1833.

Dear good Clara,

I want to know whether you are alive and how you are. I can hardly wish you to remember me, as I get thinner every day, and am shooting up like a dry beanstalk without leaves. The doctor has even forbidden me to long for anything (*i.e.*, for you) very much, because it would be too exhausting; but to-day I tore the bandages off my wounds, and laughed in his face when he wanted to prevent me from writing, and even threatened to give him my fever, if he did not let me do as I liked, so he left me alone.

I did not intend telling you all this, but something altogether different; in fact I am going to ask you to do me a favour. As there is no electric current between us to remind us of one another, I have had a sympathetic idea, namely that to-morrow, exactly at eleven o'clock, I shall play the Adagio from Chopin's Variations, and shall think intensely, exclusively, of you. Now my petition is that you will do the same, so that we may meet and communicate in spirit. The trysting-place of our respective doubles will probably be over the Thomaspförtchen. If there were a full moon, it might have been a mirror reflecting our letters. I am anxiously looking forward to your answer. If you do not do as I ask you, and a string should break to-morrow at twelve o'clock, be sure that's me. With all my heart, I remain

Robert Schumann.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Leipsic, July, 1833.

MY dear, beloved Mother.

A journey to Zwickau is not to be thought of for the present; I am like Rosalie, and have had ague for the last six days. How gladly I would have kept the knowledge of it from you, but I felt I must send you an answer in reply to your very natural wish. To-day I am free from the attacks, but feel too much prostrated by your letter to be able to write in a sufficiently quiet and consoling spirit to Julius. Perhaps I shall feel more equal to it to-morrow, if the fever keeps away. My homœopathic doctor, in whom I have now more confidence, hopes to cure me entirely in three weeks, and I need not assure you that I shall not fail to do my duty (not for the last time, I hope) towards a beloved and deeply respected brother.

As it all seems so hopeless, *why do you not try homœopathy*, which acts so easily and naturally? If sorrows come upon me by-and-by, your last delightful letter will give me strength and power of endurance.

Good-bye, beloved mother; always go on loving me. I can hardly return your love by looks, much less by words; perhaps I shall be able to repay you later on by good deeds. Do not worry about me. I am strong, and my illness will pass over without the evil consequences which followed in poor Rosalie's case. With fondest love,

Your ROBERT.

To Clara Wieck.

Leipsic, 1833.

Dear Clara,

If you can spare the two books of "Songs without Words" just for to-day, please send them to me. I am in a great hurry, so kindly excuse these unrhythmical lines. There is just time for a greeting.

R. Schumann.

To the Same.

Leipsic, Aug. 2nd, 1833.

Dear Clara,

People who are bad at flattering, can hardly have a more uncongenial task, than first, to write a letter of dedication, and secondly, to answer it. On such occasions one has to be so completely crushed and overcome by modesty, regrets, gratitude, etc.! So to anybody else but you I should have to say politely, How have I deserved this distinction? Have you considered? Or I should get metaphorical, and say that the moon would be invisible to man, if the sun did not cast its rays upon it occasionally. Or I might say, See how the noble vine climbs up the humble elm, so that a tree which has neither blossoms nor fruit may be refreshed by its presence. But I will only send you my warmest thanks, and if you were present I would press your hand (even without your father's leave). Then I might express a hope that the union of our names on the title-page might foreshadow the

union of our ideas and opinions in the future. A poor fellow like myself cannot offer you more than that.

My work will probably always remain a fragment, like many another composition, as lately I have only improved in the art of scratching out. Something else will follow. Say good morning to Krägen from me, and ask him whether he will act as godfather to the work, I mean whether I may dedicate it to him.

As it looks so very threatening to-day, I regret that I cannot go to you for music this evening. Besides, I am so cosily ensconced in my corner, that only the very tips of my wings are peeping out of the chrysalis, and they might so easily come to grief! But I shall certainly hope to see you before you start.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

A year ago to-day we drove to Schleussig. How sorry I am that I spoilt your pleasure on that occasion!

TO FRIEDRICH WIECK.[1]

Leipsic, Aug. 6th, 1833.

MY honoured Friend,

You will only find the letter to my brothers enclosed. If you have time to-day, please tell me privately whether anything important has been forgotten. I must call your attention to a passage written yesterday, which I have marked.

If I understood you rightly, you said: "If you take up the matter energetically I promise you my help;

[1] From his letter-book.

but if you get lukewarm . . . . ." You meant to say that in that case you would retire altogether. How is this? Are you not co-editor of the paper? Will you not share our sorrows as well as our joys? If you undertook to do so, as you led me to suppose you would, from the interest you took in the matter, how could any coolness on my part be an excuse for you? Do you only want to help us in a half-hearted way?

If anyone else, whose way of expressing himself I did not understand so well, had said this to me, I should have answered: Keep everything to yourself. When I am in full swing, the most I shall ask of you is to put on the curb; when you get excited I will do the same by you, but if I should grow slack you must lend me your wings. That is only fair. Do you suppose I am thirsting for fame? Or that I really care so much about the editorship—if you give that name to looking after the correspondence, and so on? If you don't see that this entails the greatest possible self-sacrifice on my part, of course I shall not be able to convince you. And I only submit to this guidance, because I know all the circumstances best, and because I don't like giving up an idea, which I foresee will lead to endless intellectual advantages, both for mind and heart.

But I think I know your way of talking, and perhaps my interpretation of your remarks is rather hypochondriacal, so I must needs conclude, that you are somewhat doubtful about my perseverance in

the future, for which no doubt you have some reason. For who will answer for all the chances, unexpected interruptions, etc? And I said that I would only bind myself to work with you steadily for two years at the outside, though I don't say that I will give up altogether even then. But I consider that time quite sufficient, to learn a good deal from the regular work, and to strengthen and confirm my artistic opinions, without any danger of getting stiff, or losing my admiration of the higher beauty of art. But I quite admit that I should like to hear your opinions expressed more gently. For instance, you might say: We will both put our shoulders to the wheel, and if one of us drops off, let the other be wide-awake and energetic, or if one draws in his horns, let the other put them out.

I beg your indulgence for my frankness, for if our structure begins to shake in this way in its very foundations, it is easy to foresee its ultimate downfall. If such a complicated undertaking is to be firmly concluded, its forces must support one another alternately and unconditionally. But if, according to what you said yesterday, you will only give us conditional assistance, of course it can only damage our prospects.

It would be foolish to imagine that I have told you anything in all this letter that you don't know already. But I hope you will favour me by an explanation of your opinions to-day.

Yours faithfully,

R. S.

To Carl Schumann, Schneeberg.[1]

Aug. 5th, '33.

(Extract.)

In fact, how can an enterprise come to grief which has been begun in the interests of art in its purest sense, by men who make art their object in life? Especially when it is based on well-founded opinions, and experience gained by previous undertakings? I say how can it possibly fail? There is a great deal in its favour.—The wrapper must be engraved on copper. As a vignette I propose a genius with a mask in his hand.

If the undertaking cannot be made to answer, Wieck, Knorr, Ortlepp, and myself will renounce all payment. My post as editor is worth about 150 thalers, which I will also give up, if the worst comes to the worst. The contract is to be drawn up for two years.

Hofmeister would at once put himself in communication with him. I recommend the greatest haste about the advertisement. The first number will contain a portrait of Spohr. Mind you see about the engraver.

I should not like the price to exceed 4 thalers (a year). How would the net profits be then? I will arrange about the vignette.

[1] From the letter-book.

To Franz Otto in Hamburg.[1]

Leipsic, Aug. 9th, 1833.

Dearest Franz Otto,

What a lot I have got to tell you, of joy and sorrow, gorgeous castles in the air, dreams of immortality, tears—in short, of many things. Your wretched experience would not have mattered so much, if it had not prevented your enjoying and appreciating a pleasant time. Well, now you can drink your fill of German spirit, and the German eagle's blood. Believe me, in other countries, Germans endure more than mere physical homesickness.

My dear friend, accept this letter as the beginning of a rapid and regular correspondence ; but I must cut it short for to-day. Take it as the herald of a brighter musical future. We need a Hermann with Lessing under his arm to make a rush among the mob. Do not retire from the fray, but come and strike a blow with us. I expect Wieck has told you that a new musical periodical is coming out, which is to be the representative of poetry, and will mercilessly attack all the weaknesses of the age. Although I don't exactly know what your opinions are, still I have always felt that I could rely upon you as a warm friend of all that is thorough and genuine, and having always regarded you in that light, I feel that I am quite justified in calling upon you to lend us a helping

[1] From the letter-book.

hand. Of course, you help us in a passive sense as it is, by writing, but besides that we require active criticism to make victory quite certain.

You must begin by being very funny with some English letters, to make a sensation in the very first numbers, which will be published on trial at the beginning of October. My dear fellow, pray sit down the moment you receive this, and mend a pen with a view to writing your "English Letters." I need not tell you how much depends on the first numbers; and though they must not promise too much, yet they must let the public feel that a long-felt want has been supplied. If you do not care to frame or embellish your thoughts, leave that to me; I will see that their original form is not interfered with. As you are so far away, it would be best for your contributions to take the form of letters, as being the most amusing, and under the circumstances most natural, and I recommend you to write to some ideal person, for instance, a sweetheart, Vult Harnisch, or Peter Schoppe.[1] I will leave all that to you. The importance of the matter and an old feeling of friendship will induce you to let me know as soon as possible whether we may count upon some English letters for the first numbers. If the undertaking answers, and you keep on writing regularly, I think we may promise you a small remuneration.

Perhaps during the first year we might give a few

[1] Some of Jean Paul Richter's characters.

extracts from your opera. Mind you bestir yourself. I am going to supply some new Intermezzi, Impromptus (a story), and a Sonata. Are you soon coming back to Leipsic? More in my next.

Good-bye. Give your mind to all this, and send an answer. R. S.

TO FRIEDRICH HOFMEISTER, LEIPSIC.[1]

A FEW weeks ago I sent you half a sheet of paper with all about our newspaper arrangements. May I ask you to return it to me, if it is not troubling you too much? I doubt whether my brother will undertake it now, as he is too busy with his more important publications. You are not going to neglect the right moment for an enterprise which can only bring you honour and glory? Perhaps a clever editor may turn up.

Do you want any more money? I shall be glad to let you have 1,400 thalers in Saxon four per cent. bonds. You can give me cheques, and after they have become due, send me back the papers *in natura*. They are more likely to rise than fall; but in either case the risk is yours. Kindly send me word whether I can see you to-day, or in the next few days.

Yours faithfully,

R. S.

I have had no second proof of the Intermezzi. How long is this to go on?

[1] From the letter-book.

To G. W. Fink.[1]

(With the "Impromptus.")

August, 1833.

Although I am rather surprised and hurt at your silence respecting several of my compositions which I sent you some years ago, especially as I am aware of no reason for this slight, still I make a last attempt to induce you to write a critique on the enclosed "Impromptus." I must beg that you will not class me amongst those who try to increase the difficulties of an editor; and allow me to assure you that I should never have taken this somewhat indiscreet step, if my anxious old mother did not sadly ask me in every letter: "Why is there nothing about you in the *Leipsic* paper?" and each time I have to answer, "Mother, I don't know." May this reason be a sufficient apology for my letter.

Faithfully,

R. S.

To His Mother.

Autumn, 1833.

You, too, seem to have given up everything. Well, God help you. I, too, my good mother, am in need of consolation. I cannot help but only weep. You appear to have no idea of my painful disease, or you would not invite me so repeatedly. I need hardly tell

[1] From the letter-book.

you that if I were well you would not have to say a word. But having already refused in my last letter, I really must try and convince you that I am anything but flourishing, as every breath of air brings on an attack. I have not been allowed out for a fortnight, and may not even wash myself. Very likely I might have to go from the coach straight to bed, and perhaps never leave it again. Of course, I feel hurt by your doubts. And then I have heard nothing about Julius, and want to hear how he really is—whether he still retains speech and consciousness, whether he has any hope left, whether he got my letter, and has asked to see me, or often thinks of me. The good that it would do me to know all this! Whatever you do, don't deprive him of the hope of seeing me soon. Could I not have a few lines from himself? Do ask him.

May your splendid strength of mind never desert you, my poor dear afflicted mother. While I am writing this he is perhaps struggling with death. Oh, my God! Farewell!

R.

To the Same.

Leipsic, Nov. 27th, 1833.

* * * * *

I WILL say nothing of the past weeks.[1] I was more like a statue than anything else, without either heat

[1] After the death of his brother Julius, and his sister-in-law, Rosalie.

or cold, but excessive work brought back life by degrees. But I still feel so nervous and upset that I cannot sleep alone. I have got a thoroughly good-natured fellow to keep me company, and find I am able to teach him a good deal, and that cheers and interests me. Would you believe it, I have not the courage to travel *alone* to Zwickau, for fear *of something happening to me.* Violent rush of blood to the head, inexpressible nervousness, shortness of breath, sudden faintness, alternate in quick succession, although less just now than in the last few days. If you had any idea of the dead condition to which this melancholy has brought my mind, I am sure you would forgive me for not having written. One thing more. Do you know that a certain R. S. is thinking of you almost every hour? Do write to him very soon. Try and be happy! Deep down in my heart there is something I would not miss on any account—the belief in a certain amount of human goodness, and in the existence of a God. Am I not happy?

R.

To the Same.

Leipsic, Jan. 4th, 1834.

My good Mother,

I have only read your letter to-day. When I got it a week ago, and saw by the beginning what a gloomy spirit it was written in, I had not the energy to finish reading it. Even the mere thought of other people's troubles is so disastrous in its effects as to rob me of

all power of action ; beware, therefore, of letting me know anything which could make me at all anxious, *or I shall have to give up your letters altogether.* I must particularly request you, in all kindness, not to remind me *in any way* of Julius and Rosalie, either in speaking or writing to me. I have never before known sorrow ; now it has come upon me, but I cannot get over it, and it has crushed me a thousandfold. Still, for the last few days I have felt fresher and better than I have for a long time, and perhaps by degrees happy thoughts will come back, and then I will be as kind to people as they are to me now. You will hardly believe that. If you think I am going deeper and deeper into my shell, you are mistaken ; a word from anybody makes me happy now, and I should like to thank people for every syllable they say to me. I am living very simply, and have got out of the habit of taking *stimulants* at all. I walk a great deal, especially with that splendid fellow, Ludwig Schunke, of whom I dare say you have heard. I have been working harder, too, than I did in those last weeks. Don't overlook the "Davidsbündler" in the *Comet.* They are by me, and are making some little sensation. They will form a kind of volume, and by-and-bye I shall have it published separately by Carl and Edward. I have also been getting on better in composition. I expect you have got the Intermezzi by now. The next thing will be a Toccata published by Hofmeister, and an Allegro (dedicated to Kuntzsch), in the *Pfennigmagasin,* for which I am

to get thirty thalers. The three Sonatas dedicated to you are to be my masterpiece. My daily companions are Herlosssohn, Wieck, Stegmayer, Schunke, Stelle, Ortlepp, Lyser, Berger, Bürck, and Pohlenz. I see a good deal of Fink too. The other day he invited me to a big musical matinée. You see I don't lack plenty of intellectual intercourse, and am made welcome in the most select circles.

You ask me whether I can make my money last. Honestly, no. My income, including my earnings, does not at present amount to more than four or five hundred thalers, and unfortunately I have never spent less than six hundred. But, believe me, these cares are insignificant compared with the great sorrows of life. When our griefs are healed, happiness and energy return, and soon dispel all petty worries. I am quite easy on that score, and beg you to be so too. We often think we see dark spots in the sky, while in reality they are glorious suns, not discernible to our feeble sight.

I can well understand the sadness of your lonely life. Why not go and live with Carl or Edward? Your children love you dearly, and you owe them the longest possible life. I am sure they will try and make it as happy as possible. Of late I have constantly felt an inexpressible desire that you might come and live at Leipsic for a time, though, of course, I am well aware that there is but little here to make up for all that is dear to you which you would have to leave behind. But still I feel that I should like to

try and work off my heavy debt to you, as I often reproach myself that I do not show you sufficient consideration and gratitude. I know very well how difficult it is for elderly people to get used to new surroundings, which are so different from what they have been accustomed to, and I should never forgive myself if you did not find your new life what you expected. Think it well over and let me know your opinion. I refrain from describing the joy I should feel if you were to agree to my suggestion.

Give my fondest love to Emily, of whom I am inexpressibly fond, to Edward, who will certainly be happy some day, as he only works for the happiness of others; to Carl, and to the children. I thought of you all very sadly on Christmas Eve,—but I am so poor now, oh, so poor! Remember me to all the Lorenz family.[1]

Perhaps we may meet before the spring, and then your eyes, dimmed by so many sorrows, shall give me strength to get better.

Your fondly loving son, R.

Thousands of thanks for your golden present, which I had not expected in the least.

TO THE SAME.

Leipsic, March 19th, 1834.

MY good Mother,

I cannot answer your three letters better, than by

[1] The family of his sister-in-law Emily.

telling you how much they cheered and consoled me. How can I thank you, how repay you, for your constant self-sacrificing love, which I have so often misunderstood, and for your kind and considerate attention? There was a time when you often appeared in my dreams, but always either warning or indignant. How different it all is now! You stand before me like some good genius, whether I am asleep or awake, and are always gentle and loving, and as though transfigured by youth. Would you believe it, I dream of you almost every night, and nearly always pleasantly? Why should this be so, unless it is that I now appreciate your disinterested love for all that is true and noble, more than I used in my younger days, when one is apt to regard a noble action as a mere duty, and self-sacrifice as a necessity? The very fact of our being so much more intimate now than we used to be, is the reason of my silence, as I consider it most wrong and sinful to approach you when you are dreary and unhappy. The delicious mild weather of the last few months has made me almost quite well. I trust that the balmy spring days we have had this winter may cheer and console you, and show you that your good angel will surely bestow some blossoms even on your old age, and if rather pale, they are all the more ethereal. You should have seen me and my friend, Ludwig Schunke, walking about with lightened hearts and fresh energy, and heard us talking about you. He is a capital fellow and true friend, and is always ready and willing to go in for every-

thing good and beautiful. *One* speck of blue in the sky often gives more pleasure than when it is all blue; and I would rather lose all my friends together than this one. Perhaps we shall burst in upon you one of these days, and solicit your kind hospitality. Only perhaps,—for the new musical paper requires all our energies at present. Rascher will probably bring you a prospectus. The scheme is mine. Capellmeister Stegmayer, Wieck, Schunke, Knorr, and myself, are the directors. A new enterprise is always full of hopes. I am glad to have given my life such a satisfactory and attractive background. Besides honour and glory, I may also expect some profit, so that now you may really be easier about my means of subsistence in the future. Of course there is plenty to do, both to learn and teach; but great difficulties will be met by great talents, and I expect much success, and infinite intellectual advantages. Edward will probably look upon it as a matter of business. Kuntzsch is certain to subscribe. Do ask him to send me, *as soon as possible*, the three first volumes of the old Leipsic *Musikalische Zeitung*, and also the three first of Fink's editing. I should be so much obliged to him, if he would.

Stegmayer is another delightfully musical man, to whom I owe very much. But he leads such a wild life, that there is no getting on with him. Just imagine, the other night I actually danced at the Capellmeister's, and three times,—only think of that! Once with his wife, once with Clara, and then with the

daughter of the American Consul List. I have just remembered the miserable accounts I used to give, when I came back from a ball in former days, and you wanted to know the names of my partners! I have also been skating a good deal with Schunke on a lonely pond near Connewitz. Well, perhaps, everything will get better by degrees. . . . .

Do not worry yourself about my finger! I can compose without it; and I should hardly be happier as a travelling virtuoso. You have spoilt me too much at home for that. It does not interfere with my improvising. I have even regained my old nerve in improvising before people, and performed at Barth's the other day, where I went to dinner.

Lühe and Herlosssohn are now editing a "Ladies' Encyclopædia," in which I have undertaken the musical articles (15 thalers per sheet). Don't be in the least unhappy about Rellstab's criticism of the Intermezzi. Opposition only strengthens one. Every man should go his own way. If one goes to Italy, another to Greece, and they chance to meet, neither can say that the other is on the wrong road. I fully appreciate your delicacy in not alluding to it. When I read the criticism, my *first* thought undoubtedly was that it would make you sad. But, as I gave you credit for plenty of penetration and tact, I did not worry myself any more about it. So don't let it trouble you either.

I am looking forward with almost childish delight to seeing Edward and Carl. *They say Carl is going to*

marry again. What truth is there in it? Perhaps I could arrange to travel back to Leipsic with Edward, if I only had some idea of the day when he is to start from Zwickau. Write and tell me. If my work does not admit of this plan, I shall certainly hope to have you with me at Leipsic for some time. That would make me very happy. You can stay with me very comfortably. It is like this. Schunke and I between us have hired three nice rooms on the first floor of the house where I am living. We wanted to be together, but in adjoining rooms we should have disturbed one another by our piano-playing, so we hired a room in between as well. I am sure the landlord will gladly provide us with bedding. Do you hear what I say? Let me have your answer, dearest mother.

A visitor is just arriving. I love Emily as much as you do. Blessings upon her and her children, and upon you all.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

TO THE SAME.[1]

Leipsic, March 26th, 1834.

ACCEPT this little present, my dear, dear mother, with many thanks for your letter, which made me so inexpressibly happy. Your proposals are delightful. Everything shall be thought over. Just now I have got a great deal to do. Yesterday alone I wrote fourteen letters. The carrier is waiting. Good-bye again and

[1] With a present of Eau de Cologne.

again. Oh! You have not answered my question about Carl. Shakespeare is a good undertaking. Well, I trust everything will turn out for your happiness.

"With cheerful mind pure motives wed."

Your ROB.

TO THE SAME.

Leipsic, April 9th, 1834.

MY beloved Mother,

I wish you might be as fortunate in a good son as I am in having such an excellent mother! I can only send the same old answer to both your letters. But it will ever be the same, and though poor in words, it shall be all the richer in deeds. I must have improved, because I think of you much oftener and more joyfully than I used.

But do please write your letters on better paper. It does not look at all nice. Don't you remember how much I always used to praise you, when you had on your beautiful white lace cap, and black silk gown? I never could bear to see you in your old gray one. Don't be angry with me for saying this. It just struck me as I was reading your letter over again.

Very many thanks for the money you sent me! There are 12 groschen over, which I expect you will have to add on to our old debt. Didn't you get a letter from me at the same time with the Eau de Cologne? Only a few lines, it is true, but still they spared me a reproach, which otherwise you would have

been justified in making. In that very note I told you of my resolve to give up my visit to you for the present. You are perfectly right in everything. April is most dreary. But May shall be glorious, if you come to me. Mind you send Edward very soon. I have a great longing to see some of my own people, though I must say that all the Leipsic people are very nice and kind to me.

It is a bad job about Fink. He is frantic as it is, and will not tolerate anyone except himself. I am sorry that an old man, who is otherwise so highly respected, should lower himself in such a contemptible way. In any case there will be a tussle in consequence, however *dignified* the spirit of it shall be. Depend upon it I shall insist on maintaining the word in italics. If it should come to intellectual blows, five backs (especially with youth on their side) can stand more than one which is old and very much bent. Of course we have had proper prospectuses printed. Let me know what struck you particularly in them. I have always considered your remarks very shrewd and to the point, and when you don't know much about things, you get a sort of inkling of the truth, at all events. I am writing and composing most industriously. There is any amount of work to do. When Edward comes over for the Fair, I can put him in the way of MSS. by the most talented authors, such as Laube, Lyser, Schlesier and Bürck. Do you and he hope to do good business at the Fair? I am not so anxious about Carl.

One favour more. Send the enclosed passport at once to Rascher with my kindest regards, and ask him to draw me up a new one available for *one* year, and to send it to me as soon as possible. Instead of "artist" he had better put "musician"—do you understand? Who would have thought that little Rascher would ever make out a passport for little "Sch. Robert"! Thus men grow up without any will of their own—one to be an oak, the other a laurel. The kind hand of fate has transplanted me into a new soil, for which the foliage was so ardently longing. And behold! Here, too, I am basking in the rays of the sun, and possibly shall produce nothing but blossoms.

Well, good-bye, my dearly beloved mother!

That last image has made me quite happy. May it have the same effect on you. Remember me most affectionately and respectfully to Emily, her parents, and children. I say, Edward, do make haste and come!

Your son,

ROBERT.

Apropos.—Don't be frightened! I am growing a moustache!

To the Same.

Leipsic, July 2nd, 1834.

My dear good Mother,

I am not dead, or it would certainly have been in our paper, which, on the contrary, has, I am sure, given you many a token of life, industry, and gladness.

And that same paper bears the brunt of my silence during the last two months. But why does not Edward write me a line? Why not Carl? Edward's silence particularly seems to me quite incomprehensible, and, as far I can see, unpardonable. I know Carl is a bad hand at keeping promises, although that does not excuse him in the least. And then you, yourself, who in love and consideration have so often overlooked the debt due to you from others, and never claimed it—could you not have sent me *one* line, one word of affection, which I have never before missed *on a certain day?* It was a great grief to me.

I know full well that it ill becomes me to reproach you, as I owe you an account of myself in more ways than one. But you are not aware that, owing to ague, our Editor, Knorr, has been absolutely unfit for work during the last eight weeks, so that I have to see about everything, correspondence, proofs, manuscripts, and, what is more, that from week to week I have been resolving to rush over and see you for a few—hours! Perhaps you have thought as much yourselves, but now, owing to Knorr's continual ill-health,

there is not the slightest prospect of it. I have been lately harbouring a secret hope that you would perhaps surprise me with a visit, as I could not manage to go to you. Nothing of the sort! But after such a long separation I gladly hold out my hand to you, and if I have in any way wounded your feelings, I will gladly try and make up for it again.

This two months' interval contains much both of joy and sorrow, as well as certain events which might decide my whole future life. If I could only sit down opposite to you, and tell you everything, and talk things over, and ask your advice! Among the joyful things, I reckon first of all my whole new sphere of action, then the delight I take in my work, and in acting for the public, and the praise and appreciation from without which is the gratitude shown us for our good intentions; I further rejoice in the increase in my intimate acquaintances, and in the friendship and respect of genuine and high-minded people, and my life really consists of physical and mental enjoyment as far as the eye can reach.

A judgment on some of my things by Gottfried Weber, our greatest critic, gave me great pleasure, as did Rellstab's opinion of our paper, which, honestly, I manage quite alone. I expect you have read the last number, but as the *Caecilia*, edited by Weber, does not get to Zwickau, I send you a few extracts, which ought at any rate not to weaken your love for me! If I were found fault with in any particular way, I should not disguise it from you, but in this case the

blame is bound up with the praise. Read and wonder, for a great man speaks :—

"If we were to examine in detail five music books almost entirely filled with extraordinary things, we ought to say a great deal more about them, than about a hundred such by other composers, in fact, much more than would fill a whole number of *Caecilia*. This being the case, it is obvious that there is at present neither space nor time for such discussions. But I cannot withhold my testimony to this (presumably *young*) composer, and must say, that there is such a spirit lurking in his productions—which, far from being immature, have been rather forced on in the hot-house of undue straining after originality—that there is no knowing whether, in good time, he will not find his way out of the maze of adventurous tone-pictures, back to the paths of simplicity and nature, and thence to the summit of Art." . . . .

"*But we will by no means condemn even this road to Art*, for by it also the goal may be reached in a round-about way, especially by returning to natural paths, and I repeat once more, who knows what a young artist like Herr Sch., though he does emit fiery sparks somewhat early, may turn out to be? We, at all events, not only wish him every success, but *have good reason to hope for it*, as in many places, where that everlasting striving after effect and to be extraordinary and original, leaves him for a while, he often succeeds in a most praiseworthy manner."

Weber quotes my Papillons to support his opinion,

and they are anything but ultra-original, and I am inclined to question whether we young artists (Chopin, Hiller, etc.) have not rather more genius than they give us credit for, when the word is applied to things which we have known and done with for ages. I trust you understand me? I do not mean to imply that I am at all dissatisfied with his criticism; on the contrary, I wish you may always be as pleased with me as I was with myself after reading it.

Of course I am not composing quite so fast just now. All the same, accept this piece [1] as a token of my constant efforts. You will hardly find any one at Zwickau able to play it. For the present, *I must absolutely devote all my energies to the Paper*, there is no depending on the rest of them. Wieck is always travelling about, Knorr generally ill, Schunke does not yet quite know how to write—and who is there left? But the Paper is meeting with such unrivalled success, that I enjoy my work, and it does me good. Up to the present we have had about three hundred orders. In short, our life is very brisk.

Two glorious beings of the fair sex have lately appeared in our set. One of them (whom I have mentioned before) is Emily, aged sixteen, the daughter of the American Consul List. She is a thoroughly English girl, with bright sparkling eyes, dark hair, and firm step, full of intellect, dignity, and life. The other is Ernestine, daughter of the rich Bohemian Baron von Fricken (her mother was Gräfin Zettwitz).

[1] The Toccata, Op. 7.

She has a delightfully pure, childlike mind, is delicate and thoughtful, deeply attached to me and everything artistic, and uncommonly musical—in short just such a one as I might wish to have for a wife; and, I will whisper it in your ear, my good mother, if the Future were to ask me whom I should choose, I would answer unhesitatingly, this one. But that is all in the dim distance; and even now I renounce the prospect of a more intimate relationship, although I dare say I should find it easy enough. Are you displeased with my frankness? I am sure not, as then you would also be displeased with myself.

Clara is at Dresden, and her genius is developing more and more. Her letters (she writes to me occasionally) are wonderfully clever. Wieck is going to Dresden in a few weeks, and I should like to go too; but I have not yet decided, partly out of consideration for you, as I promised to pay you a visit, and partly because of the Paper, which cannot get on without me, if Knorr does not soon improve.

How thoughtlessly I have been chattering to-day, and so selfishly too, all about myself! But write to me very soon, and tell me about yourself, and Emily, and everybody, and how you have been getting on. I am pining for a long letter. Oh for your love and your indulgence! I have still much to tell you, but you may depend upon soon getting news from

Your ROBERT.

My ciphers in our paper are: "12.", "Euseb.",

"Fn.", "Florestan." You will see that I have been the most industrious of all.

Hofmeister has just sent me word that my new composition will be out to-morrow. So you will get it next time.

To Clara Wieck in Dresden.

Leipsic, 1834.

My dear honoured Clara,

Some misanthropists maintain that the swan is only a larger kind of goose. With quite as much reason one might call distance merely an extended vicinity. But it really is so, for I talk to you every day (and in a gentler whisper even than usual), and feel that you understand me. At first I made all sorts of plans about our correspondence. For instance, I thought of making our letters public in the *Zeitung*, then of filling my balloon (did you know I had one?) with unwritten thoughts, and sending it off to you, properly addressed, and with a favourable wind. I longed to catch butterflies to be my messengers to you, I thought of getting my letters posted in Paris, so as to arouse your curiosity, and make you believe I was there. In short, a great many quaint notions came into my head, and have only just been dispersed by a postilion's horn. The fact is, dear Clara, that postilions have much the same sort of effect upon me as the most excellent champagne. One quite forgets that one has a head, it makes one feel so delightfully

light-hearted to hear them blaring away to the world so merrily. Their merry strains seem to me like very dances of rapturous longing, and seem to remind one of something one does not possess. But as I said before, that postilion with his horn sent me out of my old dreams into new ones. . . . . .

TO THE SAME.

Leipsic, July 10th, 1834.

N.B.—The end to be read first.

MY dear Clara,

Now I am (really) going to talk, and chatter and laugh with you like anything. If I had my way I should send you perfect bales of letters, and should not be (satisfied) even then ; but as it is, when I am thinking of you very intently, I invariably find myself at the piano, and seem to prefer writing to you in (chords of the ninth), and especially with the familiar chord of the thirteenth :

What pleasure your letter gave me, not to mention the (pretty) idea of your writing it on a day which only comes once a (year), (though of course that might be said of every day). I am sure you re-

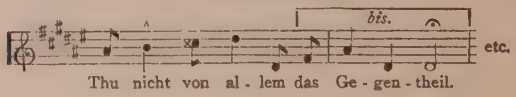
member this day last year, and the thunderstorm, and our having to take shelter in a house, and our visit to the (Rosenthal), and the (chocolate)!

To-day (was) much (simpler). My Davidites and I were together as usual, and walked to Zweynaundorf, rejoicing over our happy life. Next day I got your letter; in the evening I began my answer, and tried to finish it early next morning, but one (proof) after another came from the printers, and thus procrastination won the day, and I am sure you cannot be more (sorry) about it than I am.

Your letter (was) yourself all over. You stood before me talking and laughing, rushing from fun to earnest as usual, diplomatically playing with your veil; in short, the letter was Clara herself,—her double.

Dearest double, but what do you want? You want to express your wishes, and just turn me into a puppet. Now just think a moment. If Florestan did not do just the opposite of everbody else, if (Eusebius) drank less Bavarian beer, if a certain Davidite did not stick to his business, when all the rest had departed, etc., why then I should be very different from what I am. Still I have copied your catechism very (neatly), and flooded it, *i.e.*, with notes. But you ought to hear the music! It is a litany in D sharp minor. Like this:

First Commandment.



As I said before, this letter is divided into three parts, like a real Sonata, namely, a laughing part, a chattering part, and a talking part.

You have just been deciphering the laughing part with a very grim face.[1] It is like the Rosenthal, which contains neither roses nor valleys, and is enough to (make) one weep.

CHATTER.

Tell me, kind friend, how have you been during lovely June? How are your friends,—the tender one, and the elegant and haughty one? Is Krägen getting on any quicker? And how is Becker? Do his eyes still glisten, when he hears anything of Chopin's? What did Reissiger say to the criticism? Is Mdme. Schröder soon coming back? Do the Dresdeners only read the *Chronik?* Do they often row between the piers of the bridge? Do you know that we are very jealous here in Leipsic, and may appear in Dresden one of these days, so as to remove any cause for jealousy? Do the great big men in the Catholic Church still lead one from one side to the other?

And now about yourself: Do you like thinking of Leipsic, and of your nearest relations, and of Günther, called "the genial," par excellence? And of a certain Emily, a sensible (bright) and lovable girl, who often

[1] He refers to his illegible handwriting, which is particularly bad in this letter.

speaks of you affectionately? Then, do you think of Elise with her angelic face, which, I regret to say, has not been much seen of late? And of Stegmayer, who has petitioned the *Landtag* to allow us to sleep by day and work by night? And of your old companion in joy and sorrow, Ernestine,[1] that bright particular star, which we can never appreciate enough? To conclude, do you know anything of Schunke, and of the rest of the Editors, who are always speaking of their "solemnly-elected co-operator, Clarus"? I want you so much to tell me about yourself! Have you been singing much, and what sort of things? I ought to know that, I think. Do you look out of the (window) on fine (July evenings)? because in that case I will sometimes do the same. Or do you ever go for a walk on the (right) bank of the Elbe, merely because it used to be my favourite walk? And do you compose much, either earthly or unearthly?

In short, I want to know whether you will soon send me an answer. And now I ought to begin the conversation proper, the grave searching movement of my scribbled composition. But after such a long separation it is difficult to hold forth solemnly like a (parson) about the old Adam of the past. So, dear Clara, I trust, that as you have forgiven me so often, you will pardon me once more, for all the cross-questioning in this letter. I will postpone the conversational movement until I get an answer, (though it should be but two lines), I mean for about

[1] She lived with the Wiecks.

a week. But it might easily happen one of these days, that somebody should knock at your door, and when you say "Come in" he need hardly tell you his name: (Robert Schumann).

Though I am in great haste, and full of business, I am going to add a sort of glossary to this letter, of all the illegible words, which I will put in parentheses. It will make the letter look very curious and quaint, and isn't such a bad idea.

Addio, carissima Clara, cara Clarissima!

Really—satisfied—chords of the ninth—pretty—year —Rosenthal — chocolate — was— simpler — proof — sorry — was—Eusebius—neatly—make—bright—July evenings — window — right — parson — Robert Schumann.

TO ERNESTINE VON FRICKEN.[1]

Leipsic, July 28th, 1834.

IF I might speak as I feel inclined, I would first of all thank my good genius for letting me make your acquaintance. my honoured friend, and then for bringing us nearer together by the happy event in the dear Wieck family.[2] Of course it is only a sort of external relationship, and I am too modest to think that you would care to acknowledge a deeper, more artistic, mental relationship. Still, however that may be, I shall never be able to repay that good genius for

[1] From his letter-book.

[2] They had been god-parents to one of Wieck's children.

giving me an insight into such a glorious life as I had never dreamed of, and for bringing me among so many delightful people, who all love you so dearly, and will never forget you.

If ever I could wish time to stand still, I would do so now, and if ever I closed a letter with the deepest devotion, I am doing so at this moment.

R. S.

To Hauptmann von Fricken,[1] Asch.[2]

September, 1834.

Honoured Sir,

During the last days of your stay here I was in such a whirl, that quiet conversation was simply not to be thought of. I am very glad to have retained in your compositions a point of union with you. Whether you will forge that link into a chain, to bind us together even in absence, I do not know, but I hope so. I need not tell you that I was just as delighted with your artistic taste, as I was pleased to find how fresh and youthful was your love for art. Of course you know, without my having to confess it, what a deep interest I take in the artistic career of your admired Ernestine. How I wish that, in spite of the distance, she might always know when we were making some little progress!

[1] From the letter-book.

[2] Asch was the town which afterwards became the occasion of the composition of the "Carnaval" Op. 9.

I have carefully gone over your C sharp minor Variations. As I know their origin, it is easy to excuse shortcomings. What seems like a mistake in the transcription, often proves quite correct in the original. True, the intrinsic beauty of an idea will always be the same, in whatever garb it is clothed, but different things require different treatment; one head will look better decked with diamonds, another with roses; the flute must be treated differently from the violin, etc. That is why your variations belong rather to the ethereal flute than to the matter-of-fact piano. Of course it is not easy to destroy all suggestions of the original instrument, and it would be foolish to expect you always to hit off the right way of doing it, when you do not even profess to have a thorough knowledge of the piano. I myself made the same mistake in my first book of Caprices, and for the sake of remaining faithful to the original, often left ineffective passages for the piano unchanged; but in the second book I knew better, and I am sure the original only gained by it. So much for the technical part of your variations. From the artistic point of view, I consider them far better. There is both character and good feeling in the theme, but I should like to leave out the introduction altogether, for besides beginning in an unrelated key, it contains too little preparation, indeed, it even lessens the impression which the grave simple theme would make if it began by itself. The inversion of the melody in the first bar seems like a continuation of something that has gone before, and

ought to occur later on in the piece. As it is, one is in doubt which is the original theme, and which the inverted melody. I object also to the material of the theme, as savouring too much of a variation. The flute, with its long drawn notes, has doubtless expressed what you meant far better (in spite of your unison). That is why I should like it simpler—in fact, in its original form. My own idea as to what it should be is expressed in the enclosed, and perhaps Fräulein Ernestine will play it to you. I have always been very strict as regards themes, because the entire construction depends upon them.

The idea of a varying Ritornello is very good and uncommon. It is a sort of reflection, and gives more scope to the imagination, than when one is tied down by the theme.

As to the variations themselves, I must bring a charge against you which the modern school are rather fond of making, namely, that they are too much alike in character. No doubt the subject ought always to be kept well in view, but it ought to be shown through different coloured glasses, just as there are windows of various colours which make the country look rosy like the setting sun, or as golden as a summer morning, etc. I am now really arguing against myself, as I have actually been writing Variations[1] on your theme, and am going to call them "pathetic": still if there is anything pathetic about them, I have

[1] The variations which appeared under the name "Études Symphoniques" (Op. 13).

endeavoured to portray it in different colours. Perhaps you will let me show them to you before they are published. Anything else that seemed to me inharmonious or involved in your composition, I have marked in the manuscript; I trust it will soon appear in the sunshine of the world, *i.e.* in print. The old-fashioned progressions which Herr Wieck pointed out to you can easily be improved and modernized (I consider the words anything but synonymous) without deteriorating from the work.

I wonder whether you will be vexed with me for making these remarks, but indeed I have not told you nearly all my thoughts about the matter. I am always pleased to see amateurs interested in art, especially when they take an active part in it, and when their opinions are as well founded as yours are. That is why I have criticized you so severely and frankly.

If it interests you, it will be a great pleasure to me to send you news from time to time of our artistic doings. The latest and most important event is that old Ludwig Böhner gave a concert here yesterday. I suppose you are aware that in his palmy days he was as celebrated as Beethoven, and was the original of Hoffmann's Capellmeister Kreissler. But he looked so poverty-stricken that it quite depressed me. He was like an old lion with a thorn in his foot. The day before yesterday, he improvised at my house for a few hours; the old fire flashed out now and again, but on the whole it was very gloomy and dull. His former

life is now avenging itself. He used to jeer at the world with infinite boldness and arrogance, and now the tables are turned upon him. If I had time, I should like one day to write "Böhneriana" for our Paper, as I have heard a great deal about him from his own lips. His life contains so much that is both humorous and pathetic. For instance, one day he had arranged to give a concert at Oldenburg. The audience had assembled, and everyone was on the tip-toe of expectation, when presently he appeared in the organ gallery, and leaning over announced, "It is not possible for a Louis Böhner to play before such an idiotic audience." And that is the way he always goes on. If by any chance he had a successful concert, he would buy quantities of gold gimcracks, and then, if a friend came and reproached him for such folly, everything went flying out of the window like a shot. I know dozens of such stories about him. There is a pathetic touch about his latest works; he seems dissatisfied with himself, and simply borrows ideas from other composers, so that you often get whole pages taken note for note from Don Giovanni, etc.

Schunke has been staying with Kreishauptmann Welk, and I shall call for him there later on. To judge by his face, he has but few springs to look forward to. Perhaps only one more.[1] If you had stayed a little longer, you should have made the acquaintance of this splendid fellow. We have both got a good

[1] He actually died Dec. 7th of the same year.

deal more in us than we could show you in those few short hours.

I am getting prosy. Let me ask you a few more questions. Are you quite well again? This unrivalled summer ought to cure everything. Is your Ernestine working very hard? Ask her from me to play scales every day for not more than a quarter of an hour, but to play them all, and take them fairly fast. Without fingers there would be no art, and Raphael and Mozart could never have existed. And don't let her quite forget her songs and ballads. Her voice is really very sweet and flexible. I send my most respectful regards to the parents of such a glorious daughter.

R. S.

To his Mother.

Friday, Sept. 5th, 11 A.M.

My beloved and never-forgotten Mother,

I shall be with you six hours after you get this letter. My old friend, Dr. Glock, will come with me, and Ernestine will arrive with her father at about eight in the evening. We shall say good-bye to one another at your house. Neither her father nor anybody else here knows anything of my journey. This midsummer romance is probably the most extraordinary episode of my life. You will hardly believe that it was you who really brought about our engagement. I will tell you all about it when we meet. The enclosed

letters will explain matters to a certain extent. Mind you tell Emily, as I want to introduce her to Ernestine. They are truly a couple of angels, both in heart and mind. Otherwise don't tell anybody at present, as I shall stay with you till Thursday under the strictest incognito.

Your devoted child,

ROBERT.[1]

TO THE SAME.

Leipsic, October 17th, 1834.

MY beloved Mother,

What must you think of me! Not a word of thanks have you had for your last comforting letter, and all your tender advice in the last days we spent together. I feel so painfully moved whenever I think of you, that yesterday I made the firm resolve to spend more time with you, and being together will be better than anything I can do at so great a distance. Would you be pleased to see me turn up as early as next week? I am only waiting for a bright day, and then you shall have me with all my joys and sorrows. I have got such a lot to tell you! The unhappy day is now approaching when Rosalie died; I cannot quite forget her even now, and feel sure that I shall have some fits of melancholy, which separation from Ernestine will make rather worse than usual. I thank Heaven

[1] Schumann was engaged to Ernestine von Fricken, but the engagement was broken off the following year.

for giving me strength to tear myself away from here, and hope that being with you will make me quite well again. I am sure you will all be very kind to me. Will Therèse be good enough to lend me her piano for a fortnight? I shall want to try over some new works to be criticised in our *Zeitung*, and have got some of my own things to finish off. If she would rather not, I shall not be able to stay long, but otherwise you will not get rid of me for three weeks. To-day is Friday; you may look out for me between Sunday and Tuesday.

Ernestine writes long letters to me every week. Her love is a perfect godsend to me. The curious girl imagines that *you* cannot bear her. I am going to write to her to-day. When we meet we will talk it all over, see how things are going on, and settle how we are to communicate with one another, and all the rest of it. My servant is at my elbow, and my letter must go.

With fondest love,

YOUR ROBERT.

TO HENRIETTE VOIGT IN LEIPSIC.

Zwickau, Nov. 2nd, 1834.

I HAVE just been reading your old letter. . . . .

This sheet was really intended for Ernestine. May I confess to my dear Henriette, that I don't see the difference, whether I write to her or to you? Even

Ludwig[1] remarked that you are really represented by me now; consequently, at Zwickau, I am not myself, but you. In that case, how I wish I had some consideration for others, which shows itself in deeds instead of words; some anxiety to write to a lonely, loving heart—yes, I wish I were like you, whom I represent, in everything. I might easily make an excuse out of all this, and say: "One has enough letters to write as it is, for instance, to Henriette, and Ernestine, without having to write to oneself;" but I think a simple appeal, such as "Do not be angry," will have more effect than anything. What is more, for years I don't remember a single letter of mine which does not begin with stupid excuses for my negligence, and I am sure that must be a great bore to my correspondents.

My dear friend, I love and honour you enough to believe that you will not regard this silence as anything except a mere pause, which is a mute interruption, but by no means a cessation. I get poetical when I think of you, and my relations hear of it when I express my thoughts. At such moments you stand before me like a vision, now thoughtful, now advising, sometimes a trifle stern, but more often pleasant, and always kind and loving. Then Ernestine joins you, with her madonna-face, and her childlike devotion to me, as gentle and bright as the blue sky piercing the clouds like the eye of heaven; and then Ludwig embraces you with the tenderness which proclaims itself

[1] Ludwig Schunke.

in his looks, and the grief in his face which he meets with a noble disdain—the group is complete. I must draw a veil over it for a few moments. . . . . .

Nov. 5th, four days later.

I arrived here on the Sunday after that Friday of our Good-byes. The proper thing would be, for the friend who is leaving never to be expected to write, for the one who remains is at all events surrounded by scenes which arrest the images of the past with far more certainty than the strongest imagination. He who goes away is distracted by new faces and new surroundings; he is, as it were, between the past, present, and future, or rather just at the point where they all meet, and are mixed up in a singular fashion. In fact the detached link suffers far more than the rest of the chain from which it has been torn.

7th.

Every moment increases my guilt. How I am haunted by your face and Ludwig's! Now I am going to sit down with the firm resolve not to get up again till the letter is finished.

If I could only be with you for a short time you would soon know a great deal more than I am able to tell you piecemeal in my letters. What a lot I did intend to do here! How I meant to enter into correspondence with certain Leipsigers, and to work away at the *Zeitung*, and the "Ladies' Encyclopædia;" but I have done nothing of the kind. My studies consist of writing to Ernestine, who sent me a letter to

your address the day after I arrived. Since then there has been no end to the distractions. One sees such dozens of familiar faces in one's native town, and they all want a smile and a few words of recognition, from our old cook up to the Colonel's wife. What an amount of flattery and absurdity one has to listen to and to answer! But now I am amply repaid by old kindred spirits turning up again, who have stood the test of separation for many years, and by finding myself in my sweet native valley, where everything seems to look at me with familar eyes. One never learns these things, and yet all of us know them, for they are impressed upon us by habit. All this sort of thing does me good, but on the whole my state of mind is much the same as of old, and simply makes me shudder. I have really got a knack of retaining unhappy ideas; it is my evil spirit who denies and ridicules any idea of external happiness. I often carry this self-inflicted torture to the verge of sinning against my entire existence, and then I get thoroughly dissatisfied with myself, and feel as if I should like to migrate into another body, or else keep rushing on for all eternity. Ernestine has written to me in great delight. She has sounded her father by means of her mother, and he gives her to me! Henriette, he gives her to me! do you understand that? And yet I am so wretched; it seems as though I feared to accept this jewel, lest it should be in unworthy hands. If you ask me to put a name to my grief, I cannot do so. *I think it is grief itself*, and could not express my feelings more cor-

rectly ; but alas, it may be love itself, and a longing for Ernestine. And I really cannot stand it any longer, so have written to ask her to arrange a meeting one of these days. If you should ever feel thoroughly happy, then think of two souls who have placed all that is most sacred to them in your keeping, and whose future happiness is inseparably bound up with your own.

How very confused my letter is to-day. But my fingers are itching to finish it off, and it shall leave the house this very hour. It was my turn to console you, and I have only given you dust and ashes. Tell me all you know about Ludwig,[1] and I shall write accordingly. How shall I ever bear the thought of giving him up? If he should die, for Heaven's sake don't write and tell me, or cause me to be written to. I need hardly have told you this.

I have just been looking up at the sky. It has struck five. White fleecy clouds are floating by. I see no light in your room, but can distinguish a delicate figure in the background, resting her head upon her hand. I see by her sad eyes that she is wondering whether she can still believe in what are usually termed the most sacred ties—those of love and friendship. I should like to approach and humbly kiss her hand, but she turns away.

Well, remain true to me, dear friend.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

[1] Schunke, then on his death-bed.—TR.

To the Same.

Zwickau, Nov. 24th, 1834.

I am like Cordelia, the last to bring you my wishes. Shall I repeat what people of far greater merit have expressed so far better?

And if you were Lear, and asked what I could wish you, I would answer, "Nothing, for that would be admitting that you did not possess everything."

And then if you angrily insisted on my wishing you something, I would say, "Everything, for indeed you deserve it."

And if you were still not contented, I would say: "Well, I wish that you may always have something left to wish for;" because I think it is a kind fate, which always creates a new wish in place of the one it has fulfilled.

May it be so, my friend! Let this be enough for you! On such days, one would rather let one's eyes express all one feels, for—we are forbidden to talk in church.

My mother takes the liberty of supplementing her wishes by Bulwer's works, and Ernestine and I send the Allegro, and beg to assure you that the composer is better than his work, and not nearly as good as her to whom it is dedicated.

All the rest shall follow next time. Many kind regards to the honoured H. Voigt.

Robert Schumann.

To Joseph Fischhof in Vienna.

Zwickau, Dec. 14th, 1834.

Honoured Sir,

Our Ludwig Schunke is dead, or rather, he passed gently away. I think it is only right you should be told, as he so often spoke of you affectionately. You were the friend of that glorified youth, and will not take it amiss in a younger man, like myself, that I do not say more of this loss which the world and art have sustained. If in me who am left, you have hoped to find ever so little to make up for him whom you have lost, I will be the first to give you the grasp of friendship, in token of the bond which was begun and sanctified by our departed friend.

My first petition is this. I should like to insert an In Memoriam of our Ludwig in the *Zeitung*, and though my heart should break, I will do it, and, if possible, it shall not be unworthy of him. Would you kindly let me know, as soon as may be, all you know of his life, especially about his visit to Hofrath S. at Vienna.

Then, I need hardly mention, that I should like you to put a notice of his death into the *Haslinger Anzeiger*. He died on December 7th. Among his works there is an excellent piano concerto, and twelve waltzes (the last things he wrote), on which his approaching death seems to have cast a slight shadow, in spite of all their freshness.

I have begun our friendship by asking favours, and

now I am going to be bold enough to add a third to the preceding two. It is that you may continue to patronize our *Zeitung*, a youthful enterprise, which our friend helped in starting, with so much pleasure and energy. For reasons which I will explain later on, I must just now entreat you for some letters and essays. We could not have hit upon a more rascally publisher. If we don't make a change at Christmas, we certainly will at Easter. We have quite sufficient grounds of complaint to take the paper out of Hartmann's hands. He will doubtless resent it, and complications will arise. But the Paper certainly must not flag just now, when it is enjoying such a large circulation. I, for my part, will vouch for your being paid, without fail, for any work you may send in, and hope shortly to offer you the most advantageous conditions. Kindly send all contributions to my private address, Mlle. Dumas, Quergasse, No. 1246, Leipsic. The editors would feel much obliged if you could give them the names of a few more contributors, who would understand the aims of our Paper. Seyfried has promised to contribute, but Kiesewetter has refused.

Will the *Haslinger Anzeiger* be continued? As a small paper I prefer it to any other. Do you know who is my kind critic in No. 76? That sort of thing makes work a pleasure, and gives one bright ideas. I shall shortly send you two books of Intermezzi, a Toccata and an Allegro, and want your opinion of them. If you can manage one of these days to arrange

a meeting, accept my best thanks beforehand. There can be no Art without encouragement. On the favourite lonely islands of the Pacific, Mozart and Raphael would have been mere clodhoppers.

Excuse my hieroglyphics. I am longing for your answer.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

We have had nothing from you since your last contribution at the beginning of October. Should Hartmann have intercepted, or possibly returned one of your letters, let me know at once.

TO CLARA WIECK.

Zwickau, Aug. 28th, 1835.
(To Leipsic.)

IN the midst of all the autumn festivities and other delights, an angel face is always peeping at me, and it is exactly like a certain Clara of my acquaintance. How shall I begin my narrative, without English machine-made note-paper, miles long? And where shall I leave off? If that be indeed the purest music, when Imagination, like Faust's mantle, is shrouding forms of strength and beauty—our journey ought to have been delightful. Ulex will have told you something about the first stage, although he knows little enough about it, because he was more lived upon than let to live. I wish you knew all about the second stage. In my mind's eye I see pigeon-shooting in one corner,

in another a grand concert of Schmittbach's, then again a christening at Thierfelder's at Schneeberg (not to mention less important events, such as rat-hunts, potato-feasts, drinking-parties, and excursions). I thought men could only be found in Leipsic, and was pleased and surprised to meet with them elsewhere. . . . . We have thought of you so much, and I must be utterly mistaken in all sympathetic influences, if I am wrong in saying that we were quite as much in your thoughts.

I don't know what you may have been doing, and yet I do know, too: Rosenthal in the morning, Rosenthal in the afternoon, Kintschy[1] in the evening. How you would envy us (if you were capable of such a thing) if we could compare that with our delightful doings. Early in the morning a sun and air-bath on the top of a hill, in the afternoon a siesta in the valley, in the evening a ramble up hill and down dale with a lovely woman by one's side, namely Therèse, on whom Reuter's eyes rest occasionally in quiet admiration. I should like to describe Emily. Being near her makes one gentle and thoughtful, while Therèse excites and captivates one. Both these Graces send greeting to their younger sister. You know how fond I am of you, so good-bye.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

P.S.—It is nice that I should happen to write to you on Goethe's birthday.

[1] A restaurant in the Rosenthal.

To the Same.

Waiting for the Zwickau coach, 10 p.m.,
Feb. 13th, 1836.

I WAS terribly sleepy. I have been waiting two hours for the express coach. The roads are so bad that perhaps we shall not get away till two o'clock. . . . . To-day I have been excited by various things; the opening of my mother's will, hearing all about her death, etc., but your radiant image shines through the darkness and helps me to bear everything better. . . .

At Leipsic my first care shall be to put my worldly affairs in order. I am quite clear about my heart. Perhaps your father will not refuse if I ask him for his blessing. Of course there is much to be thought of and arranged. But I put great trust in our guardian angel. Fate always intended us for one another. I have known that a long time, but my hopes were never strong enough to tell you and get your answer before. . . . . The room is getting dark. Passengers near me are going to sleep. It is sleeting and snowing outside. But I will squeeze myself right into a corner, bury my face in the cushions, and think only of you.

YOUR ROBERT.

You will get my next letter the day after your concert. Write to me often; every day.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO CLARA WIECK.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO CLARA WIECK.

Leipsic, Dec. 22nd, 1837.
(To Vienna.)

AMONG the thousand voices which are now joyfully calling to you, perhaps you may distinguish one which gently whispers your name. You look round, and 'tis I. "You here, Robert?" say you. Why not, when I never for a moment leave your side, and follow you everywhere, even though not seen by you? . . . . . Täglichsbeck told me you had played him the Sonata,[1] and old Vieuxtemps talked of the Carnaval he had heard you play; I was delighted to hear it. None of my things will really do for playing in public, but among the Phantasiestücke there is one, "In der Nacht," and another, "Traumeswirren;" they will be out soon, then just look at them. I am so deserted and lonely on my way that I often long to call you and ask for advice, for you have always understood me easily and gladly. Apropos, Liszt has written a long and very accurate article about me in the French paper; it pleased and surprised me very much. If you see him in Vienna mind you greet him for this with one of your sweetest looks. . . . . .

[1] In F sharp minor Op. 11.

I saw a good deal of Vieuxtemps; he has an artistic nature, and like all great people, catches one's eye at first sight, added to which he is uncommonly modest.

The other day I was at Miss Novello's; we talked French. Even in German people can hardly get a word out of me, so I said precious little, and of the most commonplace kind. She has made herself very popular here, and is besides a blooming girl, as fresh as her voice. Moreover, a lot of young geniuses have arrived, who often come to see me. I certainly enjoy being among younger men than myself, although, curiously enough, I have all my life chosen older men for my friends.

Leipsic, Jan. 5th, 1838.

. . . . . THE Davidsbündler dances and Fantasiestücke will be finished in another week. There are many bridal thoughts in the dances, which were suggested by the most delicious excitement that I ever remember. I will explain them all to you one day. Fancy, Henselt has been here! Our first meeting was, I may say, like that of two brothers. I had not imagined him to be so strong, unaffected and sturdy-looking, and his opinions and ideas are quite in keeping with his appearance. But since then we have been getting more intimate from hour to hour, and although I really know very little about him, I am extremely fond of him. But I must tell you that as a player he far surpassed all that your accounts of him led me to

expect. Sometimes there is really something demoniac about him, rather like Paganini, Napoleon, or Madame Schröder. At other times he seemed like a troubadour, you know, with a lovely large cap and feathers. I thought more of him every hour. Only once or twice, when over-exerted with playing, I noticed that he seemed weaker, but on the whole he got better and better up to the moment of saying good-bye, and simply poured forth music in bucketfuls.

Wednesday, 6 a.m.

ALTOGETHER Grillparzer's poem is more beautiful than anything that has ever been written about you. It made me think how divine it is to be a poet, and be able to hit off the right thing in a few words to last for ever. Mendelssohn happened to be with me when I got it, and he said the same. "Schäferkind"—"droop your white fingers." It is all so delicate, and quite brings you before one. With the general public these few lines will do you more good than any amount of essays, however feelingly they are written, for even a common man stands in awe of the true poet, trusts him and does not oppose him. In short, the poem has made me happy, and if your lover, indeed anybody who is in love, could sing and write verses, he would like to have written some of the same kind. . . . . Have you not received the "Davids-tänze?" (one copy is in silver print). I sent them to you last Saturday week. You might patronise them a little, do you hear? They are my particular property. But my Clara will under-

stand all that is contained in the dances, for they are dedicated to her, and that more emphatically than any of my other things. The whole story is a *Polteraabend*,[1] and now you can imagine it all from the beginning to the end. If ever I was happy at the piano it was when I was composing those. . . . . I have been revelling in Schubert's Duo,[2] but cannot consider it a regular piece for the piano. Still, I have sent to your mother's for the original manuscript.

Leipsic, Feb. 11th, 1838.
(To Vienna.)

. . . . . APROPOS, I should like soon to be off to Paris too; what do you think? For two months, perhaps. The letter from Simonin de Sir gave me great pleasure. Altogether, my compositions are making way here and there, I am glad to see; and my style is far more free and clear, and, I think, more graceful. In fact, for the last year and a half, I have felt as though I possessed a secret. That sounds odd. There is still a great deal in me. If you remain faithful everything will come out, if not it will remain where it is. The next thing will be that I shall write three string-quartets. . . . . Do let me know how you like the Phantasiestücke, and Davidsbündlertänze,—but tell

[1] Eve of a wedding-day.—TR.

[2] Grand Duo, Op. 146, dedicated by the publishers to Madame Schumann. It has since been instrumented by Joachim for the orchestra.—TR.

me quite openly, and think of me not as your lover, but as your husband. Do you hear?

I should think you might play "Traumeswirren" and "Des Abends" in public some day. I fancy that "In der Nacht" is too long. And tell me how my Études were received in Vienna. Do you hear? I have got nobody now with whom I can talk about art. You alone are left to me.

I have just discovered that it strikes twelve at the end of the "Davids-tänze":

Leipsic, March 17th, 1838.

. . . . . Now we have only got to obtain the affection and confidence of your father, to whom I should so love to give that name, to whom I owe so many of the joys of my life, so much good advice, and some sorrow as well,—and whom I should like to make so happy in his old days, that he might say: "What good children!" If he understood me better he would have saved me many worries, and would never have written me a letter which made me two years older. Well, it is all over and forgiven now; he is *your* father, and has brought you up to be everything that is noble; he would like to weigh your future happiness, as in a pair of scales, and wishes to see you just as happy and well protected as you have always been under his fatherly care. I cannot argue with him, and feel sure that he wants to secure you every earthly happiness. I will whisper a word in your ear, I love

and honour your father for his many good and splendid qualities, far more than anybody else can do, excepting yourself. Like all fine energetic natures, he inspires me with a deep and spontaneous affection and submission. So I am doubly grieved that he will have nothing to say to me.

But perhaps Peace may yet descend upon us, and say, "Well, take one another."

Saturday.

. . . . . I HAVE found out that nothing sharpens one's imagination so much as to be expecting and longing for something, and this has been my case for the last few days. I have been waiting for your letter, and consequently have composed books-full of things,—wonderful, crazy, and solemn stuff; you will open your eyes when you come to play it. In fact, sometimes I feel simply bursting with music. But before I forget it, let me tell you what else I have composed. Whether it was an echo of what you said to me once, "that sometimes I seemed to you like a child," anyhow, I suddenly got an inspiration, and knocked off about thirty quaint little things, from which I have selected twelve, and called them "Kinderscenen." They will amuse you, but of course you must forget that you are a performer. They have titles such as "Fürchtenmachen," "Am Kamin," "Haschemann," "Bittendes Kind," "Ritter vom Steckenpferd," "Von fremden Ländern," "Curiose Geschichte," etc., and I don't know what besides.

Well, they all explain themselves, and what's more they are as easy as possible. But I say, Clara, what are you coming to? You tell me to write quartets, "but please let them be very clear;" why, that sounds like a Dresden Fräulein! Do you know what I said to myself when I read that? "Yes, so clear, that she shall not know whether she is on her head or her heels." And then, "Do you thoroughly understand the instruments?" Why of course I do, young lady, else how should I dare attempt it? But I must praise you all the more for thinking of Zumsteeg in "Ende vom Lied." When I was composing it I must confess that I thought: "Well, the end of it all will be a jolly wedding," but towards the end, my sorrow about you came over me again, so that wedding and funeral bells are all ringing together.

I am very much pleased to hear that you are reading the "Flegeljahre." As it is for the first time, do not worry too long over certain passages if you don't understand them at once. First try to get a general impression of the whole book, and then begin it over again. It is in its way rather like the Bible.—When you come to this passage: "I say Walt, I am sure I love you better than you love me. No, screamed Walt, I love you best," then think of me. Send me a kind word to let me know how you like it. . . . . If you only knew how I value your opinions, not only in Art, but in everything, and how much your letters cheer me up! So tell me about all that goes on round you, about people, towns, and customs. You are very

sharp-sighted, and I love to follow you in your reflections. It does not do to get too much absorbed in self and one's own interests, as one is then very apt to lose all insight and penetration into the outer world. There is so much beauty, richness and novelty in this world of ours. If I had said that oftener to myself in former days, I should have done more, and should have got on further.

You are pretty right about the last movement of the Sonata.[1] It displeases me to such a degree (with the exception of certain passionate moments), that I have discarded it altogether. And I have come back to my original conception of the first movement, which you have not heard, but I am sure you will like it. The third Sonata is in F minor, and quite different from the others. I have besides finished a Fantasie in three movements, which I had sketched out, all but the details, in June, 1836. I think the first movement is more impassioned than anything I have ever written,—it is one long wail over you. The others are weaker, though nothing to be ashamed of.

I am not surprised to hear that you cannot compose just now, when there is so much going on at home. To be able to compose successfully one wants happiness and perfect solitude.

Do you always play your Concerto to suit yourself? Some of the ideas in the first movement are perfect

[1] He probably meant the Sonata in G minor, to which he afterwards wrote another last movement.

gems, but somehow it did not give me an impression of completeness. When you are at the piano I don't seem to know you. My opinion is quite impartial.

I should like you to study fugue, as there are some good theoretical musicians at Vienna. Don't fail to avail yourself of it, if you have the chance. Bach is my daily bread; he comforts me and gives me new ideas. I think it was Beethoven who said: "Compared to him [1] we are all children."

You were wise not to play my Études.[2] That sort of thing is not suited for the general public, and it would be very weak to make a moan afterwards, and say that they had not understood a thing which was not written to suit their taste, but merely for its own sake. But I confess, it would be a great delight to me if I ever succeeded in writing something, which when played by you would make the public dance with delight, for we composers are all of us vain, even when we have no reason to be so. You pass over the Davidsbündlertänze very lightly; I think they are quite *different* from the Carnaval, compared to which they are what a face is to a mask. But I may be mistaken, as I have not forgotten them yet. All I know is that they were written in happiness, and the others in toil and sorrow.

I am myself looking forward to the quartets. The

[1] Beethoven said this about Handel on his deathbed, on getting a present from London of Arnold's edition.—TR.

[2] Études Symphoniques.

piano is getting too limited for me. In my latest compositions I often hear many things that I can hardly explain. It is most extraordinary how I write almost everything in canon, and then only detect the imitation afterwards, and often find inversions, rhythms in contrary motion, etc. I am paying great attention to melody now, as you may have found out. Much can be done on this point by industry and observation. But of course by "melody" I mean something different from Italian airs, which always seem to me like the songs of birds,—pretty to listen to, but without any depth or meaning.

Leipsic, April 13th, 1838.

How full of music I am now, and always such lovely melodies! Only fancy, since my last letter I have finished another whole book of new things. You and one of your ideas are the principal subject, and I shall call them "Kreisleriana," and dedicate them to you; yes, to you, and to nobody else; and you will smile so sweetly when you see yourself in them. Even to myself my music now seems wonderfully intricate in spite of its simplicity; its eloquence comes straight from the heart, and every one is affected when I play before people, as I often do now, and like to do. And when you are standing by me, as I sit at the piano, then we shall both cry like children—I know I shall be quite overcome. . . . That Fantasia of Liszt's was the most wonderful thing I have ever

heard you play. Play him the Toccata, and the Études, which he does not know yet, and call his attention to the Paganini Études. The Kinderscenen will probably be finished by the time you arrive; I am very fond of them, and make a great impression when I play them, especially upon myself. The next things to be printed are some Fantasias, but to distinguish them from the Phantasie-Stücke I have called them *Ruine, Siegesbogen und Sternbild*, and *Dichtungen*.[1] It was a long time before I could think of that last word. It strikes me as being a very refined and most characteristic title for a piece of music.

But you must have patience with me sometimes, and often scold me. I have got plenty of faults, tho' less than I used to have. Our having had to wait so long has had some advantages: we shall have got over a good deal that other people experience after marriage. I have just noticed that marriage is a very musical[2] word, and a fifth too:

But to return to my faults; I have got one detestable habit, namely, showing my affection for people I love most, by playing them all sorts of tricks. For instance, supposing there is a letter which I ought to have answered long ago. You might say, "Dear R., do

[1] Ruins, Triumphal Arch and Star-pictures, and Poems. Phantasie, Op. 17.

[2] *Ehe*, the German for marriage.

answer that letter, it has been lying there such a time"—but do you suppose I should do it? No such thing. I would sooner make all sorts of pretty excuses, etc. Then I have got another very saucy trick: I am one of the greatest admirers of beautiful women; I simply delight in them, and revel in praising your sex. So if ever we are walking together through the streets of Vienna, and meet somebody pretty, and I should exclaim, "Oh, Clara, look at that divine creature," or something of that sort, you mustn't be alarmed, or scold.

Now just look at your old Robert. Is he not just the same trifler, joker, and teller of ghost stories? But I can be very serious too, and sometimes for days together; but don't let that alarm you, for it is only when my mind is at work, and I am full of ideas about music and my compositions. I am affected by everything that goes on in the world, and think it all over in my own way, politics, literature, and people, and then I long to express my feelings and find an outlet for them in music. That is why my compositions are sometimes difficult to understand, because they are connected with distant interests; and sometimes striking, because everything extraordinary that happens impresses me, and impels me to express it in music. And that is why so few [modern] compositions satisfy me, because, apart from all their faults of construction, they deal in musical sentiment of the lowest order, and in commonplace lyrical effusions. The best of what is done here does not equal my

earliest musical efforts. Theirs may be a flower, but mine is a poem, and infinitely more spiritual; theirs is a mere natural impulse, mine the result of poetical consciousness. I do not realise all this while I am composing; it only comes to me afterwards; you, who are at the top of the tree, will understand what I mean. And I cannot talk about it; in fact, I can only speak of music in broken sentences, tho' I think a great deal about it. In short, you will find me very serious sometimes, and will not know what to make of me. Then, you must not watch me too closely when I am composing; that would drive me to desperation; and for my part, I will promise you, too, only very seldom to listen at your door. Well, we shall indeed lead a life of poetry and blossoms, and we will play and compose together like angels, and bring gladness to mankind. . . . .

I have not been to see Mendelssohn very often, he generally comes to me. He is certainly the most eminent man I have met. I have heard people say that he is not sincere with me. I should be very grieved to think so, as I feel that I have become very fond of him, and have let him see it. But one of these days, tell me all you know. At all events, it will make me careful, and I will not waste my affection, when perhaps hard things are said of me behind my back. I know exactly what he is to me in music, and could go on learning from him for years. But he can also learn something from me. If I had grown up under the same circumstances as he did, and had been des-

tined for music from childhood, I should now beat every one of you; I can feel that in the energy of my ideas. Well, every one's life has something peculiar about it, and I will not complain of mine. My father, a man whom you would have honoured if you had only seen him, saw through me very early, and intended me for a musician, but my mother would not allow it. Afterwards, however, she spoke very kindly, and even approvingly of my change of career.

Easter Tuesday, 1838.

. . . . IT is very curious, but if I write much to you, as I am doing now, I cannot compose. The music all goes to you. . . . .

April 20th, 1838.

I WILL copy you a poem from the "West-östlicher Divan" which refreshed me over my coffee this morning. You want coffee to appreciate it properly, for Goethe has quite lost himself in Oriental customs and feelings. Up to the present it is the most subtle thing in all German literature. Listen to this:—

"Great is the pleasure in life,
Greater the pleasure of living.
When thou, Suleika,
Dost make me supremely happy,
Dost throw me thy love
Like a ball,
That I may catch it
And send thee back

My devoted self,
What a moment that is!

Then from thee I am torn,
Now by Frank, now by Armenian:
But not for days
Nor for years can I create afresh
Thy thousand-fold charms,
Or loosen the glistening threads of my fortune,
Woven in numberless strands
By thee, oh Suleika!

Here in return
Are poetical pearls,
Cast on the barren shore
Of my life
By the strong tide
Of thy passion;
Carefully gathered
By delicate fingers,
Strung on a golden thread
For thy neck,
For thy bosom!
The raindrops of Allah
Matured in the humble oyster.

Is not that fine? Don't you ever write poetry, Clara? No, for you are a poem yourself. . . . But here is another from the "Divan:"

SULEIKA.

With what inward joy, sweet lay,
I thy meaning have descried;
Lovingly thou seem'st to say,
That I'm ever by his side,

That he ever thinks of me,
That he to the absent gives

All his love's sweet ecstasy,
While for him alone she lives.

Yea, my heart, it is the mirror,
Friend, where thou thyself hast seen ;
This the breast, on which thy signet,
Kiss on kiss impressed has been.

Sweet inventing, truth unfeigned,
Bind me close in sympathy,
Love's serenity embodied
In the garb of poesy.

I have just had a visit from a little boy belonging to the house (they come and see me sometimes), and he said "he could write, too," whereupon he executed some pot-hooks and hangers, and then asked me to tell him what he had written. Isn't that good! That boy was evidently of opinion that letters existed long before thoughts. I could not help laughing. . . . .

April 21st, 1838.

* * * * *

I HAVE just got a letter from Krägen. He says all sorts of kind things about the Phantasiestücke, and quite raves about them in his own way. He considers "Die Nacht" noble and beautiful, and says it is his favourite, and I think it is mine too. After I had finished it, I found, to my delight, that it contained the story of Hero and Leander. Of course you know it, how Leander swam every night through the sea to his love, who awaited him at the beacon, and showed him the way with lighted torch. It is a beautiful,

romantic old story. When I am playing "Die Nacht" I cannot get rid of the idea; first he throws himself into the sea; she calls him, he answers; he battles with the waves, and reaches land in safety. Then the Cantilena, when they are clasped in one another's arms, until they have to part again, and he cannot tear himself away, until night wraps everything in darkness once more. Do tell me if the music suggests the same things to you.

. . . . . Fischhof wrote to me that he had heard of Liszt's having played the Phantasiestücke in such an extraordinary way. Tell me all about it. I hear so little about my compositions, and that worries me sometimes. You are the only one who has ever cheered me by many a kind word. I hope you will continue to do so. . . . .

Leipsic, May 10th, 1838.

. . . . . YOUR father calls me phlegmatic? Carnaval and phlegmatic! F sharp minor Sonata and phlegmatic! Being in love with such a girl and phlegmatic! And you can listen calmly to all this? He says that I have written nothing in the *Zeitung* for six weeks. In the first place, that is not true; secondly, even if it were, how does he know what other work I have been doing? And after all, where am I always to get something to write about? Up to the present the *Zeitung* has had about eighty sheets of my own ideas, not counting the rest of my editorial work, besides which I have finished ten great compositions in

two years, and they have cost me some heart's blood. To add to all this, I have given several hours' hard study every day to Bach and Beethoven, and to my own work, and conscientiously managed a large correspondence, which was often very difficult and complicated. I am a young man of twenty-eight with a very active mind, and an artist to boot; yet for eight years I have not been out of Saxony, and have been sitting still, saving my money, without a thought of spending it on amusement or horses, and quietly going my own way as usual. And do you mean to say that all my industry and simplicity, and all that I have done, is quite lost upon your father?

One would always wish to be modest, but people don't give one a chance; so, for once in a way, I have been singing my own praises. Now you know what to think of me, and what you have got to expect. . . . .

Leipsic, July 13th, 1838.

. . . . . I HAVE come across a great celebrity[1] this week; you will have seen his name in the paper, Hirschbach. He puts me in mind of Faust and the black arts. The day before yesterday we played some quartets of his. They were wanting in form, but the inspiration and high ambition they contained are more *tremendous* than anything I have ever met with. He goes rather upon the same lines as I do,

[1] Alas for "celebrity!"—TR.

and has various moods, but he is much more passionate and tragical than I am. His form is quite *new*, as is his treatment of the quartet. One or two things took a great hold upon me. One overlooks such small faults where there is so much overwhelming richness of imagination. He has also an overture to Hamlet, and ideas for an oratorio on "Paradise Lost." The quartets are scenes from Faust. There is a picture for you! Added to that the deepest romantic sentiment, joined to the greatest simplicity and touching truthfulness.

Vienna, Oct. 8th, 1838.

I SUPPOSE you got my letter from Prague all right. I should like to tell you many things, both grave and gay, that happened during the journey. The sky was so beautifully clear and blue that the earth might have been reflected in it. I looked much about me, both right and left. You had travelled the same road under much more doubtful circumstances, and there was not a moment that I did not think of you. Added to that came thoughts of the important steps I was about to take, of our late parting, the hope of success, and a feeling of self-confidence. It was more than a mere journey; it divided my whole life into two halves; may Heaven guide it all to happiness and peace, for I could not stand such discord long. . . . . The young musicians of Prague were a great amusement to me. They are very good-natured creatures, but are always talking about themselves, and

praising one another's idylls and compositions, although each one thinks in his own heart that he is the best among them. I have not found a scrap of geniality; H. seems to be the most interesting. On Monday evening they all assembled at my Hôtel. A certain Dr. K., who had begun by being extremely arrogant at the very beginning of our acquaintance, wanted to go on in a similar vein, and give me good advice, until at last I got up, took him down as he deserved, and went away. That made a great sensation. He came to my room, almost in tears, and begged my pardon. It was a most stormy episode!

I can see this much, that the *Zeitung* must be edited in quite a different way here—to its own loss, and that of all good people. More of this later. And it is quite an open question whether I shall get permission or not. And I am beginning to wonder what is to be done next. Shall I trust myself to Haslinger? He has behaved well, and been very kind. But I purposely told him nothing of my plans, for one must not expect too much at once. But it will all be decided in the next few days. To-day I am going to see Prince Schönburg, and Sedlnitzki, who has promised to patronize me. You shall hear from me as soon as I can send you some good news.

Vesque[1] is now my favourite of them all. It is rather unfortunate that his opera is just being brought

[1] Vesque von Putlingen.

out. It contains many pretty bits, but is a great mixture of good intentions coupled with incompetency, and of ability and indolence; indeed, it is written in every possible sort of style and form. He himself calls it an experiment. . . . .

Monday afternoon.

FIRST I must tell you the good news, that Sedlnitzki received me most kindly, and promised me his assistance. This letter was to have gone to-day, but I was so worn out by the great strain of the last few days, the continual worry about our future, seeing so many strangers, and running about so much in this great city, that I had to go and lie down.

Well, S. said that there would be no difficulty as soon as Haslinger consented to be publisher, and that I must address myself to him first. He said it would be a different thing if *my* name were to appear as editor, and that there had never been an instance of that post having been given to a *foreigner*.[1] He added that if I wished for this they would first have to make particular enquiries about my position, etc., which would all take up a lot of time. Then I went to see Vesque at the Staatskanzlei,[2] and he was very much pleased that S. had not refused point blank, at all events, and finally advised me, in case Haslinger should not accede to our request, *to become an Austrian*. That is how matters stand, and it all promises to be very long-

[1] That is, a North German.

[2] The Treasury.

winded. The first thing I shall do to-morrow is to speak to Haslinger. It goes rather against my grain; he is in a certain set, of which you know something too, and no doubt he will want to bring his influence to bear on the *Zeitung*. . . . . I have become quite serious, and have not felt any of the cheerfulness of Vienna. . . . .

Vienna, Nov. 3rd, 1838.

. . . . . So it is to be Vienna for certain, and I shall do my utmost to ensure you a happy future here. *I am only sorry for my dear Zeitung.* To judge by my present experience, and by all that I have seen with my own eyes, it is hardly possible (owing to the oppression from above) for anything poetical, life-like, and unaffected to exist here. And yet I have made up my mind to have the *Zeitung* published here, either after the New Year, or else during July, 1839. I will try it, at all events. But if they clip my wings to such an extent as to make Leipsic and North Germany call me cowardly, weak, and quite changed, then I really shall be at a loss what to do.

Vienna, Oct. 23rd, 1838.
(To Paris.)

THE business of the *Zeitung* has turned out just as I expected. I could not agree with Haslinger. He wanted to be absolute proprietor of the paper and not leave Friese to be manager for North Germany,

which, of course, I could not allow. . . . . So I applied to Gerold, a dear, worthy old man, who will manage the paper in Friese's interest, and his name will appear on the title page as publisher. . . . .

I will tell you something about myself. I like being among noble and highborn people, as long as they want nothing more of me than simple politeness. I certainly cannot be always flattering, and bowing and scraping, and am quite ignorant of all tricks of manner. But where real artistic simplicity is tolerated, I feel quite comfortable, and can express myself very fairly. I merely mean to say by all this that by-and-bye it will be a real pleasure to me to escort you here there and everywhere, if you should wish me to. And you will manage all the rest, for I know perfectly well that you can behave like a princess if necessary. . . . .

Vienna, Thursday, Oct. 25th, 1838.

. . . . . I HAVE seen a good deal lately of men and things, have made myself familiar with all existing circumstances, and have looked about wherever I could hope to find anything that would be of use to us. . . . . There is no lack of good feeling, but a great want of public spirit and co-operation. The petty cliques must be broken up, and the various parties brought nearer together; but all must be done openly and honestly. Vienna possesses more means than perhaps any other town, but a head is wanted, such as

Mendelssohn, who would be able to amalgamate and govern them. And the people here like being led, and listen attentively when anything is properly put before them, and some of the better sort actually hope for some Messiah, to whom they might offer crown and sceptre at once. So I am sure there would be plenty of scope for the *Zeitung*, but the Censure [1] is a great obstacle. You would not believe to what an extent it prevails here, and how much mischief it can do. I hear the same thing on all sides, and Haslinger, when speaking on the subject, said, "Mark my words, you will regret ever having come here."

Friday, Oct. 26th, 1838.

. . . . . I LIKE Thalberg very much; there is something modest and simple (in a good sense) about him, and he is a splendid player who will bear comparison with any of you. I found nothing cavalier-like about him, except the beauty of his rooms. . . . . He seemed equally pleased with me, so I expect we shall see a good deal of one another. . . . . At the theatre I am immensely amused by the orchestra, the chorus, and the soloists. Mdlle. Lützer is frightfully stagey. I cannot endure her curtseys, and her cringing humility when she has been singing well, for she does know how to sing, and has breath enough for two. But as I said before, I should not like to have such a woman

[1] The Government department for licensing the publication of books.—TR.

for my wife. Mdlle. Gentiluomo is a fascinating creature, and in Vesque's opera she looks so pretty one would really like to kiss her. I certainly consider Wild the most talented artist at the *Kärnthnerthor theater.* . . . . I also saw Taglioni. She did not enchant me much, but soothed me wonderfully. She pacifies rather than excites one, and that in quite a peculiar, yet perfectly natural manner. Everything she did was novel, and yet it was known to everybody. You see that is her secret. I send you a few flowers from the graves of Beethoven and Schubert. On Beethoven's grave I found a pen, and a steel one to boot. Wasn't that nice?

Monday, Dec. 3rd, 1838.

. . . . . I SPENT a pleasant evening with Herr von Sonnleithner; they did Handel's "Judas Maccabæus," and I made the acquaintance of Kiesewetter and Grillparzer. I also liked a certain Baron Pasqualati[1] very much; he gave some concerts once, each of which cost him over 300 florins, and he himself was the only listener. I have not yet come across a younger man, such as Bennett, and have to keep all my best thoughts to myself. Thalberg lives too far off, and that is why we have not met for four weeks. To-night I shall meet him at Dessauer's; to-morrow he starts for

[1] The man in memory of whose wife Beethoven wrote the beautiful Elegischer Gesang (Op. 118), and to whom he dedicates the work as "his honoured friend."—TR.

Berlin, etc., by way of Leipsic. He played beautifully at his concerts, but, do you know, his compositions lack real vitality. Between ourselves, dear Clara, I like you ten times better, I mean as an artist, and many people here share my opinion. It sometimes makes me unhappy that I have got a disabled hand, especially now that I am here. And I must tell you that it keeps getting worse. I often complain bitterly, and exclaim, "Good heavens! why should this have befallen me?" It would have been such a great advantage to me just now to have had the use of my hands; I am so full of real genuine music that it is like the breath of my nostrils, and as it is I can barely manage to pick it out, and my fingers stumble over one another. It is very dreadful, and has often caused me much pain.

Well, after all, you are my right hand, and mind you take care of yourself, so that nothing happens to you. What happy hours you will give me by your art! I often think of that. Are you still very industrious? I am sure you are, and very happy too, now that you stand on your own feet, and perhaps you will be still more so when somebody belongs to you for good, somebody who understands you, and can follow you up hill and down dale. And how are you getting on with your writings and compositions?

. . . . . I should like to give you one piece of advice: *do not improvise too much.* A great deal is wasted in that way which might be turned to better account. Make up your mind always to write down everything

at once; it enables you to concentrate your ideas more and more. Of course I know what you want more than anything to finish a piece satisfactorily, and that is peace and quiet. Perhaps we shall have that too some day. . . . .

I have composed but very little since I have been here, and feel as if my hand had lost its cunning. But I know this sort of mood, and shall be all the better for it afterwards. Vienna shall not make me slothful. I think I can promise you that much.

. . . . . I often enjoy myself at the *Burgtheater*, but of course it is very expensive. Mdlle. Pech is quite my style, and I feel I could love her passionately. Reichel has got glorious eyes, and knows it. There are no end of real artists at that theatre. Mdlle. Rettich has been ill for weeks, that is why I have not gone.

Vienna, Dec. 29th, 1838.

. . . . . I SHOULD like to confide a good deal more to you about myself and my character, and tell you how people sometimes cannot make me out, and how I often accept signs of the deepest affection with coldness and reserve, and constantly offend and repulse the very people who have the kindest intentions towards me. I have so often wondered why this should be so, and reproached myself with it; for in myself I feel the smallest kindness, and appreciate every look, and the faintest movement of the heart; and yet I am so often wanting in words and forms! But

you will know how to treat me, and will forgive me, I am sure. For I have not got a bad heart, and love all that is good and beautiful with my whole soul. Well, enough said; only sometimes thoughts of our future come upon me, and I should like our hearts to be as open as the hearts of a couple of children who have no secrets from one another. . . . . I am reported to have said at Prague that I could write Mozart's G minor symphony in my sleep. Some storyteller invented that, for you know how modest I am with regard to the great masters.

Jan. 24th, 1839.

I FEEL so strangely sad to-day. It is gray wintry weather, the streets are so quiet, and you are on your travels. I spent the whole of last week in composing; but there is no genuine pleasure in my thoughts, and no *beautiful* melancholy either. I have already told you about the Concerto; it is something between a Symphony, a Concerto, and a big Sonata. I feel that I cannot write a Concerto for the virtuoso, I must think of something else. . . . . Otherwise I have finished Variations, but not on *any* theme, and "Guirlande,"[1] as I am going to call it, everything is interwoven in such a peculiar way. Then there is a Rondolette, a little thing, and I am going to take all the small pieces, of which I have so many, run

[1] Probably the piece which was published under the name of "Arabeske," Op. 18.

them neatly together, and call them, "Kleine Blumenstücke," as if they were pictures. Do you like the name?

Dear Clara, I trust you will allow me to make one remark. You often play the Carnaval to people who know nothing at all about me. Would not the Phantasiestücke be more appropriate? In the Carnaval one piece always counteracts the last, a thing which everyone does not appreciate; but in the Phantasiestücke one can indulge oneself so deliciously; however, do exactly as you like. I sometimes fancy that you value the qualities which you yourself possess as a girl, too little in music. I mean sweetness, simple amiability, and natural simplicity. You would rather have continual thunder and lightning, and always something fresh, which has never been done before. But there are likewise some eternal old traditions and moods, which must influence us. The romantic element does not depend upon figures and forms; it will always appear if the composer is anything of a poet. I would make all this much clearer to you on the piano, and with a few "Kinderscenen." But what I am rather afraid of sometimes is this: We may perhaps have regular disputes occasionally over our musical opinions, which are such a sore point with everybody. On such occasions show me a little indulgence, for when I am in a temper I can say the most cutting things. One thing more (I am lecturing you once in a way), whatever you do, never again call me Jean Paul the second, or Beethoven

the second; I feel that I should simply hate you if you did. I want to be ten times less than other people, and only be worth something to myself.

Vienna, March 11th, 1839.

. . . . . I HAVE been all the week at the piano, composing, writing, laughing and crying, all at once. You will find this state of things nicely described in my Op. 20, the "Grosse Humoreske," which is already at the printers. You see how quickly I always work now. I get an idea, write it down, and have it printed; that's what I like. Twelve sheets composed in a week—you will forgive me, won't you, that I have kept you waiting a little while? . . . . .

How is it, I wonder, that my particular friends please you so little? It grieves me, though I don't want to hurt your feelings by saying it. But you should not give way to mere antipathy, and ought to be able to account to yourself for not liking this, that, or the other one. I am not fond of demonstrations of friendship either; still, where I see fine qualities, I freely acknowledge them, and if I cannot make a friend of the artist, I do of the man, and *vice versa*. . . . . .

Well, have you got the Kinderscenen? How do you like them? Mind you play "Bittendes Kind," "Kind in Einschlummern," and "Der Dichter spricht," just twice as slow. Isn't this impertinent of me? But I know you, Clärchen, and your impetuosity!

Prague, April 7th, 1839.

. . . . . OLE BULL has given another very brilliant concert. You have not heard him yet, I fancy. He is quite among *the first*, and yet *is a student still.* Do you understand that? I cannot say that I do, and yet it is so. He is equal to Paganini in his extraordinary execution and purity of intonation, and far above Lipinski. Mayseder is a child by the side of him, although he is a more perfect man. Mayseder has understood and accomplished his object in life, while Ole Bull has not reached the goal yet, and I fear never will. His style of composition is still very rough, but there are momentary flashes. It is not to be described. But I know that some of his chords would go to your heart. . . . . .

I told you about a presentiment I had. It haunted me from the 24th to the 27th of March, while I was absorbed in my new composition. There is a passage in it which always kept coming back to me, somebody seemed to be sighing from the bottom of his heart, and saying "Ach Gott!" While I was composing I kept seeing funerals, coffins, and unhappy, despairing faces, and when I had finished, and was trying to think of a title, the only one that occured to me was "Leichenfantasie." Isn't that extraordinary? I was so much moved over the composition that the tears came into my eyes, and yet I did not know why, and there seemed to be no reason for it. Then came Therèse's

letter, and everything was at once explained.[1] . . . . . Mechetti constantly sends you messages, so do let him have your new things. He has been extremely civil and nice to me, and wanted to have all my compositions, but I did not agree to that. But he is to have that "Leichenfantasie," which, however, I shall call "Nachtstücke," and after that a "Faschingsschwank aus Wien, ein romantisches Schaustück."

Leipsic, April 22nd, 1839.

. . . . . MENDELSSOHN goes to Frankfort to-morrow, and will take you the "Phantasie"[2] and the *Zeitung* (to Emily's address), so you will have them by the end of the month. It is a real pleasure only to look at Mendelssohn; he is such a splendid artist, and he is very fond of me too. . . . . You will only be able to understand the "Phantasie" if you recall the unhappy summer of 1836, when I had to give you up. Now I have no cause to compose in such a depressed and melancholy strain.

Leipsic, May 19th, 1839.

. . . . . ONE thing more, so that you may thoroughly understand my character. You ask me sometimes whether I could stand household worries. We have no reason to expect any, but even if we had, and only possessed half of what we have got, it would never

[1] His brother Edward was dying.
[2] Op. 17.

make me unhappy. The only thing that could possibly make me miserable would be to owe people money that I could not pay; that really would—but nothing else. I am altogether too poetical for that, though you will not find me in the least careless, and I have proved to you how exact I am in everything for your sake. I am sure you will be pleased with all my domestic arrangements. Would you believe it, the first thing I do every morning is to write down all that I have spent the day before, and calculate it to the last penny. Are you aware that since 1835 I have kept a great draft-book in which I give a minute account of every letter written and received? . . . . . The revolution is over, thank Heaven, but Paris is always fermenting somewhere or other, so be on your guard, and do not venture too far into the barricades. But I put more faith in your timidity than in anything, and so feel pretty easy about you.

Leipsic, June 9th, 1839.

. . . . TELL me what you think of the first movement of the Phantasie. Does it not conjure up many images in your mind? I like this melody best—

I suppose you are the *Ton* in the motto?[1] I almost

[1] "Durch alle Töne tönet
Im bunten Erdentraum,
Ein leiser *Ton* gezogen
Für den der heimlich lauschet."
SCHLEGEL.

think you must be. How I long to hear you again! And yet I think that our opinions are often widely different. May this never cause us hours of bitterness later on! It struck me only yesterday, when I was writing in the *Zeitung*, about the overtures of Bennett and Berlioz; I knew perfectly that you would not agree with me, and yet I could not write differently. Well, we will mutually instruct one another.

Let me know whether you approve of your "Idylle" now that I have altered it. It is certainly more finished and better proportioned. It seems to me that it would be more appropriate to call it a Notturno, or "Heimweh," or "Mädchen's Heimweh." . . . . .

Leipsic, June 22nd, 1839.

. . . . . I PROBABLY made a mistake in your "Idylle," still I wish you could hear me play it. I took the piece very slowly, and altered it on that account. But pray do not leave those bare fifths at the beginning. We have had that sort of thing too often, and it can only be effective when justified by what follows, as in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. . . . . I cannot get any composing at all done just now. I have begun two quartets as good as Haydn's, I can tell you; still, I want time and peace of mind, and I shall not get that for some time to come. But once I can call you mine you shall hear plenty of new things, for I think you will encourage me, and hearing more of my composi-

tions will be enough to cheer me up. And we will publish some things under *our two names*, so that posterity may regard us as one heart and one soul, and may not know which is yours and which mine. How happy I am!

Leipsic, July 3rd, 1839.

YOU think I do not like your "Idyllen?" Why, I am constantly playing them to myself. You often have such delicate themes; I expect you are rhapsodical too sometimes, eh? But you love-sick damsels seem to hesitate over the development, and indulge in all sorts of hopes and ideas. Send me the Romanze at once, do you hear, Clara Wieck?

Leipsic, July 10th, 1839.

. . . . . FROM your Romanze I again see plainly that we are to be man and wife. Every one of your thoughts comes out of my soul, just as I owe all my music to you. There is nothing to be altered in the piece, it must remain just as it is.

Leipsic, July 12th, 1839.

. . . . . WONDERFUL! When did you write that piece in G minor? I had a very similar idea last March; as you will find in the Humoreske. Our sympathies are really too extraordinary.

Leipsic, Oct. 10th, 1839.

. . . . . BUT otherwise I am quite absorbed in a world of dreams over my piano, and think

of nothing except you, and can only play and tell my old friend stories about you. If one could only finish everything one begins! but how much time one would want to do that! However, one of these days I will at all events write something into the book you know of, from which I used to play to you. I should also like to attempt something for four hands, but cannot think of anything suitable. Yesterday morning Chélard was with me for a long time, and I played a lot to him, first rather like a student, but it got better and better. However, he does not understand much about it, and thinks Bach an *old* composer and his compositions *old*. I told him he was neither new nor old, but a great deal more, namely, eternal. I really almost lost my temper over it. Mendelssohn had a lot of Bach's great chorales copied for me, and I was just raving about them when Chélard arrived. Otherwise he is really a very modest artist. . . . . To be asked[1] where my Don Giovanni was, or my Freischütz, was a great blow to me. I know that I could do something greater, and yet there is a great deal wanting to accomplish it *at present*. But trust me still.

A remark of yours is in my mind, about my meeting with so little appreciation. Don't be afraid, my dear Clara, you shall live to see my compositions come into notice, and be much talked about. I have no fear, and it will all get better by degrees, "*within itself*."

[1] This applies to a remark of Wieck's, which had been reported to Schumann.

Leipsic, Oct. 27th, 1839.

. . . . YOU told me once that your father had remarked that nobody bought my compositions. This occurred to me when I was at Härtel's the other day, so I asked them about it. They looked back in their books, where everything is entered, down to the smallest particular, and now I can give you the following facts: They have sold from 250 to 300 copies of the Carnaval and the Phantasiestücke, and from 300 to 350 of the Kinderscenen, though only published six months. Well, it really can't be so bad after all, said I to myself, and went cheerfully on my way.

Leipsic, Dec. 11th, 1839.

. . . . CLARA, to-day I was in perfect bliss. A Symphony of Franz Schubert's[1] was played at rehearsal. If you had only been there! It is not to be described. All the instruments are like human voices, and it is all so intellectual; and then the instrumentation, in spite of Beethoven! And the length of it—such a heavenly length, like a four-volume novel; why, it is longer than the Ninth Symphony. I was quite happy, and only wished you were my wife, and that I could write such symphonies. . . . .

Leipsic, Dec. 16th, 1839.

. . . . BUT I think more highly of Prume[2] than

[1] The great Symphony in C. It was owing to Schumann himself, that this was discovered in the heap of Schubert's MSS. and sent to Leipsic.—TR.

[2] A favourite violinist of the time.

you do. Clärchen, let me tell you something. I have often noticed that a person's manners influence your opinion of him very much. Now confess! Anybody who is fond of you, who gives in to you, agrees with your opinion, in fact, anybody who acts at all like a lover, is in your good books directly. I could give you lots of examples. But in this way you often wrong people, and that is not like you, as a rule. I would not mind betting, that if Prume were to come to you some day, light his cigar, and say: Now play me one of those delightful Noveletten, you would write to me and say: Prume is really a splendid fellow, and certainly stands very high as an artist, etc., etc. Am I not right?

Leipsic, Jan. 17th, 1840.

. . . . I REALLY have been very industrious the last few days, and must thank heaven for giving me energy, and for sending me a good idea sometimes. I have quite arranged the "Nachtstücke." What do you think of calling them: 1. *Trauerzug.* 2. *Kuriose Gesellschaft.* 3. *Nächtliges Gelage.* 4. *Rundgesang mit Solostimmen?* Let me know your opinion.

Leipsic, Febr. 22nd, 1840.

DON'T be angry if I only write you precious little to-day. Since yesterday morning I have written about 27 pages of music (something new[1]), and I can

[1] The Songs called "Myrthen," Op. 25.

tell you nothing more about it, except that I laughed and cried over it, with delight.

Good-bye now, my girl; playing and making so much music nearly kills me, and I could simply expire in it. Ah Clara, what bliss it is writing for the voice, and I have had to do without it for so long!

Leipsic, March 13th, 1840.

HERE is a slight reward for your two last letters. They are my first published songs, so do not criticise them too severely. While I was composing them I was quite lost in thoughts of you. If I were not engaged to such a girl, I could not write such music, and I mean that as a special compliment to yourself. . . . . I will let you have a peep at my operatic plans. Send to a circulating library for the second part of Hoffmann's Serapionsbrüder. There you will find a story, "Doge und Dogeressa." Read it through carefully, and imagine everything on the boards; then tell me your opinion, and what objections you have to make. What I like about the novel is, the simplicity and nobility that runs all through it. Julius Becker is to versify the text for me; I have sketched it all out. I am firmly resolved to give myself this treat during the summer, and I am sure you will often say a kind word to your poet. So don't forget to send for the book, but don't say anything to anybody at present.

Leipsic, March 18th, 1840.

. . . . I AM with Liszt nearly all day. He said to me yesterday: "I feel as if I had known you for twenty years;" and I feel just the same. We have begun to be very rude to one another, and I have often reason to be so, as he is really too capricious, and has been frightfully spoilt at Vienna. How extraordinary his playing is, so bold and daring, and then again so tender and delicate! I have never heard anything like it. But Clara, the world he lives in does not suit me. I would not give up Art as you understand it, and as I feel it sometimes when I am at the piano, composing; I would not exchange such sweet comfort for all his grandeur—and there is a good deal of tinsel about his playing, too. But let me be silent about it to-day.

Leipsic, March 20th, 1840.

. . . . I WISH you could have been with Liszt early this morning. He is really too extraordinary. He played some of the Novelettes, part of the Phantasie, and of the Sonata, and I was really quite moved. A good deal of it differed from my own conception; but it was always genial, and full of such delicacy and strong feeling as he probably does not enjoy every day. Only Becker was there besides, and he had tears in eyes. I especially enjoyed the second Novelette in D major. You cannot think what an effect it makes, and Liszt is going to play it

at his third concert. Volumes would not contain all that I could tell you about the confusion here. His second concert has not come off yet, as he preferred going to bed and pleading illness two hours before. I can quite believe that he was, and is, very much overworked. It suits me very well, because he stays in bed all day, and nobody is admitted besides myself, except Mendelssohn, Hiller and Reuss. . . . . Would you believe it, *at his concert* he played on an instrument of Härtel's *which he had never seen before.* I must say I admire that sort of thing immensely—such confidence in his good ten fingers.

Leipsic, March 22nd, 1840.

. . . . . BUT I can tell you this much, that Liszt seems to me to be more tremendous every day. This morning he played again at Raimund Härtel's, and made us all tremble; we rejoiced over some Études of Chopin's, a piece from Rossini's "Soirées," and several other things besides. As a compliment to him, and to let the public see what sort of an artist he is, Mendelssohn is going to carry out a pretty idea. He has arranged a regular orchestral concert at the Gewandhaus to-morrow evening in his honour;[1] only a limited number are invited, and several of Mendelssohn's Overtures, Schubert's Symphony, and Bach's Triple Concerto (Mendelssohn, Liszt, and Hiller) are to be performed! Isn't it charming of Mendelssohn? If

[1] Compare Mendelssohn's letter to his mother, dated March 30th, 1840.—TR.

you could only be there! but I shall think of you the whole evening, as if you were by my side.

Leipsic, May 4th, 1840.

. . . . . As to the text for my opera, I am always encountering fresh difficulties. Altogether, to tell you the truth, I miss the deep, German, element in it. But one ought to attempt all styles, and I mean to set to work. . . . .

I have not been for any walks yet, and look quite pale and washed-out. I always feel as if I had not done enough in the world (for instance, in comparison with Mendelssohn)[1] and that worries and irritates me sometimes, although I know that there are some who are lazier than myself.

Leipsic, May 7th, 1840.

. . . . . To-day I have been working hard at the text of my opera, and begin to think that as a whole it will be more effective, as it has acquired a deeper meaning and more continuity. You will be pleased with it. The witch must be quite transformed into a fortune-teller, in the odour of witchcraft. She must be the soul of the whole story, and will be a rôle for Schroeder, which it makes one enthusiastic to think of. I hope to have arranged everything with Becker by the time you come, and shall then attack the overture with a will.

[1] Compare Letter of April 13th, 1838.

Leipsic, May 10th, 1840.

TO-DAY is "Jubilate,"[1] and I should like to be joyful and cry at once over the happiness and misery that Heaven has given me to bear. But whatever you do, don't think I am melancholy. I feel so well and brisk that my work gets on almost imperceptibly, and I am so happy at the thought of seeing you, that I cannot keep it to myself. I have been busy all the morning with my opera. The first outline is quite finished, and I am dying to begin. Of course I sometimes almost despair of doing justice to this great tragic story. For it has now become intensely tragic, though free from bloodshed and the usual stage effects. I am quite excited over all the characters which I have got to mould in music, and you will be so too. Yesterday I got a most appropriate and delightful letter (and an essay) from Frau von Chezy, about her co-operation with Weber in "Euryanthe," together with his sketches, letters, notes, etc. I should say that Weber was one of the most refined and intellectual of artists. The essay will appear in the *Zeitung*, and you will read it with great interest.

Leipsic, May 15th, 1840.

. . . . . I HAVE been composing so much, that it

[1] The third Sunday after Easter, so called because the mass for that day begins with the 65th Psalm: "Jubilate Deo omnis terra."—TR.

really seems quite uncanny at times. I cannot help it, and should like to sing myself to death, like a nightingale. There are twelve [songs] of Eichendorff's, but I have nearly forgotten them, and begun something else. The text for the opera worries me. Becker brought me a specimen the other day, and I could see that the affair has not made much progress. I have a perfect horror of setting weak verses to music. I don't want a great poet, but I must have sound language and sentiments. Well, I shall certainly not give up my beautiful plan, and I feel that I have got plenty of dramatic instinct. You will be surprised to hear some of my ensembles.

Leipsic, May 31st, 1840.

. . . . . I CANNOT restrain my longing to see you. And I want you to drag me away from music. You will certainly be surprised at the quantity I have done in such a short time, all except the copying-out. I ought to stop for a bit, and yet I cannot. In all this music I am quite forgetting how to write and think. You must have found that out by my letters. I feel so acutely that I ought never to have gone in for anything but music all my life. In your last letter you speak of a "proper spot" where you would like to see me,—but do not overrate me. I want no better place than where I can have a piano, and be near you. You will never be a *Kapellmeisterin* as long as you live, but

mentally we are quite equal to any *Kapellmeisterpaar*, are we not? I am sure you understand me. . . . .

I have actually reached Op. 22. I should never have thought that, when I was at Op. 1. In eight years 22 compositions are about enough; now I will write twice as much again, and then die. Sometimes I feel as if I were finding out quite new ways in music.

END OF THE EARLY LETTERS.

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